

DECEMBER, 1909

FIFTEEN CENTS

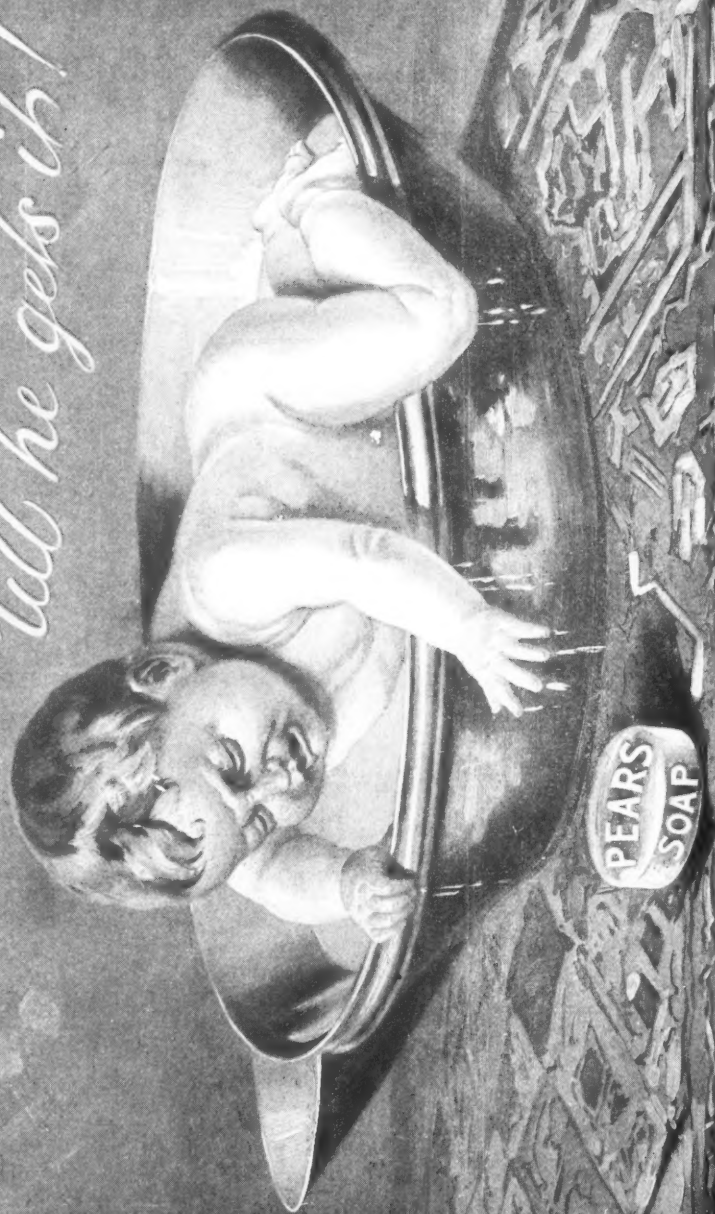
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mitchell Chapple

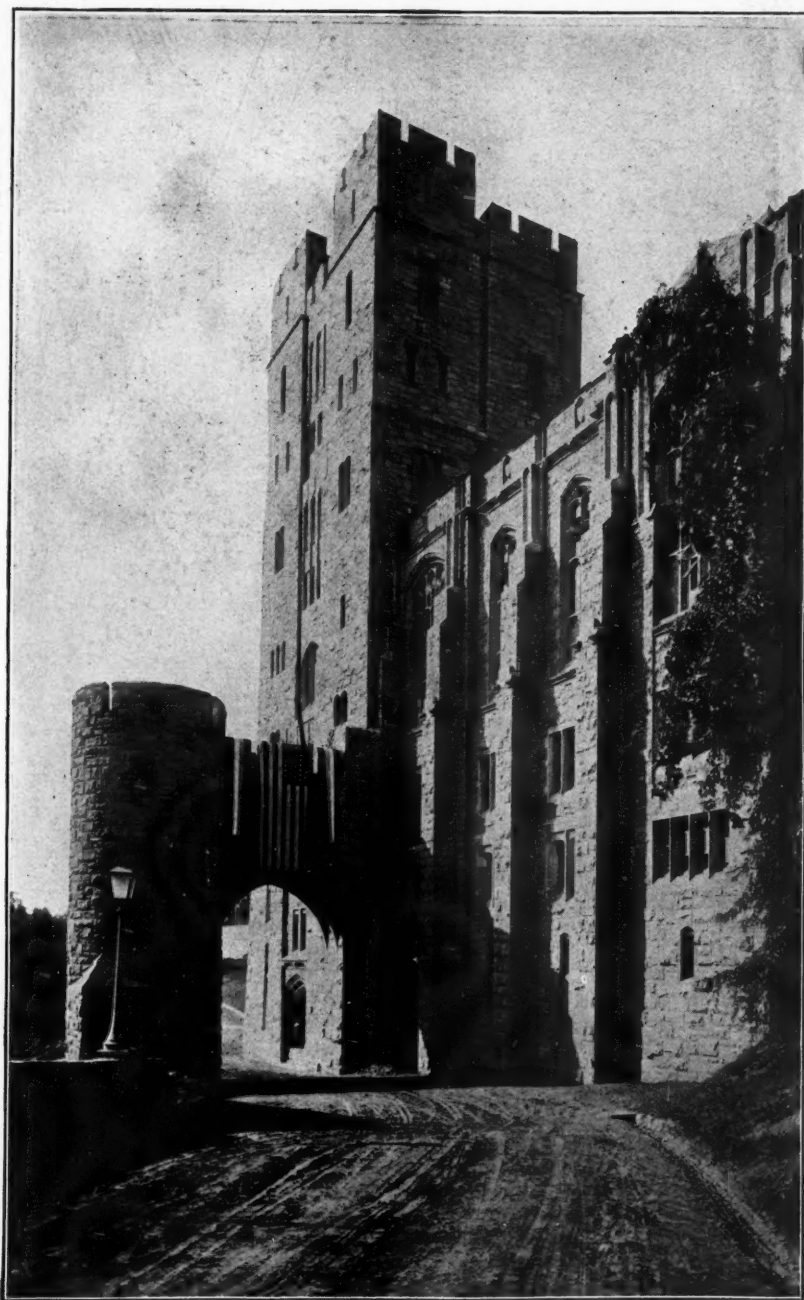


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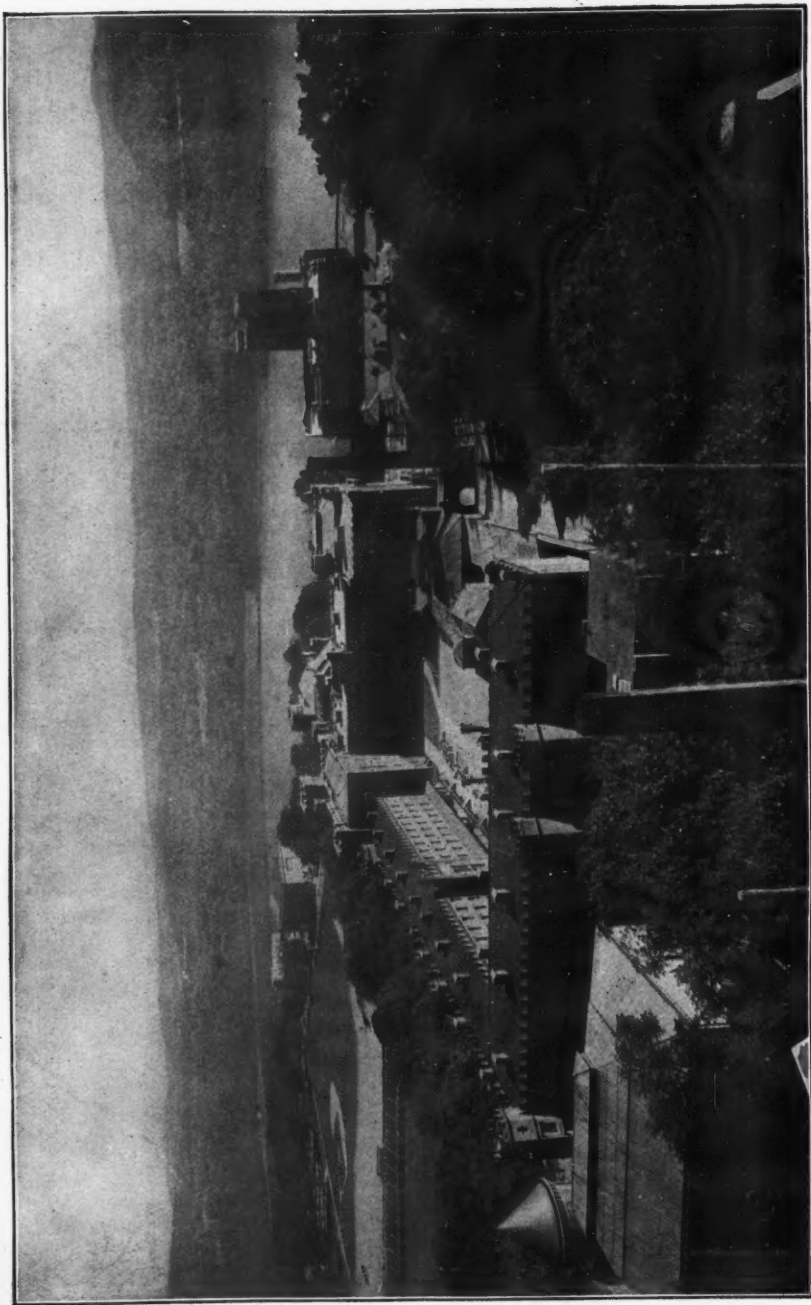
*He won't be happy
till he gets it!*



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VIEW OF NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY
Looking South from Library Road



PRESENT VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE NEW CHAPEL UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI

DECEMBER, 1909

NUMBER THREE



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

RECEDING Christmas, the short session of Congress gives Washington a foretaste of the zest and gaiety appropriate for the holidays. In early December, even the hard-fisted business man begins to anticipate the felicities of the season by adding "a merry Christmas" at the bottom of his letters; his correspondence tingles with good will—at one end of the letter at least. Such suggestions have even been known to creep through the adamantine officialdom of the Capitol, where usage requires the formality of "Sir"—"and only 'Sir'—Sir."

At the Capital Christmastide has the old-time Colonial suggestion; holly grows near by, and there seems to be more of it in Washington than elsewhere; plenty of mistletoe is also brought from the prolific South. These preliminaries are the overture to the sterner exactions of Washington life, launched with the festivities and receptions of New Year's Day.

The home-going among departmental workers, and the shop windows glistening with evidences of festivity are features of each Yuletide at the Capital, where psychic suggestions of gift-giving and gaiety make it difficult to transact serious business at the short session of Congress preceding Christmas. All Washington is full of the "returning-home" leave-takings and greetings. Here at this season everyone shakes hands before going away for the holidays, and that hand-clasp has in it a truly Christmas suggestion. On returning, when the festive days have passed, the handshake has a different

character; cynics say that it suggests the quick grasp of the pugilists before entering the ring for the "first round."

* * *

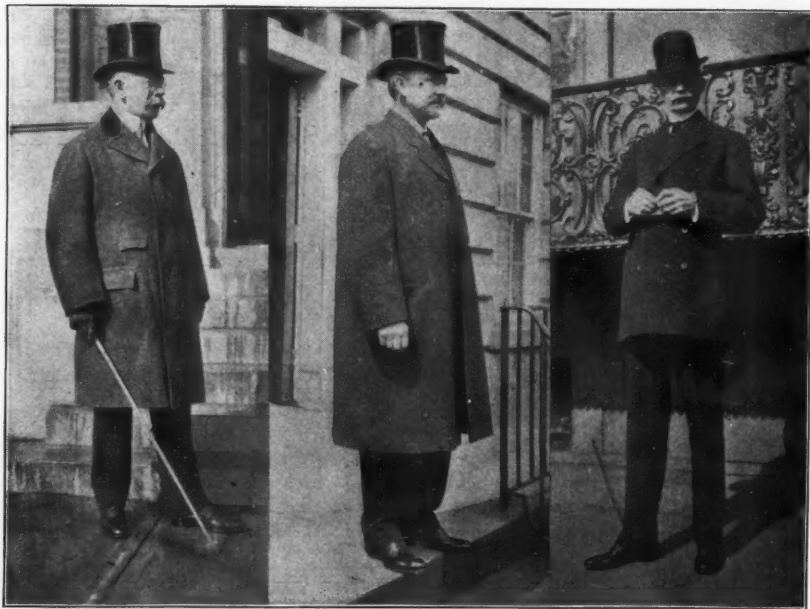
AT the first important session of the season, the President and his Cabinet were confronted with the sugar trust scandals. The determination was evident at the outset to get to the bottom of the charges, which will probably lead to a Congressional investigation to thoroughly sift all the evidence. The judicial temperament of the Executive Department in securing facts as they are brought to light, disregarding mere emotion in the exposure epidemic, is certainly reassuring.

The revelation at the New York Custom House, showing that the government was being defrauded by means of clock springs, used to determine the weight of imported sugar, has stimulated a keen vigilance in the officials to bring to justice every guilty official. Not since the days of the Credit Mobilier and Star Route frauds has Washington been so scandal shaken; but the investigation will continue without uprooting public confidence or shaking man's faith or the integrity of officialdom.

* * *

THE early appointment of Attorney-General George W. Wickersham by President Taft was accounted a fortunate cabinet selection. It is declared that the selection of so competent "a counsel for all the people," taken from a lucrative and purely legal career, indicates the President's high regard for his own profession.

In the case of Mr. Wickersham, there was



HON. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM
Attorney-General

HON. RICHARD A. BALLINGER
Secretary of the Interior

HON. CHARLES NAGEL
Secretary, Commerce and Labor

no political record to influence the choice of the chief executive. The President realized Mr. Wickersham's ability and capacity to continue, enlarge and carry to a successful issue the unfinished work of his predecessors and Secretary Knox, and acted accordingly. His knowledge of the transportation interests of the United States and Mexico, in both railroad and city service, is founded on a most intimate knowledge and management of some of the greatest consolidations of local and national systems of the New World.

He is a Spanish scholar of distinction who reads Cervantes in the original and also speaks French and Italian. Like Caleb Cushing, his knowledge of the Spanish language and his love for its literature have aided in his public life. In view of growing trade relationships with other nations, the attorney-general's linguistic accomplishments may be invaluable in the future. His researches in French and Italian literature have greatly broadened his grasp of those languages, and increased his comprehension of national character and traditions so necessary to the man of affairs.

The Attorney-General is not tall in stature, but is strongly built, genial in manner and address, though direct and resolute. He has a strangely well-developed faculty for getting "at the bottom of things," and is broad, observing and versatile enough to understand clearly the practical as well as the legal aspects of the matters involved. Of Quaker descent, born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1858, he is still in the prime of life. The son of a colonel of volunteers, and of the daughter of a noted publisher, he early acquired a love for the humanities, and worships still at the shrines of music, art, literature and invention. With the probable increase of commercial complications between our own and other self-protection countries, the liberal and practical accomplishments of Attorney-General Wickersham will weigh in even balance with his legal ability.

* * *

MENTION an ideal hero of the Civil War, and the familiar face and form of the late General O. O. Howard come to mind. At the age of seventy-nine he



HON. JACOB M. DICKINSON
Secretary of War

HON. FRANKLIN MACVEAGH
Secretary of the Treasury

HON. GEORGE VON L. MEYER
Secretary of the Navy

passed away at his home in Burlington, Vermont, on a beautiful October day.

When the Civil War broke out, General Howard was professor of mathematics at West Point. When his resignation was refused at the academy, his reply rang with patriotic fervor:

"My country needs me."

The phrase has become a classic of that institution.

At the first battle of Bull Run he commanded a brigade and was made a brigadier-general. He lost an arm at the battle of Fair Oaks in 1862, but regardless of the loss he resumed his command in four weeks and was in action at Antietam, Gettysburg and Chattanooga. During Sherman's march to the sea he again distinguished himself, and was made a brigadier-general in the regular army. At this time, in writing to General Grant, Sherman said of Howard: "I find him a polished and Christian gentleman, exhibiting the highest and most chivalrous traits of character."

When the war was over he became head of the Freedmen's Bureau, and held that posi-

tion for nine years. Later he commanded an expedition against the Nez Percés Indians on the Western plains. He entered the ranks of literature with a book describing this famous campaign, and paying a glowing tribute to Chief Joseph, head of the hostile tribe, who led the red men in the stirring campaign against the regular troops fresh from the battlefields of the Civil War.

In 1881-2 he was superintendent at West Point, and afterwards commanded the Department of the Platte at Omaha, and the Department of the Pacific and finally came to be commander of the Department of the East. He retired in 1894 with the rank of general. In 1898 the United States passed a bill placing him on the retired list as lieutenant-general and thanking him for meritorious service. The work of General Howard on behalf of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, which he founded, will long be remembered. No historic writer of the Civil War has been more popular than he; it was a delight to talk with him concerning incidents of the various campaigns and watch his flashing

blue eyes as he related some stirring scene on the battlefield; his gestures with one arm were most pathetic and impressive, and the empty sleeve hanging by his side told the story of the brave and irrepressible commander who will never be forgotten. A kind-hearted gentleman, a true Christian, a noble



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THE LATE GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

character, the story of his life will illuminate the pages of history.

* * *

WHILE the President was away, the books, desks and other furniture of the executive office were removed to the basement of the White House. In the corridors which witnessed the passage of the yearly social processions that throng the execu-

tive mansion at receptions, the furniture held sway during "moving time." The famous tennis court of President Roosevelt has furnished the site for the improvements and additions to the executive office, and the new building is double the size of the structure erected for President Roosevelt.

It is most appropriate that the new office of President Taft should be entirely fitted with Philippine woods; though plain, the circular room is light and attractive, and is just the sort of apartment which one would expect to be the choice of an eminent jurist. Secretary Fred W. Carpenter will now have room enough to provide for the rush of visitors and the quick dispatch of business, which he handles in his quiet and forceful way. The total cost of the new building is \$50,000.

When plans were submitted for making the White House a more suitable size for an executive mansion, the President insisted that the size of the house had nothing whatever to do with his physical measurements. It has, however, something to do with his method of handling business. More deliberate and exact than his predecessor, reporters say that one-half of the work required in Rooseveltian days suffices to cover the Taft routine. Many more persons call on President Taft than on President Roosevelt, but news is not more plentiful.

Strangers have wondered how the compressed Executive office, built under protest, could be made to serve the purpose so long; it has certainly saved a great deal of wear and tear on the White House carpets and nerves. Instead of going to the White House as in older times, business has been transacted of late years at the Executive office. The new office of President Taft is directly over the old Rooseveltian court. The secretary's office windows look toward the west, and on the east there is a new cabinet room, leaving the old one to be utilized by the clerks.

Through the tunnel every morning, Sundays excepted, about nine o'clock, come President Taft and Secretary Carpenter, and the morning's mail is quickly dispatched. The first assistant secretary, Mr. Rudolph Forster, takes down in shorthand what the President has to say and turns over the notes to the other stenographers, for at the White House all notes are transferable. In the



J. FRANKLIN BELL

The dashing hero of Philippine fame, and reorganizer of military instruction (see page 264)

meantime a large portion of the mail coming to the President has been handled by Fred W. Carpenter without being forwarded to the President's desk. Mr. Carpenter takes charge of all the detail work. When he turns the corner of a card and forwards it to the doorkeeper, it is a "sign manual" as significant as the initials of a customer on a note at a bank.

During the morning all engagements are attended to by Mr. Stone, the doorkeeper, and President Taft's deliberate manner often extends visiting hours through the lunch time. It may be that he will secure a little lunch himself, as in the old days at the War Department, by biting into a big



MISS A. H. SHORTRIDGE

The highest salaried stenographer in the government service

red apple, but he keeps right on at his work until the sun has passed the meridian.

Mr. Mischler, who was with the President six years before he joined the force of the White House as confidential stenographer, is constantly within call; and some declare that "he is on the night shift." The buzzer never has to ring for Mr. Mischler, because he seems to know by instinct when he ought to be around with pen and notebook. He travels with the President and has many hundred utterances accurately recorded and filed for reference at a moment's notice.

* * *

IN the modest brick building devoted to the Agricultural Department, Secretary Wilson deliberately puts on and off his steel-bowed spectacles, or casts his eyes upward with head bowed, while he concentrates his sturdy Scotch brain on the crop conditions of this great country, whose importance is hardly understood even when we note the

figures, \$8,100,000,000, which is the value of the crop for the past year.

The Department is a nerve system reaching into forty-five states and assisting the farmers to carry on their work with the well-matured plans and system that a manufacturer adopts to secure his raw material and transmute it into the finished product. The soil is the raw material, the crops the finished product, and every possibility of increase is given the accurate and scientific study accorded in other lines of business to intricate chemical or mechanical experiments.

Every part of the United States is adapted to the raising of some profitable crop, provided conditions of climate and soil are understood. What more thrilling conception of the conquest of the earth by man can be conceived than to compel each atom of the earth to yield its hidden wealth for the benefit of mankind. Mammoth palaces, industrial plants, churches, schools, streets, cities and parks are all impressive features of progress—but they must be maintained by the products of the soil—the basic foundation of all life and all wealth, and the means with which to build and maintain these glories of civilization evidenced in stately edifices.

* * *

FEW people realize the governmental responsibility resting upon the shoulders of women clerks; the number is steadily increasing as women are found more and more suited for the intricate and irksome details of routine clerical work. It is only a question of time when the pay of men and women who work for the government will be equalized where the duties are of equal importance—the only guide to salary will then be ability and the service rendered.

At the present time the highest salaried woman doing departmental work in Washington is Miss A. H. Shortridge, of New York City. The State Department recently recognized her services by promotion to a salary of \$2,500 per annum, the highest pay ever given to any woman worker by Uncle Sam. Miss Shortridge began with a position of \$900 per year and has gradually worked her way up, by efficient service, to the distinction which she now enjoys. No wonder that the hard-headed, bread-winning women of the country are delighted to see one of their members honored as she deserves.

THERE are three widows of former presidents now living—Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

The widow of President Garfield never quite recovered from the terrible ordeal of his death, twenty-eight years ago. She now makes her home in Pasadena, California, and is the same sweet, gracious, womanly personality that made the White House a happy home for James A. Garfield. She is always willing to speak of those old times, or to discuss the triumphs and achievements of her husband. Her affection for her home town, Mentor, Ohio, and her recollection of all that concerns it, are as strong today as when she left the scenes of her girlhood to become the first lady of the land. Mrs. Garfield is in no sense of the word "a society woman," and never appears at any festivity more notable than the meetings of a few old



Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington

MISS INGEBORG GUDE

Daughter of the Swedish Minister at Washington



Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington

MISS SIGRED GUDE

Daughter of the Swedish Minister at Washington

friends, who love her for the noble qualities that have always distinguished her.

Not having married until after the retirement of President Harrison, though actually the widow of a president, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison was never the mistress of the White House. For many years she has been prominently identified with the social life of Washington, where she lives with her little daughter. She does not now enter so much into society, being occupied with the training of her daughter and the care of her home.

Still residing in her beautiful home at Princeton, New Jersey, Mrs. Grover Cleveland finds her days fully occupied with the education of her children. The home is rich with memories of its master, for no ex-president more thoroughly enjoyed his days of retirement. At heart a philosopher, Grover Cleveland spent his last years far from the turmoil of political ambition, wrapped in the happiness of home duties and country life, though he never for a moment lost his belief in the importance of his position as a good citizen of the United States. Mrs.



Photo copyright by Clinckinst, Wash.

COUNT MOLTKE, DANISH MINISTER

He is very wealthy and will entertain extensively this winter

Cleveland has always been an interesting personality, and as a White House bride the people feel that in some measure she belongs to them.

* * *

THE most imposing quarters held by a cabinet officer are those of Secretary Meyer, who has removed to the cabinet once vacated for the use of the public. It is called "the Green Room" and overlooks the executive offices across the street. Although no change has been made in the furniture, the room reveals individual taste in its artistic arrangement. In one corner stands the old desk which the secretary used as speaker of the General Court of Massachusetts. In another corner an old-fashioned "grandfather's clock," purchased by a naval attache on account of its naval features, marks the time. The face illustrates certain ships at anchor, and every time the clock ticks the tiny vessels rock to and fro. It was de-

cided by Mr. Taylor, private secretary to Mr. Meyer, that this unique clock ought to have a place in the big room occupied by his chief, so coats were pulled off and the clock was moved.

Mr. Taylor says: "If anyone is curious as to the weight or dimensions of that clock, he may communicate with me; the stenographer and I moved it on a warm day, and we know something about it."

The Secretary's room has many visitors, and at almost any hour cabinet officials, admirals, commodores, captains, senators and congressmen are met there, just as when he was ambassador to Russia and Italy. Few men in public life are more thoroughly conversant with the courtesies and subtle conventionalities of public life than the popular Secretary of the Navy.

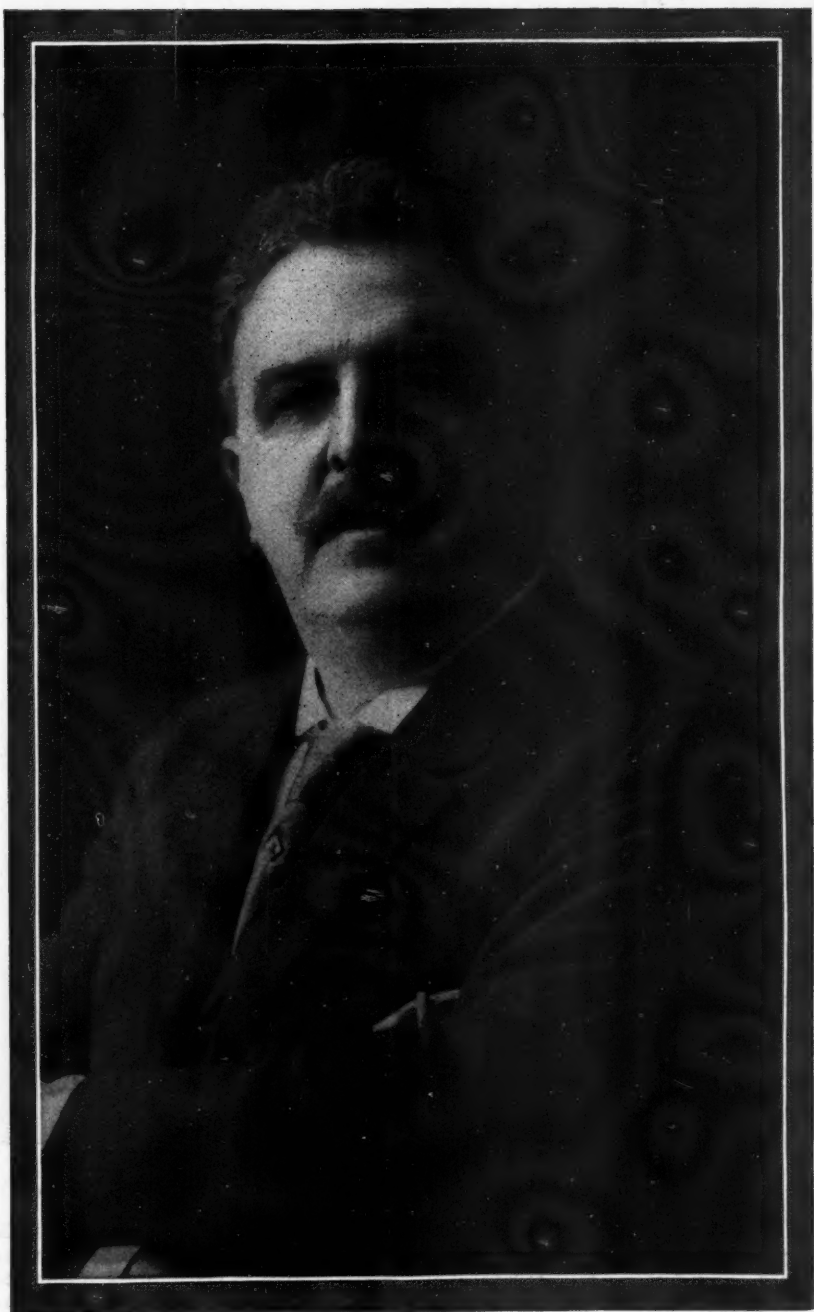
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WHEN the Senate is in session Old Glory floats over the west wing of the Capitol; when the House of Representatives



COUNTESS MOLTKE

Wife of the Danish Minister. She is young and charming, and will make a delightful addition to the ranks of the younger matrons in the diplomatic corps



VICTOR HERBERT

The Composer and Conductor, Who Conferred the Awards for the Judges in the
"Heart Songs" Book

is in session the stars and stripes are unfurled to the east. The lantern in the dome is always aglow at night when Congress is sitting. This is an old custom handed down from the time of Jefferson and Adams,



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SECRETARY OF STATE P. C. KNOX

when newspaper "extras" were few and far between; and this means was taken to impress upon the minds of the people the fact that the august body on the hill was having a night session—and, as jokingly said, a poker game in the committee rooms. The old custom continued, and in response to public sentiment the dome is still lighted. Washington citizens will long remember how the lantern's pale glimmer was reflected in the rain-washed asphalt of Pennsylvania Avenue, when the first night session on the tariff measures was in progress. The dome lights of the Capitol are as a beacon, directing public interest to the stately pile which personifies the nation's law sources.

* * *

NOTHING more vividly portrays the tremendous expansion of the agricultural wealth of the country than the gigantic growth of the American railroads, a fact that

was impressed on my mind as I sat in the rooms of the Interstate Commerce Commission and glanced over a stray table of figures:

GROWTH OF EARNINGS AND EXPENSES FOR
TWENTY YEARS OF AMERICAN RAIL-
WAYS SINCE 1888-89

YEAR ENDED JUNE 30	MILEAGE OF ROAD	GROSS EARNINGS	OPERATING EXPENSES†
1908-09*	228,286	\$2,406,802,000	\$1,755,652,000
1907-08	228,286	2,407,020,000	1,771,596,000
1906-07	225,227	2,602,758,000	1,843,171,000
1905-06	220,633	2,346,640,286	1,624,622,407
1904-05	215,507	2,112,197,770	1,481,286,902
1903-04	213,828	1,977,638,713	1,392,724,542
1902-03	205,237	1,908,857,826	1,316,349,314
1901-02	197,887	1,720,814,900	1,160,788,623
1900-01	194,975	1,612,448,826	1,092,154,099
1899-1900	191,662	1,501,685,378	1,018,447,832
1898-99	186,590	1,336,096,379	888,355,365
1897-98	184,533	1,249,558,724	859,892,250
1896-97	181,874	1,132,866,626	790,074,596
1895-96	180,891	1,125,632,025	792,865,046
1894-95	179,154	1,092,395,437	769,198,983
1893-94	176,221	1,066,943,358	749,185,959
1892-93	173,361	1,207,106,026	848,457,108
1891-92	170,607	1,169,036,840	816,219,435
1890-91	164,262	1,125,381,994	774,633,511
1889-90	157,076	1,086,039,735	743,968,439
1888-89	153,885	991,935,351	674,068,448

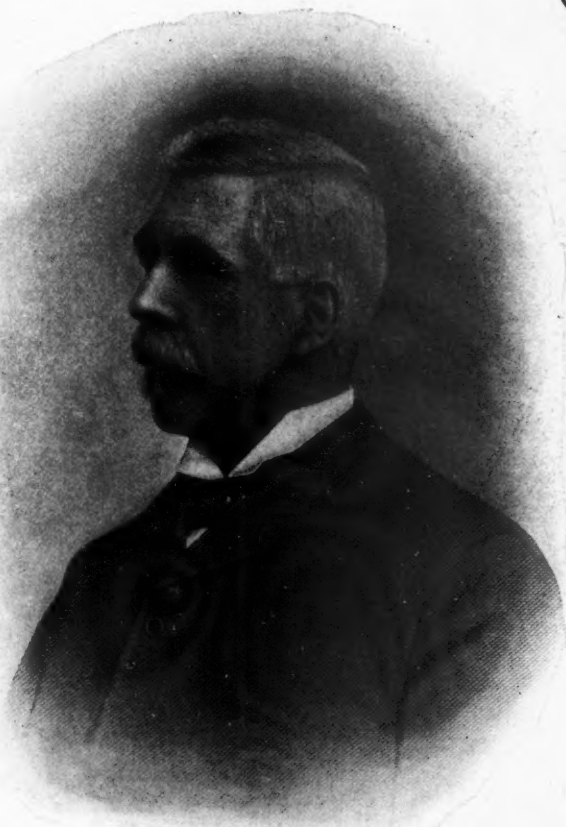
* Approximate. † Includes taxes.



COL. SAM TATE

At the head of the great marble industry in Georgia

Dry farming, irrigation, improved methods and selection of seeds are producing an immense increase in the yield. The advancement in railroad development and increase in mileage is the one great marvel of America.



W. W. Whyte

Vice-President Canadian Pacific Railroad

Railroads are no longer built in the most inexpensive manner. To secure great traffic and hold it, the more practical policy has been adopted of building the "iron trail" from the



UNITED STATES SENATOR PENROSE
Of Pennsylvania

very beginning so that it will be equal to all demands. Low gradients and strong bridges and heavy rails have proved to be the truest economy in the long run.

Statistics look almost like the details of a fairy tale. In 1850 it was estimated that the

United States owned seven billion dollars, but in 1910 the national assets will aggregate one hundred and twenty billion dollars, with a likelihood of doubling again in the next twenty years. The per capita wealth has advanced from \$307 in 1850 to \$1,310 in 1904, and the estimate of the total population for the 1910 census is placed at the round number of ninety million.

* * *

ONE of the most important conferences scheduled for Washington next January is that looking toward more uniform state laws. The convention will open with an address by President Taft; and the topics for consideration embrace about all the important problems now agitating the public mind: taxation, railway legislation, banking, life insurance, fire insurance, pure food laws, vital statistics—including the vexed problems of marriage and divorce legislation—public health, good roads and motors, with a consideration of laws relating to women's work and earnings and their right to protection from moral and physical perils. It is hoped by an exhaustive discussion to create uniform state laws.

* * *

IT was like talking with a warrior returning from the front to have a chat with Colonel Goethals on a railroad smoker, yet what a contrast there was between his account of his duties and the grim work done by men on the fighting line in wartime. His was no recital of bloodshed and mortal conflict, though his eyes glistened as he told of victories gained in the industrial and constructive field, and spoke of the approaching completion of a project that will bring closer together the continents and nations of the world.

Fresh from the Isthmus, with the bronze of the fierce Panama sun on his cheek, he was very enthusiastic over what had already been accomplished and over plans for the future, which he said when completed would enable the workers to lay two thousand yards of concrete a day. The Colonel felt sure that the locks at Gatun, Pedro Miguel and La Boca would be ready in time.

The labor situation has adjusted itself, and no difficulty is experienced in obtaining the best class of workmen. Though the summer on the Canal Zone has been the

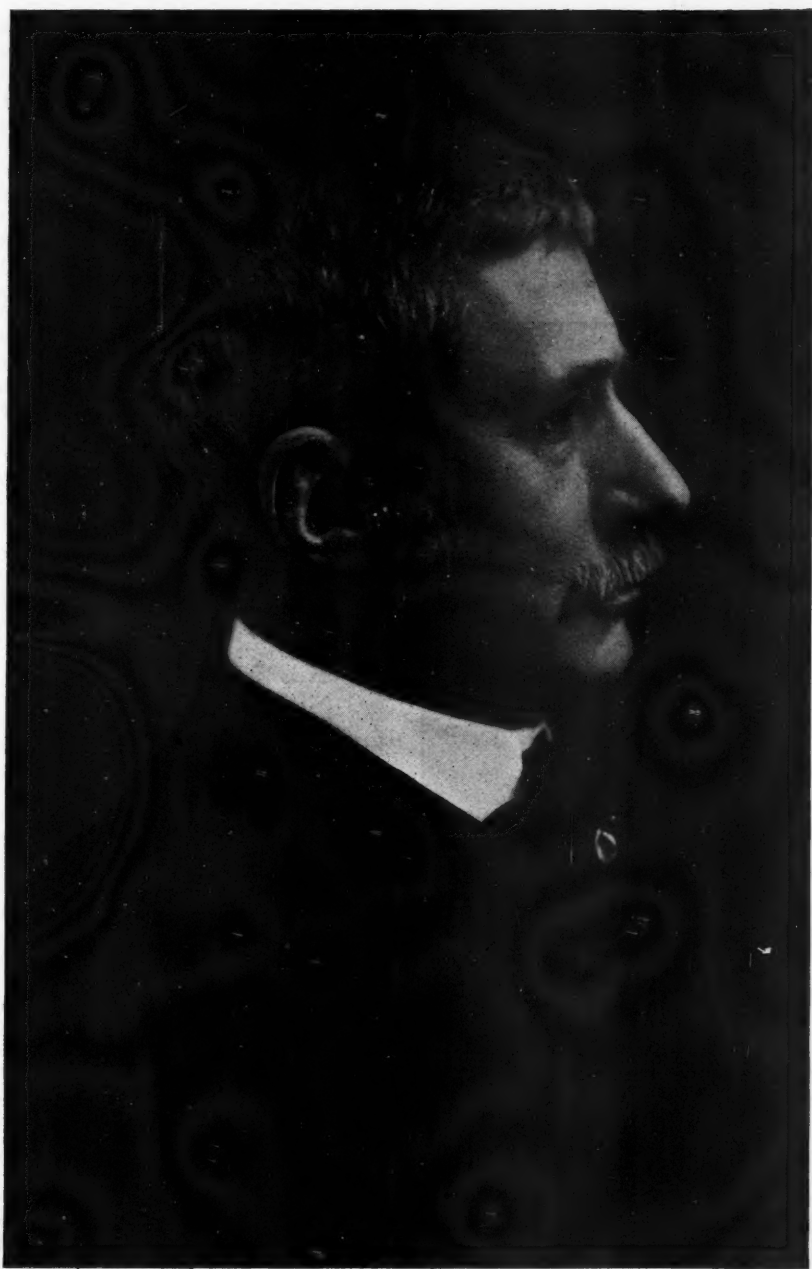


Photo by Harris & Ewing

ELIHU ROOT, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK

hottest ever known in that locality, the heat has not interfered with the progress of the work, for by this time the canal employees are thoroughly acclimated.

* * *

With the Chagres River in its annual flood the dams between Matachin and Gorgona were employed to gather in four feet of gravel drift. This economical trick was formerly practiced by the railroad men to obtain ballast for their road. Now, all the



COLONEL GOETHALS
In charge of the Panama Canal work

canal workers have to do is to gather in the toll paid by the Chagres and utilize it for the making of concrete for the immense wall and arches, whose artificial stone will withstand the strokes of Father Time's scythe for centuries.

The remains of old machinery, used in making portions of the canal in other times, have been found in the jungle, all overgrown with the wild luxuriance of tropical vegetation; much of this has been shipped to the United States as ordinary scrap-iron at eighteen cents per hundred weight, while the boilers bring eighty cents per hundred weight.

Some of the old French excavators have been found in perfect condition, excepting the leather.

Work on the locks has been pushed energetically by the contractors, who, having fixed their own dates, are very anxious to complete the job within contract time. One plant was in operation last summer and the other was ready in October.

It is expected that the Culebra Cut will be completed before the locks are finished. Some sections of the canal are of a strata which makes it unwise to take ships through at full speed, and the latest estimate on locking ships through the canal is six hours. It has been observed that persons who have visited the Canal Zone almost always return enthusiastic champions of the lock canal, and each year evidence accumulates to prove how futile it would have been to attempt a sea-level canal at this time.

* * *

On the Isthmus the liquor question comes up perennially for discussion and settlement. Since the government has taken hold of the matter, none of the towns that had not already obtained a license have been granted one, but as long as similar legislation does not exist in the adjoining Republic of Panama it is difficult to wholly exclude intoxicants, however evil their effect may be in that tropical climate. The general impression is that it would be unwise to attempt more stringent regulations at the present time. In fact, records show that there is less drinking in the Canal Zone where liquor is sold than where it is not—probably on the principle that "stolen waters are sweetest." Convivial residents of close towns seem bent on dispensing "strong waters" secretly and without limit.

The Tivoli Hotel enjoys the distinction of being the only hostelry owned by Uncle Sam. Last year it made a snug profit and promises to be an equally good investment for the future. The situation on the Isthmus becomes more and more interesting as a sociological study, showing what can be done when unnecessary competition is eliminated.

Colonel Goethals confirms the opinion of many visitors, affirming that the day is not far distant when the Ancon Hills on the Pacific side will be very popular as a winter resort. Thousands of people are already planning to visit the canal, and trips are

being arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb and other tourist companies. The Hamburg-American line has for some time taken visitors through the canal. On Sundays, the work not being carried on, parties are permitted to pass by rail right into the heart of the workings and completed portions. Every opportunity is given for visitors to gain a good idea of what has been accomplished and what is going on.

Health conditions on the Isthmus continue to improve, although great economy has been effected by turning over the constructive work, necessary for proper sanitation, to the quartermaster's department. The old custom of taking quinine before every meal has been largely discontinued, a fact which speaks volumes for the improved conditions on the Isthmus. Colonel Goethals announced himself as one of those who no longer feel the need of this protection against bad effects from the tropical climate.

Perhaps a little grayer, perhaps possessing a few more wrinkles, but always with eyes agleam as he talks over the great work, Colonel Goethals in many ways recalls the demeanor of that quiet soldier who won the first victories for the armies of the Potomac, General Grant. Unassuming and kindly, it hardly seems possible that this is the man who is pushing toward completion the most gigantic constructive work ever undertaken by any government. The Colonel is **back** from a few weeks' rest at his summer home in Martha's Vineyard, where, with his family, he has enjoyed many recreation seasons.

* * *

It was glorious to hear, from the lips of one so well informed as Colonel Goethals, such cheering news "from the front," which amply verified the reports of splendid progress that have been circulated, but which seemed too stupendous for belief. In fact, the work has been prosecuted with an energy and skill that have produced results greatly exceeding even the glowing reports given to the press.

When the Canal Zone was first turned over to the United States, there were 600 West Indian laborers and a few side excavators and dump trains conducting work in the Culebra Cut, in order to hold the franchise. Active work did not begin until 1906, and the two stages of the undertaking stand

out sharply: the preparation for the work and progress in the actual construction of the canal. Every energy and all the money, for the first two and a half years, were devoted to making the Isthmus healthy, and the triumph of scientific sanitation there is an object lesson to the world. In June, 1906, the type of canal was finally decided upon by Congress, and the work was at once pushed forward, under the care of three commissioners. Practically the same arrangements are in force today.

* * *

A SENATOR came into the cloak room in a rather pensive mood, and stood silent for some minutes—thoughtfully smoking. It



Sometimes I like to talk with cranks.

was supposed that some problem of legislation lay heavy on his mind, until he broke the silence, without even a prelude:

"I have been bothered with rats, and it makes me nervous because I have been reading so much about the bubonic plague. We had six cats in the house, but suddenly five left, leaving a lonesome Tabby. I tried a ball of yarn on him. Every time he jumped after that ball, he struck wide of the mark. Then I caught him, looked closer at him and, behold, the cat was cross-eyed!

"What puzzles me now is to decide whether or not there is an aristocracy of cat life into which a crooked-eyed cat cannot come. He was evidently an outcast and a pariah with his kind, for he carefully kept his corner all the time the other cats were around. Now, the rats left with the cats, and what I want to know is whether there is not some feeling of caste among rats as well as cats in refusing

even to associate with a cross-eyed cat. No bubonic plague, gentlemen, with cross-eyed cats available. It's in the old Hindu Hoodoo book."

* * * *

THE sensations of Darius Green were as nothing in comparison with my feelings when I saw the aeronaut, Wright, in his aeroplane, scooting along and swooping up like a bird from the College Park Field, in Washington. It was a keen, crisp morning in autumn, and at the hour of 6.17 A. M. the field was covered with frost. There was something weird and supernatural in the early dawn. The rattle of the engine, the flapping of the wings, the breathless attention of the spectators, as the machine arose and circled about the field, suggested an event of great importance.



We stood craning our necks

For some time Wilbur Wright had been stationed here, instructing Lieutenant Lahm how to run the machine, on behalf of the government. On this particular day he received \$20,000 of the \$30,000 awarded to him for the contract, which was not, as generally supposed, a prize to encourage invention, but the fulfilment of a direct contract submitted to the department, for "heavier than air machines." At first there were three bidders; one withdrew and the other never has been ready for the test, although some of his machinery has been shipped to Washington. The flights at College Park Field have been much more interesting than those at Fort Meyer, because the Field is better adapted for the purpose. It is a large area cleared for the "sub-edition" of Washington, and posts marking the corner lots still remain. This tract of land will be as notable in years to come as any of the ancient battlefields now surrounding the capital city.

That morning, "When the frost was on the pumpkin, and the corn was in the shock," we stood craning our necks, looking aloft at what seemed a simple contrivance, floating peacefully in the air. The simplicity of the modern airship is bewildering. When, in circling the field, it lowered a little, I could see the large runners, like those of a sleigh, and the whole machine had somewhat the appearance of a toboggan running down hill, as, returning to the ground, it slid along its runners.

The great machine went around the field, and reached the frame shop, where the new boards suggested the magic upspringing of some of the mushroom cities of the West. This structure, which the French call the "hongar," is to the flying machine what the garage is to the automobile, but in look and name the "hongar" does not appeal to residents of the United States, and it is doubtful whether the name and style of building will be adopted.

Inside the house, which is just a little longer than the width of a machine, every arrangement had been made for keeping the machine in good order, and here we had an opportunity to study, at close quarters, the construction. Two great sheets, above and below, constitute the main sails; they are made of the finest weave of cotton obtainable, and are doubled on thin spars. Behind these are two large propellers, six feet in diameter, made of strips of spruce; behind them are two vertical runners, above which is a plane contrivance recently added as an experiment, the day that I was there; it proved a great success. The passenger seats are next to the four-cylinder engines, and, strange as it may seem to the automobilist, are without carburetors.

There were three levers, so that each of the passengers, as well as the operator, can run the machine; the centre lever is used to command, and those on each side govern the bow of the ship, as it were. When the lever is turned down the machine dips downward, and when raised the machine shoots up. The lever in the centre regulates the great main sheets, which are concave, and seemed to adjust themselves to the wind; they can be raised at the corners, and made concave or convex as desired.

The propellers are operated with chains on either side, on the same principle as auto-

mobiles or bicycles. The gasoline tank is just above the engine, and next to that is the radiator, reaching the entire length behind the two seats, which are provided with dainty, soft cushions and backs suggestive of the luxury of the automobile. In front are foot-rests on a slender rail. The framework seems very slight and delicate, and the entire machine weighs only about two hundred pounds. All the wiring is done with piano wire, which stretch in all directions, like the ropes of a miniature ship; when the wind whizzes through the machine the noise of the propellers drowns even the sound of the engines. While I was there a man carefully inspected every wire, oiling where necessary, that rust might be prevented.

Around the house were coils of rope which suggested a boathouse. Lieutenant Lahm had taken his morning spin and was eagerly watching the automatic little instruments which note even the minutest variation in the velocity of the wind. Over the flying machine house is a weather vane, which gives the varying velocity of the wind. Now it is six miles an hour, a little later it may be nine miles an hour, for the wind rises rapidly.

The machine started from a little track, with arrangements like an oil derrick, to which was attached a heavy weight—the trigger was pulled and off went the flying machine, rising like a kite. The principle employed in aeronautics is akin to rapid skating over thin ice; the velocity of the airship must be at least twenty-five miles an hour in order to keep it steady in the air. The apparent danger of the ascent does not appall those accustomed to the flights. If the machine does not turn turtle there is no danger whatever to those who are in it.

Lieutenant Lahm has been up twelve thousand feet in the air, and seems especially adapted to such feats, being slight and trim in build, his wiry activity suggests the physique of a sailor. Air mariners consider every emergency. The day before I saw the machine go up, Mr. Wright found himself in the air without a supply of gasoline; he came down, obtained the omitted gasoline and went up again with surprisingly little loss of time.

The government is paying two hundred dollars a month rental for the College Park Field, and the route of the test trips is usually around the field a given number of times.

There is a big red barn along the course, which serves as a hurdle for the high jump; near by a goat peacefully browses, and is regarded as a sort of mascot which goes with the field.

The field is located between the railroad and the trolley line, and a sociable sign gives directions to the airships, which term, however, is a misnomer, because strictly speaking an airship is not a flying machine, the latter being "heavier than air," whereas the older form of aerial ships were "lighter than air." The two propositions are as widely divergent as a steel twin-propeller steamer of our time, and an old-fashioned sailing



Lieutenant Lahm, slight and trim in build

ship. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these College Park Field flights is the suddenness with which the machine ascends with abrupt startling velocity, resembling the discharge of a gatling gun.

* * *

THE reunion of the Taft Philippine party held in Washington every year is an unique occasion. One of the impressive features of this trip was the work accomplished by Cupid, which resulted in the marital happiness of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Representative Longworth, and of two other couples; in each instance the groom belonged to the legislative branch of government service.

As a memento of the trip an entertaining volume has been published and dedicated to William Howard Taft. The frontispiece

is a jolly Cupid, his face wreathed in ingenuous smiles, his features bearing a striking resemblance to those of the distinguished chief executive. Each member of the party has inscribed some sentiment suggestive of memories of the trip; some have kept strictly to the sober and philosophic, while others have strayed into the path of poesy, or essayed a flight of wit. The singular thing is that the most learned and serious appear to wax the giddiest in penning lines in this book. Dignified congressmen have for a moment forgotten the cares of officialdom, and become tourists again, all "Tafters" aboard ship. The first page is prettily illuminated, the central medallion at the top representing



"You will walk into the Thames."

a ship, to typify the voyage. "L'envoy" was written by Miss Mabel Boardman, under whose direction the work of signing and illuminating was carried to completion.

* * *

EVERY Congressman and Senator who has been in Europe has a great deal to relate of his personal experience over there, especially if it has been his first trip abroad; the comments are a refreshing departure from the regular routine talk of the seasoned traveler. It was a cold day in autumn and the fire glowed brightly in the cloak room when Senator Vreeland began to describe a London fog.

"The worst ever known in the city—I could hardly find my way from Trafalgar Square to the Savoy hotel. The fog was so

dense it seemed that one could almost cut it into slices;" the odor was sickening, the fog made the eyes and head ache. Suddenly I found a cab horse's nose on my shoulder and realized that I had inadvertently stepped from the sidewalk into the street amid a clanging of bells, and wild shouting and whistling in the vain endeavor to warn the people, for the fog deadens sound so that it cannot be located. Hastening back to a place of safety I dashed into other foot passengers.

"Groping my way along the Strand, as I supposed, I found myself suddenly upon a long stairway; going down a few steps, pausing and going down a few more, I did not seem to arrive anywhere. Keeping the balustrade in my hand, I collided with someone who was coming up—here was my chance.

"Can you tell me, sir, where I am going." I asked meekly in the gloom.

"Assuredly I can, sir. If you keep on in the direction in which you are going you will, in a very few minutes, walk into the Thames."

"Are you sure?" said I, astonished.

"Absolutely sure—I have just come out—the water is most invigorating, but beastly chilly, you know."

* * *

IT is possible to purchase at the Philadelphia Mint faithful portraits of presidents, from Washington to Taft, and sundry similar souvenirs. The coins are two dollars each, and there are over 300 dies in the medal department, including those bestowed by Congress since the opening of the mint in 1792, and given by Congress to heroes of the continental army.

The first dies for government medals were struck at the mint in Paris, under the supervision of the thrifty Benjamin Franklin, who insisted on having it as perfect as possible, as had been the rule of his life since the early days when he learned his trade in the old shop on Milk Street, Boston. This medal is about three inches in diameter; the original was purchased by the Massachusetts Historical Association for \$5,000. A replica can be had for \$2.

The latest medal given to the Wright Brothers is of gold, and is the only design on which two figures appear. This is creditable as showing the contrast between the recognition now given a great inventor, and the neglect of those great geniuses of a not remote

past, who struggled for years with poverty, scorn and hope deferred, and often died before their achievements in the cause of science and civilization were recognized. In the Naval Department there are nineteen different medals on sale, from one of Paul Jones down to Admiral Dewey of the present day. The medal department of the government is constantly increasing its capacity in turning out government work, and medals for societies at a nominal charge.

* * *

AN Illinois farmer presents the country with an almost cobless corn. Perhaps the time is coming when the diner munching corn will not have to wrestle with the cob, and rising generations will bless the man who eliminated it. The new corn is described as having each kernel growing on the parent stem instead of adhering to a cob. The Illinois grower says that he eliminated the cob by taking the tip of each ear, and setting only the very top kernels, and shortly expects to evolve a perfectly cobless corn. The Agricultural College of that state is looking after the experiment. Of course, like all improvements, there are some disapprovers, who remark:

"Where would be the delight of munching corn if there were no cob on which to sharpen the teeth?"

* * *

THE entire expense of the White House, including the salary of the president and cost of clerical and office assistance, is a little more than the sum allotted by the Hollanders to Queen Wilhelmina, and is certainly not an extravagant ratio of expenditure, contrasting the proportions of the two countries.

The total appropriation for this year, for telephone service, automobiles, housekeeping, care of conservatory and greenhouses, printing, lighting and the multifarious trifles necessary to keep up such an establishment, is \$277,255, the lowest sum expended in the maintenance of the White House since 1904, except during the last two years of the Roosevelt administration, when a record was made by keeping down expenses to about \$160,000 respectively. With the exception of these two years the expenses have been higher, chiefly owing to appropriations for repairs and additions which vary from year to year.

The highest executive expenditures are about one-tenth of the civil list of Germany and one-eighth that of England.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY there comes a reminder of the days of David B. Hill, the sage of Wolfroost. Not many years ago he was the supreme power in the Democratic phalanx. He has always had a faculty for making courteous, but sarcastic retort when occasion requires.

One night, while Colonel Roosevelt was vice-president he met the Senator going to a reception at the executive mansion in Albany. Mr. Roosevelt wore his Rough Rider hat and Senator Hill's head was covered with that "sky scraper" silk "tile" which the



"I have not worn a hat like that since I went out of the show business."

cartoonist has made familiar to the public. These special headgears were privately made somewhere up York State, and were bought and worn exclusively by Mr. David Hill, and he had never used any other style.

"Senator," said Vice-President Roosevelt, cheerily, "you would be more comfortable if you would wear a hat like this I have on; it is easier on the head and preserves the hair," and he chuckled thinking of the sparse locks upon the Senator's head.

Drawing himself up, with all the dignity of the old-time Roman Senator, the sage of Wolfroost looked down at Mr. Roosevelt's boots and up at his hat.

"My dear sir," he said in solemn tones, "I have not worn a hat like yours since I went out of the show business."

ELIHU ROOT: CONSTRUCTOR

By MITCHELL MANNERING

IF the American people asked: "Who are the greatest constructive statesmen of our times?" one name would figure conspicuously among the answers. At the age of fifty-five, after he had won his way to leadership in the American bar, with a private practice yielding an annual income averaging a quarter million dollars, Elihu Root went to Washington to courteously decline the appointment as secretary of war tendered him by President McKinley. A gigantic task was set for him at a time of life when he might have considered the propriety of "resting on his oars" a little and allowing himself occasionally to drift with the current. Had he followed his own wishes at this time, Mr. Root would probably have devoted himself to his favorite studies, for all through life he has retained a love of learning for its own sake, inculcated by his father, who was professor of mathematics in Hamilton College. Despite his mathematical precision, Elihu Root is a philosopher at heart; glitter does not attract him, and though his patriotism led him to occupy himself for the public good, it might truly be said of him, as of General Gordon, that "he abhorred publicity and he never courted renown."

The career of Mr. Root is an effective reply to pessimists who are forever looking backward, into the musty pages of Greek and Roman history, for evidences of real statesmanship. What would have been thought of one of those ancient celebrities if, in the course of nine brief years, he had achieved but the half that may be credited to this one man? What should we think today if such marvels might be credited to Clay or Webster? It is the distinction of this modern "Constructor" that he has been the first to discover the changes needed in the work of men who were great in their day; he has not only discovered that revision was needed, but has known how to construct governmental departments on a modern basis. Like the old quill pen, compared with

the swift stenographic process of today, were the modes of procedure in use in Washington before Mr. Root became secretary of war.

Two achievements alone would stamp Elihu Root as a great statesman: the reorganization of the army on the general staff plan, and the reconstruction of the War Department on a business basis.

As, in an important legal matter, he would have informed himself before the trial or settlement of every detail affecting the case, so he acquainted himself with the technical side of the War Department, studying the essentials and the unessentials, until he saw clearly how to take that great forward stride which merged and consolidated the cumbersome boards, bureaus and divisions of the War Department into one vast corporate institution; he threw into this gigantic task all the knowledge and experience gained in his lifelong dealings with large corporate interests.

During the Boxer troubles, when Secretary Hay was ill and President McKinley was absent from Washington, it was the calm secretary of war who grasped the situation in the twinkling of an eye, and with a few terse messages flashed over the ocean cables, set in motion the machinery that relieved the legation at Peking; at that crucial time there was no more excitement in his mien and actions than if he had been issuing an order to establish a new camp for target practice.

At such momentous times he will sit, following out the matter under consideration while he makes geometric lines with a pencil along the edges of letters or papers lying on his desk, his hand moving quietly, apparently with the old-time boyish inclination to "whittle" and talk at the same time. Ascertaining facts, studying principles, digging deep down to fundamentals, no one can realize the strain of the systematic grind through which Mr. Root must have passed before he could calmly issue orders and make plans that have readjusted conditions hitherto

accepted as inevitable by the governments of the whole world.

Mr. Root is an earnest believer in individual responsibility and collective, unified action; he deals with facts and has a clear comprehension of results as produced by perfect organization. In his own words:

"This is the time for organization. Great results are produced only by that. Individual effort, individual brilliance, individual heroism accomplish but little, except as they have an effect upon masses of men. Effective and harmonious organization is the moving power of the world today."

Acting on such beliefs, Mr. Root, when secretary of war, established a war college, and made soldiering an honored trade as well as an ornate profession. A legislative earthquake occurred when he secured the passage of a bill creating a general staff; yet the methods he insisted upon have been in operation for nearly seven years, and the only wonder we feel now is that they were not thought of sooner.

* * * *

The splendid volunteer army that went to the Philippines was handled with ease, and the coalition of the militia with the regular army is another monument to the constructive ability of the secretary of war of that time. When the victory over Spain made it necessary to take charge of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, that constructive mind was ready with special forms of government to meet the problems growing out of the varying conditions in each island. No sum of money could cover the intrinsic value of the legal service rendered to his country at that time by Elihu Root. In the insular possessions he brought order out of chaos; government by brute force was eliminated; the work of pacification was carried on; soldiers were converted into civilian governors, magistrates, policemen, street cleaners, sanitarians, educators and mayors. Militarism never appealed to Secretary Root, as such, and he quickly found a way to make the army useful when its fighting days for the time were over. He wanted results and got them. In 1899 his "Instructions for the Government of Cuba and Porto Rico" stated the exact position and rights both of the natives and of the United States, and this document is today the basis of the statutes of those two countries. His study of the

Cuban situation resulted in the Platt Amendment, the saving clause in the history of the pacification of the Queen of the Antilles.

Day and night, for no one knows how many hours out of the twenty-four, Secretary Root's attention was concentrated on the Philippine problem. In April, 1900, the immense task was completed with the issuance of the "Instructions for the Philippines," originally drafted in Secretary Root's own handwriting. President McKinley never hesitated to give him entire credit for the colossal work of framing a constitution, a code of laws, civil and criminal, a system of judicial procedure and a system of civil government for a large archipelago, in which complexities of racial problems had to be handled in minutest detail. Despite the difficulty, that completed task of April, 1900, stands as a model state paper of its kind, and it is a noteworthy fact that no amendment of these "instructions" has ever been made.

* * * *

The Alaska boundary dispute; the Fishery Arbitration Treaty; the San Domingo situation, wherein our government acted practically as receiver for a demoralized American republic; the adjustment of the Rio Grande boundaries; the Algeciras matter; the Japanese-American pact; world treaties with world powers—these were all handled by Secretary Root, and his influence has been felt throughout the whole world in the reorganization of the consular service, whereby he quietly brought diplomatic circles into line with United States development.

In the State Department Mr. Root proved himself a specialist, as he had in the War Department, and today in that department there is a responsible expert at the head of each phase of the work. The progressive ideas of Secretary Hay, by which he intended to insure the status of the Pacific and the autonomy of China, were carried into execution, in a solid and permanent manner, by Secretary Root.

* * * *

Further evidence of his ability appears in his grasp of the South American situation, which he has long regarded as a paramount factor in trade development. His trip to South America and around the Horn was a triumphal progress, culminating in a visit to Cuba and Panama. Terse in thought, action

and speech, his addresses during this tour are a text-book of American ideas and ideals. A close student of the past, a keen observer of the present, an able prophet of the future, Mr. Root at once recognized in these republics the future field for United States trade operations, and the result of his South American trip was the organization of the business-like and effective Bureau of American Republics, which has demonstrated to twenty-one nations the value of harmonious organization.

This system of international exchange will do more than all the formalities of repeated peace conferences to obviate disastrous wars. In dealing with the "republics to the south of us" Mr. Root again showed his constructive ability in international, as in national, matters. He does not achieve success by the glamour of personal magnetism—a success which could not last—but by reasonableness and strength.

Though not effusive, Elihu Root's departure from the departments of which he was secretary was deeply regretted. He has not the boisterous, hail-fellow-well-met geniality that salutes a man with a slap on the back and a joke, but he is absolutely just and always kind. His manner of entering an office, with that measured stride of his, suggests his character. No gold lace or official jauntiness appeal to him; he is a lover of work; perplexing problems are not an annoyance to him, but rather a source of interest, and he gives them the same attention that he would an intricate legal problem, determined to make it "court-proof." He is a close student of men, and in a few minutes can elicit a surprising amount of relevant information, without any apparent effort on his part.

Like his predecessor, John Hay, Elihu Root has won the confidence of the diplomatic corps by conducting public matters on a high moral and judicial plane. In his nine years of public service he has never violated the sacred confidence reposed in him. When an official duty lies before him, he considers that alone, and all personal considerations are eliminated.

Like all mankind, Elihu Root loves unexpected appreciation. That side of his character was apparent when he looked at the dainty tokens of friendship presented to him by a number of American school-teachers

whom he met in Argentina; they had gone there to take charge of some of the "Sorrento Schools," and were delighted to do honor to their distinguished countryman, when he visited the South American republics. Some of these American teachers have been pensioned by the appreciative Argentine government in return for their noble work.

* * * *

His nine years of experience in almost every form of executive work has especially fitted Mr. Root for the high position he now occupies as senator from New York State. Seldom has any public man been so well versed in the duties of three co-ordinate departments of government; his early years acquainted him practically with the entire gamut of judicial forms. The principles and convictions for which he fought in his years of legal work were the substratum on which he organized the War and State Departments in later life. Now, in the legislative branch of government, the same qualities of mind, the same constructive force, the same old-fashioned principles, the same intimate knowledge of men and methods will again be used for the good of the nation.

Impervious to criticism, Elihu Root continues to maintain his convictions. When a New York paper appealed to him for answers to a series of questions propounded to ascertain his views on various subjects, he replied:

"I do not want to go into a kind of civil service examination regarding my fitness for the Senate. . . . When men get to answering questions put to them for the purpose of determining whether the people shall favor them for office, the temptation is very strong to make the sort of answers that the people are supposed to want, and I do not think it is at all certain that the best and most honest men would come out at the top of such an examination."

Direct in action, honest in purpose, diplomacy and legislation have never meant to him the whisperings of greed or duplicity; every warrior who watched his work in the War Department, every representative of a foreign nation who knew him as secretary of state, will watch with the rank and file of the American people the work done in the future by Elihu Root.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CENSUS

GLIMPSES NOT GIVEN TO EVERYONE WHO GLANCES

By WHITMAN OSGOOD

SO far the Thirteenth United States Census has been a lucky one.

It has been divorced from its incompatible helpmeet—politics. Certainly, *mensa et thoro*; probably a *vinculo*.

It is being directed largely by young men, presumably full of energy, enthusiasm, selflessness; soldierlike, willing to work themselves—to death, if necessary; for glory, too, like all ambitious, ardent and idealistic young people.

It seems to be, too, a genuine “practice what you preach” living-up-to civil service principles.

It promises to be a scientifically conducted census for the reason that well-known scientists have been assisting in shaping its plans, methods and procedure; and criticism is being applied *before* census taking, instead of *after* it.

Furthermore, “fitness” is the slogan concerning every man, woman, Jack and Jenny of the force.

Qualifications, capability, experience, expertness; again fitness, and yet again fitness, for the work to be done; these, and not political fealty, are said to be the considerations influencing the organization of the additional census-taking force, from supervisors down to laborers, some seventy thousand in all.

Moreover, it is, as a matter of fact, the first decennial Federal census possessing the advantage of having the permanent census bureau form the nucleus of the larger temporary organization.

It has been expected that, for the latter reason alone, the Thirteenth Census will be memorable for celerity of census-taking and accuracy of scientific analysis.

Therefore, to sum it all up, expectation should become realization, in view of all the additional contributory reasons making for haste and honesty.

How politics came to be separated from the census can be epitomized. Up to 1899 the decennial enumeration was political “pie” or “watermelon” for the dominant party. It involved the appointment without competitive examination of a staff, clerks, supervisors, enumerators, special agents, and others, numbering eventually up to seventy thousand men and women.

In 1899 public hue and cry resulted in the institution of an examination by the census office of applicants for the clerical positions in the twelfth census. Then the Permanent Census Bureau was established in 1902, and the survivors of the force, after the Twelfth Census was over, were taken under the protecting wing of the Civil Service. Next came preparations for the Thirteenth Census, and President Roosevelt vetoed the first bill submitted by Congress, as it failed to embody his views relative to the competitive examination of the clerks.

In July last Congress submitted to President Taft, who approved, a census act providing for a “test” examination of applicants to be prepared by the Census Director and conducted by the Civil Service Commission. It occurred October 23 all over the United States. Not satisfied with this alienation, or rather separation, of the census from politics, President Taft, an experienced jurist, you know, made it an actual divorce by ordering Secretary Nagel and Director Durand to discharge any supervisor or enumerator who does not abandon political activity during Federal Census service.

And discharges are said to have been made!

It's up to the Senators now, as the law requires them to confirm the appointees, and there is interest in guessing if they are going to refuse confirmation on the retail or wholesale plan; either, or both.

In all likelihood there will be no hullabaloo.

The country is convinced that qualified

men, whether politicians or not, should take the census, if correctness and economy are considerations.

Now we get down to the day of E. Dana Durand, the present Director, saying nothing about Director North, who resigned.

"It will take a corking good man to fill your place, Durand!" Secretary Nagel is reported to have said, as he promoted the Deputy Commissioner of the Bureau of Corporations to the directorship of the Census Bureau.

That's it in a nutshell.

It was a promotion earned by Mr. Durand's statistical eminence and practical work, in connection with the Federal prosecution of Standard Oil. It was, too, the first step in the civil service progression which is now, in the Census Bureau, many steps beyond—too far to turn back.

A corking good man indeed filled North's place—the youngest man ever made Census Director, only thirty-seven years old.

To be a Taft man is almost certain to be a Roosevelt man, and Mr. Durand is probably both! Which means, it would seem, that cardinal principles, not personal considerations, move him in action. President Taft and Secretary Nagel, having separated the census from politics, and being resolved to let science control that which should be scientific, followed up their determination by giving Mr. Durand carte blanche in the selection of the additional census staff authorized by Congress for the Thirteenth Decennial enumeration period which began July 1 last, and ends June 30, 1912. The census-taking occurs April 15, 1910, it should be borne in mind.

It was but natural Mr. Durand should choose from among his own associates and familiars—young like himself and pursuing parallel paths. In this he showed his own self-confidence in his judgment, and time should prove his wisdom.

Obedient the rule of civil service reform and letting down the ladder of promotion to the climbers below, Mr. Durand picked for his chief clerk, A. H. Baldwin, aged forty-two, from a division chiefship in the Post Office Department. Out of a minor place in the Department of Commerce and Labor, he drafted Robert M. Pindell, aged thirty-nine, to be his appointment clerk. Porto Rico yielded up its Secretary of State, William F.

Willoughby, aged forty-two, to be the assistant director. He was formerly a statistician in the Bureau of Labor, and a much-appreciated friend of the Director, who highly esteems Mr. Willoughby's scientific attainments and executive ability.

Mr. Durand's private secretary, Hugh M. Brown, another youngster, used to be private secretary to former Secretary Garfield of the Interior Department. Dr. J. A. Hill, the statistician for the Immigration Commission, was made Chief Statistician of the Division of Revision and Results. And so on. From other departments he secured the transfer of desirable men and gave them greater responsibilities.

Then picking the efficient clerical men and women from the permanent census force, in which they had labored for years at inferior pay, fixed by law, he placed them in the hundred higher salaried positions within his gift.

So he has demonstrated his recognition of all the varied applications of the civil service reform principle.

As the Federal Census is simply a gigantic inquiry, whose most vital function is performed by schedules filled with questions, it was to be expected from Mr. Durand and his scientific training that he would make cocksure that the questions should inquire exactly and comprehensively. Above all else, they should be simple and stated in words falling familiarly upon the farmers' and others' ears. Out of such conditions accuracy grows.

This end was accomplished by enlisting in their vacation time this summer a score or more college professors, instructors and other experts, all B. S.'d and Ph.D.'d on the subjects of political economy, farm management, manufactures, etc. There was Bailey of Yale; Doten of the Massachusetts Technology; Willett of the Carnegie Technology; Spurgeon Bell, formerly of "The Economist"; Boynton from the University of Kansas; Taylor from the University of Wisconsin; Warren of Cornell; Carver of Harvard; Howard of Northwestern University, and others as well known.

They were divided into several groups of conferees, all acting in conjunction with Assistant Director Willoughby and Chief Statisticians J. A. Hill, William C. Hunt, Le Grand Powers and William M. Steuart, discussing and advising regarding the sched-

ules for population, agriculture, manufactures, mines and quarries. The tentative schedules prepared by the several chief statisticians were submitted to these experts for examination, criticism and suggestions.

Better to have benefited by their advice in advance than suffer from their criticism afterward.

Thus it was Mr. Durand exemplified the desirability of applying criticism *before*, instead of *after*, the census-taking process.

Added to this precautionary measure, Mr. Durand called in experts from other government departments and also sent the schedule for agriculture to state commissioners of agriculture and others posted in farm affairs. The manufacturers' schedule was placed before representatives of leading trade and manufacturers' associations and private concerns, likewise the mines and quarries inquiries.

If all these schedules, in which every question has been carefully weighed as though it was gold dust, fail to elicit the exact information desired, the blame, if any, cannot be attached to the director, his staff, or his experts, both professional and practical.

The schedule carriers and canvassers, in Mr. Durand's estimation, are quite as important as the inquiries. Their interpretation of the several schedules is to be communicated to the people. Upon their intelligence, their honesty, their fidelity, depends the success of the census-taking. Here again politics was derailed from the track, as stated before, and the director picked his supervisors to the total number of three hundred and thirty from among former members of his advisory staff, notably Willett for Pittsburgh, and Bailey for Connecticut; from professors in other universities, such as Hotchkiss of Northwestern and Hicks of Cincinnati; from experts in farm management; from men interested in the betterment of mankind; from those who have held places of civic usefulness; from the farm; from the store; from the editorial desk, from the ministry; from the law; from the bench, etc. They can vote but they cannot use the Census Bureau machinery for grinding political axes. The majority do not wish to, and the very small minority, if active politicians, must resign their party posts and prove that their resignations have been accepted.

"This order will be strictly enforced," sang

out President Taft, referring to his ban upon political activity, and Secretary Nagel and Director Durand took it up and sent it onward like a guard-post call repeated along the picket line in war times. It passed all the posts and reached the last man among the supervisors and would-be enumerators. It was made census and political history by the removal, it is stated, of several appointed, but not yet commissioned, supervisors for disregarding its prohibition.

Getting down to the mutton, now, the Thirteenth Decennial Census for the chief political purpose of reapportioning Congressional representation, will be taken as of the day and date April 15, 1910, beginning then.

It will employ three hundred and thirty supervisors, controlling districts conforming as far as possible to the size, etc., of the Congressional districts. Some states are each a single district, such as Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, and others.

Chief Arthur E. Seymour of the supervisors' division of the census, keeps the supervisors hewing up to the line.

The supervisors' districts are again cut up into smaller areas and sixty-five thousand enumerators will patiently and perseveringly question the people who, it is hoped, will co-operate more cordially and correctly than ever before.

To handle all the results sent Washingtonward, the Bureau force will be increased to nearly four thousand clerks, stenographers, typewriters, machine operators, etc., being taken on largely between April 15 and August 1, next year. Added to these there will be eighteen hundred chief special agents and assistant special agents garnering manufactures statistics. Other special agents will direct the enumeration in Hawaii and Alaska.

Congress has appropriated ten million dollars for the Thirteenth Census and may be asked for four million more. Not counting the latter, but including the ten million, Congress has expended over fifty-seven million in census-taking to date, beginning with the first census in 1790. Director Durand hopes to save a million dollars or more on the Thirteenth Census as compared with its predecessors, taking into account the larger scope and size of the impending inquiry.

Congress requires the director to obtain information relative to population, agricul-

ture, manufactures, mines and quarries. It restricted the inquiries under each head, but gave Director Durand authority to determine the form and sub-division of inquiries necessary.

The census of population is taken with reference to the conditions existing on April 15, 1910.

The census of agriculture has reference to the calendar year 1909, so far as farm operations are concerned, and to April 15, 1910, as to farm equipment, or rather, inventory. The schedule will be carried by forty-five thousand of the sixty-five thousand enumerators, and these will be chosen from the progressive farmers and crop reporters.

The census of manufactures, mines and quarries covers the calendar year 1909 only, and the eighteen hundred special agents will begin January 1, 1910, to gather these statistics. A "test" examination on November 3 was provided for them.

For these places persons who have had some sort of statistical education or experience will be preferred.

It is believed all the supervisors will be commissioned by November 1, and the Bureau then begins the preliminary instruction to fit them for selecting qualified men as enumerators and for schooling them on their enumeration work. An examination to test the latter also may be prescribed by the director. Usually they are furnished a schedule and a printed fictional narrative concerning a number of supposed families, and from this they are required to glean sample census facts and set them down on the schedule just as if they were really at work. At the twelfth census nine thousand enumerator candidates failed to pass and were eliminated.

In cities of five thousand and over population, as ascertained at the preceding census, the work of enumeration must be completed within two weeks. In all other areas thirty days are allowed.

The supervisors are paid fifteen hundred dollars each and also given a dollar for each thousand of population, or majority fraction of a thousand, returned by their enumerators. Some are paid for traveling and office expenses. Some are allowed a clerk. Provision is made also for the employment of interpreters. The supervisors average about seventeen hundred dollars each and are

actually employed about eight to twelve months in completing their work. The enumerators are paid a per-diem rate in sparsely settled districts and a per-capita sum, varying in amount, in the other areas. The average pay of the enumerators at the Twelfth Census was sixty dollars each and the average time about twenty days per man. The enumerators will not be designated by the supervisors and approved by the director until after February, after which their preliminary schooling continues, until April 15 next.

The executive staff of the Census Bureau at the present moment is composed as follows:

Director, E. Dana Durand; Assistant Director, William F. Willoughby; Chief Clerk, Albertus H. Baldwin; Disbursing Clerk, Thomas S. Merrill; Appointment Clerk, Robert M. Pindell, Jr.; Chief Statistician for Population, William C. Hunt; Chief Statistician for Agriculture, LeGrand Powers; Chief Statistician for Manufactures, William M. Steuart; Chief Statistician for Vital Statistics, Cressy L. Wilbur; Chief Statistician for Revision and Results, Joseph A. Hill; Geographer, Charles S. Sloane; Private Secretary to Director, Hugh A. Brown; Expert Chief of Division, Disbursing Office, George W. Crane; Expert Chiefs of Division, Population, Wm. H. Jarvis and Edward W. Koch; Expert Chief of Division, Vital Statistics, Richard C. Lappin; Expert Chiefs of Division, Manufactures, Joseph D. Lewis, Frank L. Sanford and Jasper E. Whelchel; Expert Chiefs of Division, Agriculture, Hickman P. Childers and Ernest H. Maling; Expert Chief of Division, Supervisors' correspondence, Arthur E. Seymour; Expert Chief of Division, Publication, Voler V. Viles.

As soon as the filled-in schedules come into the Census office they are examined for verification of the enumerators' pay vouchers and for preparing the population returns for the processes of detailed tabulation. About four million dollars will be paid for the enumerators' count alone, and fully ninety per cent. of the vouchers will be passed forward for payment within ninety days from April 15.

It will take about six weeks, or to June 1, 1910, before the first announcement of population tabulation by cities is made, and others will follow from day to day until about August 15, following, when the count of

principal cities will probably be completed. Around September 1, next year, a preliminary statement of the details by states and territories may be expected and less than a month later the verified statement of the entire enumeration area should be given to the press. These estimates are based upon the dates of similar announcements during the Twelfth Census.

Director Durand and his chiefs are confident that these dates will be actually anticipated or beaten, because the electrical punching to be employed in the Thirteenth Census was not known in the one before. Also, the forthcoming census will find, it is said, automatic electrical tabulating machines much improved over the last census tabulators.

To state it briefly, census-taking is the card index system in its most gigantic proportions.

Symbols are devised to represent the various items of data as extracted from the schedules. Editors take the schedules and insert the symbols over the items in the various columns and form divisions. Then the card punchers follow, and the plungers in their machines punch out of the cards similar symbols printed in the fields on them. A mechanical arrangement operates to prevent error and waste. The holes in the cards then supply the means of tabulation. The punching machine is like a typewriter with electrical connections. The clerks can average about three thousand punched cards each a day.

Next, the punched cards are placed in the tabulating machines which through the holes count first the enumeration areas represented, then number, color, sex, age, conjugal condition, nativity, etc., in all the varying details and classifications contemplated by law and necessary to scientific statistics. Each machine will make about twenty-five thousand tabulations a day.

The Bureau has contracted for the building of three hundred punching and one hundred tabulating machines from patented models by James Powers, a mechanical expert on the permanent census force. Previously the Bureau leased its machines. Under Secretary Nagel and Director Durand it is believed five hundred thousand dollars has been saved by the use of the Bureau's own punching and tabulating machines.

Cards numbering ninety millions for this vast index system, or one for each person in the country April 15, 1910, have been ordered, and each will be tabulated six times, making a total tabulation of five hundred and forty millions. After the punching, and the verification of the cards selected at random, against the schedules, the latter are filed away and, as the index cards do not bear the names of the persons counted, all personal identity is lost, and the cards henceforth are only known by the number given each to show the area of enumeration.

Following this mechanical stage will come the preparation of tables, maps, comparisons, rates and analyses; then the issue of bulletins and finally the publication of the great reports. Director Durand contemplates reducing the number and size of these tomes. A great saving of money and time will be effected.

The work of taking, compiling and publishing the Thirteenth Decennial Census must conclude June 30, 1912. Not one of the temporary force of three thousand clerks is eligible for transfer to other departments under the civil service. The length of service of satisfactory employees will range from six months to two years, averaging one year. They will commence at a minimum salary of six hundred dollars per annum and promotions to at least nine hundred dollars will be reasonably rapid. All appointments will be on probation.

For all of which the Thirteenth Census should be a lucky one.

It begins with the permanent census force as its head; with its derivations composed, it is purposed, of scientific experts, well-qualified supervisors, capable enumerators, improved electrical machinery and other superior advantages.

But after all is said and done on the census-taking side, if the fact-giving population fails to co-operate cheerfully, completely and comprehensively, the vital elements of accuracy and reliability will be as much wanting as before.

It is hoped that "the moral uplift" which has opened the peoples' eyes upon many subjects will also prompt them to make the approaching Census the most accurate and effective of all, which is the ambition of Director Durand, Secretary Nagel and the President.



WEST POINT AND MILITARY EDUCATION

BY
COL. CHAS. W. LARNED,
U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY



NO chronicle of the upbuilding of the American nation is complete that does not tell the story of West Point, its genius and accomplishment; for from the early dawn of the Nineteenth Century the men of this school of war and science have been identified with every phase of national development, both civil and militant, and prime movers in the multifarious activities which built and safeguarded our social fabric. They have filled every important public office from President of the United States to municipal officials, including governors of states and mayors of cities; and as presidents, chancellors, regents and professors of universities, colleges and academies, they have exercised a powerful influence upon education. In the industrial field they were the pioneer engineers of our Eastern and trans-continental railroads, and presidents and chief engineers of many completed systems; as civil engineers, lawyers, editors, authors, clergymen, physicians and architects they have contributed prominently to science, arts, letters and ethics; as bankers and bank presidents, manufacturers, farmers and planters, they have added more than their share to the national wealth.

It will doubtless surprise most Americans to learn that out of the small total of 4,121 graduates during the first century of the existence of the Military Academy, from 1802

to 1902, 2,371 entered civil life at some period of their career; and that their accomplishment is represented by the following varied list of occupations, in which 446, or nearly nineteen per cent., attained distinction.

CIVIL OCCUPATIONS OF GRADUATES OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY FROM 1802 TO 1903

President of the United States	1
President of the Confederate States	1
Presidential candidates	3
Vice-Presidential candidates	2
Members of the Cabinet of the United States	4
Ambassadors	1
Ministers from the United States to foreign courts ..	14
Charges d'affaires from the United States to foreign courts	2
United States consuls-general and consuls	12
Members of United States Senate and House of Representatives	24
United States civil officers of various kinds	171
Presidential electors	8
Governors of states and territories	16
Bishop	1
Lieutenant-governors of states	2
Judges	14
Members of state legislatures	77
Presiding officers of state Senates and Houses of Representatives	8
Members of conventions to form state constitutions ..	13
State officers of various grades	81
Adjutants, inspectors, and quartermasters-general and chief engineers of states and territories	29
Officers of state militia	158
Mayors of cities	17
City officers	57
Presidents of universities, colleges, etc.	46
Regents and chancellors of educational institutions ..	14
Principals of academies and schools	32
Professors and teachers	136
Superintendent of coast survey	1
Surveyors-general of states and territories	11
Chief engineers of states	14

Presidents of railroads and other corporations	87
Chief engineers of railroads and other public works	63
Superintendents of railroads and other public works	62
Treasurers and receivers of railroads and other corporations	24
Civil engineers	228
Electrical engineers	5
Attorneys and counselors at law	200
Superior general of clerical order	1
Clergymen	20
Physicians	14
Merchants	122
Manufacturers	77
Artists	3
Architects	7
Farmers and planters	230
Bankers	18
Bank presidents	8
Bank officers	23
Editors	30
Authors	179
Total	2,371

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF THOSE ATTAINING
DISTINCTION IN CIVIL CAREERS 1802 TO 1903

President of the United States	1
President of the Confederate States	1
Presidential candidates	3
Vice-Presidential candidates	2
Ambassadors	1
Ministers plenipotentiary	14
Charge d'affaires	2
United States consuls-general and consuls	12
Members of United States Senate and House	24
Presidential electors	8
Governors of states and territories	16
Lieutenant-governors of states and territories	2
Bishops	1
Judges	14
Presiding officers of state Senates and Houses	8
Members of conventions to form state constitutions	13
Mayors of cities	17
Presidents of universities and colleges	46
Regents and chancellors	14
Superintendent of coast survey	1
Surveyors-general	11
Chief engineers of states	14
Presidents of railroads and corporations	87
Chief engineers of railroads and public works	63
Superintendents of railroads and public works	62
Superior-general	1
Bank presidents	8
Total	446

This extraordinary percentage of distinguished achievement in the walks of peace is paralleled by the pre-eminence of West Point in its own field; for, after four years of the most desperate conflict of the century, its graduates led all the armies on both sides, and held, almost without exception, the chief commands.

Such clear-cut success in both fields of human activity must find its explanation in the methods of the school from which it emanates, and cannot be attributed to fortuitous circumstances or conditions surrounding the individuals. West Point set out to accomplish a special technical result,

but she achieved a comprehensive product of remarkable effectiveness. The function of a military school is, primarily, to educate a young man for the duties of military command and the life of a soldier; but the success of its endeavor depends first, upon its interpretation of the essential requirements of the military career; and next, upon the efficiency and sufficiency of the training necessary to develop them. West Point conceives that the fundamental training of a soldier should be that of a *sound man—morally, intellectually and physically*; and that the acquirement of military technique should go hand in hand with the development of character. In this connection I do not think I can do better than to repeat what I have said elsewhere concerning West Point's methods and ideals.

Let it be admitted that all educational institutions are more or less imperfect; that all, including military schools, sin to a greater or less extent against Light; yet there remains the incontestable fact that the latter do undertake that which, as a class, the civil schools renounce—the education of character; and that, in retaining control of the student in all his relations to life, they have assumed a pre-eminent function.

Of all military schools I believe the Military Academy of the United States to be supreme in this regard. Defects there are, without doubt, in its operation; some due to the constraint imposed by its limited functions, and some to mistakes in method—it is a human institution. A limitation of range and a certain amount of violence to personality and independence of initiative is inseparable from the technical specialism of a military career, and compels the trimming of idiosyncrasy to the fashion of a common pattern; but for citizenship and for the moral and virile elements of personality, as well as for physical rectitude and vigor, the work of West Point is so great and unique that, had it no other function, its product would be an invaluable asset to the country.

At the period of adolescence, when character is plastic and impulse wayward, before the stereotype has set, control and restraint are the essential forces for impressing permanent form upon young manhood. If the material can be removed from contaminating impurities, fused in the furnace of hard work, and kept in its mould until it has set,

the best has been done that education can do for character, provided the mould is a noble one. What West Point does for its cadets is precisely this. It takes its youth at the critical period of growth; it isolates them completely for nearly four years from the vicious influences that corrupt young manhood and from the atmosphere of commercialism; it provides absorbing employment for both mental and physical activities; it surrounds them with exacting responsibilities, high standards and exalted traditions of honor and integrity, and it demands a rigid accountability for every moment of their time and for every voluntary action. It offers them the inducements of an honorable career and a sufficient competence as a reward of success; and it has imperative authority for the enforcement of its conditions and restraints.

At West Point the main formative influences are:

I. Restraint. For over four years, with the exception of one furlough of two months, the cadet is in a place of ideal natural beauty and completely aloof from every form of vicious influence, but with sufficient social enjoyment and abundant, unremitting physical exercise.

II. Discipline and Compulsion. By which all faculties, mental and bodily, are directed into channels of professional activity, and kept working at full, normal pressure without undue relaxation or possibility of evasion.

III. Tradition. The cumulative moral sense of the spirit of the Corps for a century, by which its standards have been formed and vitalized.

IV. Personal accountability for every conscious act.

V. Mental Training. Resulting from a wisely selected and a vigorously maintained high minimum standard, exacted relentlessly by daily recitations and frequent rigid examinations admitting of no neglect; together with habits of concentrated study at regular hours.

VI. Reward. The diploma of West Point, which is a comprehensive guaranty of character and of all around actual accomplishment, physical and mental, having but few parallels on earth; and a commission in the United States Army—an honorable life profession with certainty of advancement.

This machinery produces a type of man

of a quality and temper altogether distinct and with habits of thought and action and views of personal responsibility free from the bias of either political or commercial interests; and, while West Point does not profess to prepare either military geniuses or moral prodigies, it does propose to itself to turn out a subaltern officer well grounded in the elements of all branches of the military profession, possessing a character trained to see straight; a mind trained to think straight; a body, physically sound, disciplined to live straight; with high ideals of personal integrity and truth; with respect for law and authority; and with habits of life that are clean, simple and regular. I believe that to educate such a student body in a community is a sufficient justification for the existence of any institution irrespective of its special function; and that, in an age where commercialism and politics tend to lower standards of integrity and to heighten standards of luxury and wealth, the possession to a nation of a body of citizens trained in such a school is an invaluable civic asset.

West Point's function is not, therefore, the production of war geniuses, but of the well-balanced, broadly trained, clear-thinking subaltern—disciplined in mind, body and habit, and fit for special technical development; possessing at the same time that general grasp of the military art which qualifies for high command when it comes. It is very doubtful if modern conditions foster the one-man genius of Napoleonic tradition. The mechanism of war is now of such technical complexity; logistics involves such a mass of preparatory details; strategy of approach covers such immense areas, and the battle tactics of great armies in the field are so beyond the grasp of a single eye and will that the function of staff control grows larger and larger, and ability in the lower grades grows of more and more importance. That army whose whole personnel is the better equipped morally, mentally and mechanically is the one which will prevail. This broad equipment of junior officers is the aim of the United States Military Academy.

Founded in 1802 as a small experiment, and identified with the Corps of Engineers, which was by law to be stationed at West Point and constitute a "Military Academy," it began a precarious existence with but a

handful of students, and almost suffered extinction in the course of its first decade. It was not until the character and genius of Thayer were in administrative control that its organic history really began. Under his wise and firm guidance it crystalized into the characteristic body of doctrine and practice to which it has steadily adhered, and which gives it a position quite alone in the educational world.

that, whereas the larger sum is mostly absorbed in the maintenance of an inadequate fighting force of sixty or seventy thousand men for a single year, the expenditure on the Military Academy and the War, Staff and Service Schools preserves alive the knowledge of the military art, and gives us a body of trained experts who are at all times the organizers and directors of national defense.

Military education in the United States

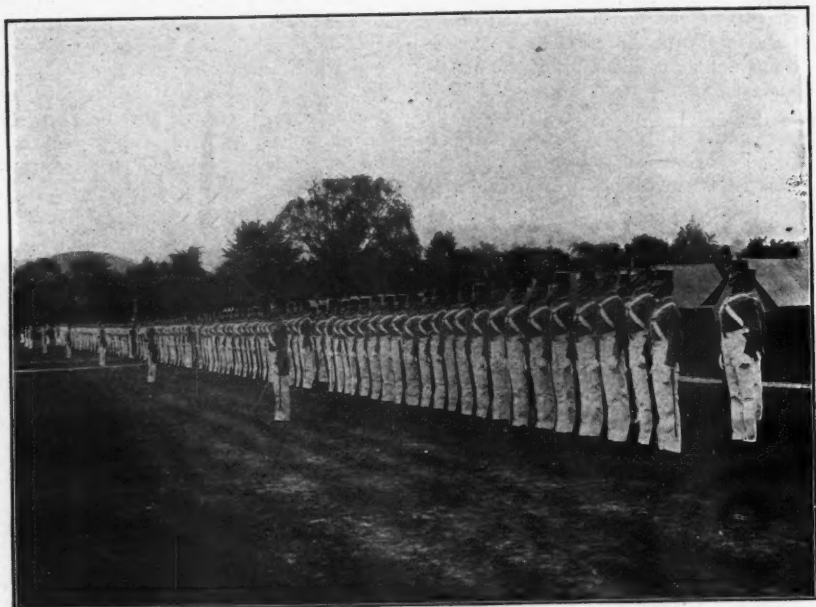


ORDNANCE MUSEUM IN NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

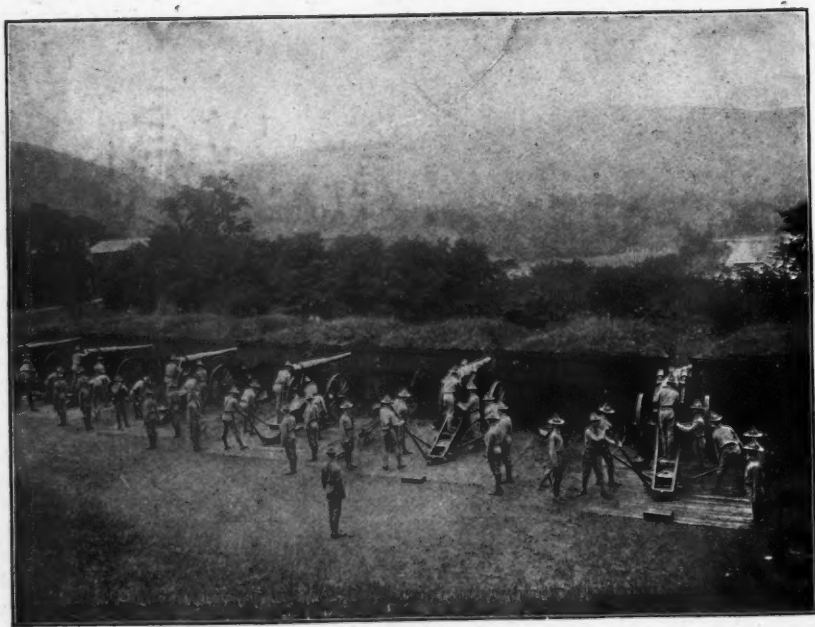
Interior arrangements not completed

For the century of its existence, from 1802 to 1902, it cost the nation \$22,259,274; an average of \$222,592 annually. This total of twenty-two millions about equals the annual cost of the small, regular army before the Spanish War. Including the special appropriation of over seven millions for new buildings, grounds and water supply, the aggregate cost of one hundred and seven years, to June 30, 1909, has been \$34,627,052, which is about one-third the present annual cost of the regular army; the difference being

was at first centered in the Military Academy, but it became apparent that the broad grounding in general technical and military science there given must be supplemented by that specializing study only to be had at post-graduate schools of application; and there has grown up, at first gradually and in recent years rapidly, a well-organized and logically connected system of these schools, culminating in the War College at Washington. This specializing system was essential, not alone as a supplement to West Point, but as a



DRESS PARADE IN CAMP



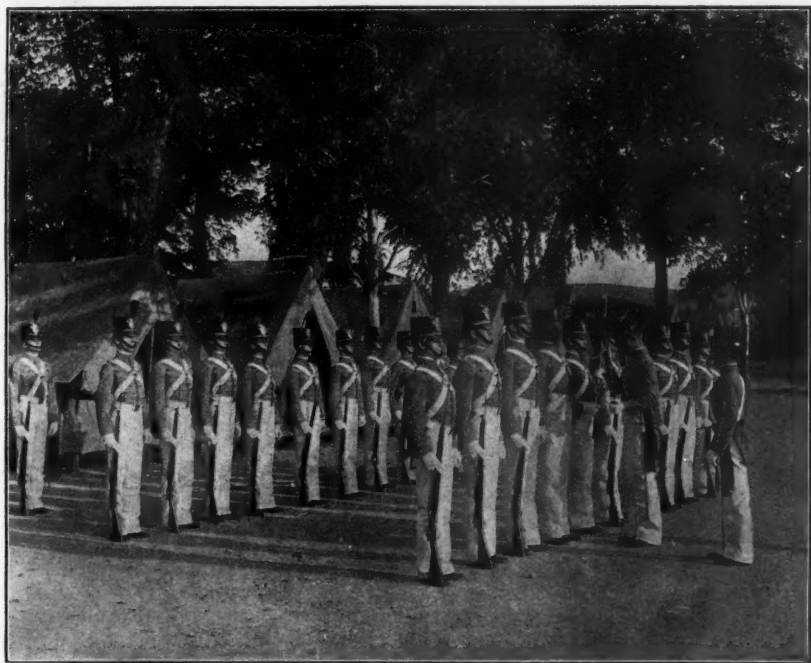
SIEGE BATTERY DRILL

means of developing the large body of officers entering the service from other sources, and who are presumed to be sufficiently grounded by antecedent study in the elements of science and technology to enable them to pursue the courses in these special schools with profit.

Besides the Army War College, our educational system consists of the Army Staff College, the Army School of the Line and the Signal School, all at Fort Leavenworth;

Besides all this, officers must also pass severe additional examinations for promotion to all grades up to Colonel.

This would seem to be a pretty drastic course of schooling for the gilded military satrap and pensioned idler, and certainly there is not much ground for complaint that anything within the compass of theoretical and practical education which can be taught him has been overlooked or neglected. It may be that the thing has been somewhat



OFFICER OF THE DAY INSPECTING GUARD IN CAMP

the Coast Artillery School at Fort Monroe, which has recently absorbed the School of Submarine Defence formerly at Fort Totten; the Mounted Service School at Fort Riley; the Engineer School at Washington Barracks. The Army Medical School, being concerned only with the Medical Corps, stands apart from the rest. In addition to the foregoing, there are also post and garrison schools for officers and enlisted men, at which attendance is compulsory; and, at stated intervals, officers are required to take rigid examinations in the various branches of military science.

overdone, but it is, perhaps, better so than that it should be underdone.

War is a technical profession which is impressing into its service all the sciences and arts. In common with them it is also in a state of constant transition and development, and cannot be acquired as a finished art once for all and salted down in the hold of the brain for the voyage of life. "Still achieving, still pursuing"—the officer must hustle in common with his professional brother of civil life in order to keep up with the procession and in time with the band. The

leading military nations are pushing their equipment and technique with unwavering and intensive persistency, and are exploiting every field of technical development which contains a promise of increased military effectiveness. The pace set by the leader must be followed by every one of the giants among the nations. No one can allow itself to be placed at the mercy of another. Military education has, therefore, become a *sine qua non* of national safety, and cannot be abandoned or diminished without peril. Indeed, for a nation which adheres to a policy of minimum armament, the importance of an advanced education for its limited body of officers increases in proportion to the diminution of its standing and reserve forces. It must, therefore, be the policy of our government to prepare the small number of our commissioned officers in the most thorough way for a wider range of responsibility than

that necessary for any special function of command. To limit the education of an infantry subaltern to the range of his company duties would be a fatal mistake for a nation which evolves its active army from the body of its citizens when the emergency arises; and I believe it would be a sound policy to greatly increase the commissioned personnel of our peace establishment, even though the standing army be maintained at a minimum, in order to educate a considerable body of officers for field, staff and general command; and equally, the same policy should make of the peace establishment a school for the education of subalterns for the war extension.

The steady trend of modern military prepa-

ration is toward a scientific specialization and organization of the technology and contributory activities of warfare. To eliminate chance from every department of the game in which it can be controlled or minimized by foresight and a highly perfected mechanism is the aim of modern armament, in order that the operation of accident and circumstance shall be as closely circumscribed as possible, and the engine in the hands of the commander at all times so perfect, the path of its operation so closely calculated, and all contributory auxiliaries so smoothly and accurately operative as to leave him free to concentrate upon the personal equation of war his whole genius and attention.

This high organization of the military profession has gone hand in hand with a steady progress toward its humanization and the amelioration of its destructive features. Atrocities which not long ago were the common attribute of war are today unthinkable. Massacre, pillage and the devastation of peaceful communities are no longer possible. In every way there is a constant and rapidly growing tendency to limit the range of its destructive activities, and to minimize the suffering inseparable from physical combat. War is coming to assume the aspect of a great surgical operation, in which the surgeon seeks to operate quickly and effectively at the critical spot with as little pain and bloodshed as possible, and to reduce the vital energies of the patient no more than is inseparable from the result necessary for cure. The point of view formerly taken looked with indifference upon the means employed to subjugate an enemy, and it was deemed quite proper and commendable to let loose all the worst passions of degraded humanity, on the general



CADET, PRIVATE
Campaign Uniform



CADET, ADJUTANT

principle that war is war, and that to make it horrible terrifies your opponent, and either forces early submission or makes more effective his overthrow. War is rapidly ceasing to be "Hell," in that sense. It remains bitter and somber, but it is more and more ceasing to be outrageous. It is the operation of force and it must entail suffering; but it is the suffering of an operation and not of assassination. It is no longer a tiger of lust and cruelty preying upon the helpless. It is highly probable that the forces now operating for the reduction of war to an exact science and the increase of its study in military schools and operations will rapidly reduce its scope, its destructive effect, the total amount of suffering, its inhumanity, and its passions to a minimum. It is quite possible that an insoluble issue in politics or international economics may be brought to the arbitrament of arms without hatred or even rancor between the contestants. Hatred and vicious motives will far more likely remain with the selfish political and commercial interests that force the issue than with the actual participants in the fighting. War will never cease until the motive impulses of human selfishness are subdued in the human race; but in the meanwhile its study as an art and a science will immensely contribute to civilize it. Nothing could be much more foolish and untrue than the assertion that military education tends to make a people bellicose. Modern military education cultivates assiduously the virtues that go to make a good citizen and a healthy, disciplined, temperate man. It is only the uneducated soldier who is to be dreaded, both in peace and war.

The function of the Military Academy in our military educational system is now and must continue to be to educate a limited number of military students in the basic principles of general and military science, and in the general functions and principles

of all branches of the art of war, as a body of officers specially qualified for subsequent development in the service and in its special schools for field, staff and general command. It gives its graduates a unique advantage over those of foreign military schools in that they possess a wide and fairly intimate knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of the duties and technique of all arms of the service, which fits them for perfecting themselves in the special duties of each; and it ensures them a broad comprehension of the war functions of every arm, which knowledge is of growing importance with

every increase in rank and responsibility. Any officer is a better specialist, also, in his own branch who has this extensive grounding in the principles and duties of every branch of the service; while the administrative and executive power which such an experience gives to any army or corps commander cannot be overestimated. Besides and above these merits there rises the inestimable advantage to the

army and nation of a school whose traditions and system conserve high ideals of integrity, of duty, of discipline, of responsibility, of patriotism, and which conserves a civic and military standard. These alone are worth all the institution has cost, and these are the fruit of patient endeavor, of long experience, of a great tradition. To protect and nourish these ideals it is necessary that West Point shall maintain its individuality and academic character, and that it shall never be confused with or subordinated to the special service schools. The Military Academy is a great national institution, military in its genesis, its methods, its ideals; but it is an *institution of learning*, not a military post; it is an *academy*, not a school of practical application; and to subordinate its institutional to its military attributes would be to degrade it and paralyze its highest functions.



COAT OF ARMS
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY

THE CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY

By FLYNN WAYNE

PERHAPS there is no more misunderstood—better, less understood—position under our government than that of Chief of Staff of the Army, at least so far as the general public is concerned, and it would be difficult

to give to the layman a clear understanding of that position by a mere recital of the functions and routine duties involved. In our Army it is a new office, though one thoroughly understood and appreciated by military students, since it has long been known to and is now the rule in the best foreign armies. As the most effective way to convey an idea is by illustration or comparison, it may facilitate the object of this article if we employ some standard of comparison, and in doing this some standard that is familiar to the civilian must of course be selected. A statement of the circumstances and necessities which led

to the creation of the office of Chief of Staff will also go far toward describing it.

Nearly everyone knows in a general way what the office of Commanding General of the Army implied; though to some persons who were more, but not fully, acquainted with that of Adjutant General of the Army there was much difficulty in distinguishing between their respective spheres. In consequence of the fact that the Adjutant General was allowed considerable latitude in

issuing orders in the name of the Secretary of War, it sometimes happened that the Adjutant General exercised greater practical authority than was possible to his Superior, the Commanding General of the Army, and

entirely independent of the latter. Indeed, too, there was such apparent overlapping of authority, and such an indistinct line of demarkation in some instances between the province of the Commanding General and that of the Secretary of War that there arose undesirable situations which could not be regarded as helpful except to the extent that they emphasized the necessity for reforms. Ever since and including the incumbency of George Washington as Commanding General of the Army there had existed a very perceptible sensitiveness in this regard, and even such other popular heroes and able soldiers as Grant, Sher-

man and Sheridan found the path strewn not alone with roses.

But the fault was in the system rather than in the individual, and the remedy lay, therefore, in a change in that system; in other words, it lay in a reorganization of the method of administering the affairs of the military establishment. That which was finally adopted to replace the old one was a form of what is generally known as the "General Staff System," which provides for a General



Photo by Rice, Washington

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CHAFFEE

The dominating spirit in the relief of foreigners in Peking during the Boxer rebellion

Staff Corps and a Chief of Staff and eliminates the position of Commanding General. It followed, perhaps more or less naturally, that the discontinuance of the office of Commanding General of the Army and the provision for a Chief of Staff led to a popular impression that the one was simply a successor to the other; but this is far from being in accord with the real facts.



Photo by Rice, Washington

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BATES

The author of the famous treaty with the Moros
in the Philippines.

The Commanding General of the Army had original and independent authority, subject only to that of the Commander-in-Chief (the President), over the line of the Army; *i. e.*, over the rank and file of the combatant force as distinguished from the Staff Departments, which latter included the Administrative and Supply Departments and other non-

combatant corps, such as the medical and pay corps. He could act independently and in his own name on all matters relating to enlisted men, and on all matters affecting officers of the line and the disposition of troops which were not specially reserved for administration by the Secretary of War or the President.

While the Chief of Staff exercises no independent command, save in his own corps (General Staff), the law provides that he shall have supervision, under the Secretary of War and the President, of all troops of the line and of the several staff departments, *viz.*, the Adjutant General's, Inspector General's, Judge Advocate's, Quartermaster's, Subsistence, Medical, Pay and Ordnance Departments, the corps of Engineers and the Signal Corps, and that he shall perform such other military duties, not otherwise assigned by law, as may be assigned to him by the President. In short, he has supervision over the whole military establishment. This supervisory power covers, according to the regulations governing the Army, primarily duties pertaining to the command, discipline, training and recruitment of the Army, military operations, distribution of troops, inspections, armament, fortifications, military education and instruction, etc., together with such duties connected with fiscal administration and supply as are committed to him by the Secretary of War. It also covers all matters arising in the execution of acts of Congress and executive regulations made in pursuance thereof relating to the militia.

It is the duty of the Chief of Staff to keep the Secretary of War constantly informed of defects discovered, and under his direction to issue the necessary instructions for their correction. He is also charged with the duty of informing the Secretary of War as to the qualifications of officers, as determined by their records, with a view to proper selection for special details, assignments and promotions. All orders and instructions from the War Department, and all regulations affecting the Army or the status of officers or enlisted men therein, are issued by the Secretary of War through the Chief of Staff.

To be sure, only a comparatively small portion of the business with which he is concerned is actually seen by the Chief of Staff, as in all large business enterprises the great mass of detail is looked after by subordinates;

but even with due allowance in this regard, there is still left an enormous amount of administration that requires his personal attention. In the performance of the duties indicated above, and in representation of superior authority, the Chief of Staff exercises all functions necessary to secure proper harmony and efficiency of action upon the part of those placed under his supervision. As harmony of action was one of the objects sought in the creation of the position, the maintenance of harmony and co-ordination constitutes one of the most important functions of the Chief of Staff.

There is now no Commanding General of the Army, the supreme authority in all matters resting with the constitutional Commander-in-Chief and with the Secretary of War as his representative. Thus there is no divided or uncertain authority. All orders are issued by the Chief of Staff in the name of the President or of the Secretary of War. Of course it was not to be expected that a civilian President or Secretary of War would be versed in military matters, especially in the higher functions of command and administration; so it was only logical to provide for a constant adviser and assistant who should be learned and experienced in these respects, as well as

wise in counsel. In order to further insure effecting the objects of the reorganization and minimize the possibilities of discord, the law made the position of Chief of Staff one of selection, so that that official would be *persona grata* to the Commander-in-Chief. Naturally, this selection had to be restricted to reasonable limits, for it would be a mani-

fest menace to the morale and esprit of the Army should an officer of too low rank be chosen for this place, and it was therefore confined to officers not below the rank of Brigadier General.

It can readily be seen that the officer enjoying the confidence of the President and the Secretary of War, picked from the ablest and most experienced officers in the Army to keep the Commander-in-Chief informed of the needs of the service and to advise him in determining national plans and policies of the greatest consequence, is in a position to exercise very great influence in shaping the military affairs of the nation, and occupies the highest and most important office in the Army. The facts

that his tenure of office depends wholly on the will of the President and that he has no independent command, however, serve as decidedly effective checks upon possible abuse of his office.



Photo by Rice, Washington

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL YOUNG

The last commanding general of the army and its chief of staff



Sky Gallivanting for Science and Sport

By CHARLES T. FAIRFIELD

"THE CUMULUS CLOUDS LOOKED LIKE ENDLESS BURSTED BALES OF COTTON"

WHEN you take a balloon flight, take a camera with you. No matter if you forget other desirable paraphernalia—sweater for extra clothing, postal cards to drop to friends, township and road map of the surrounding country, megaphone, lunch and a bottle of water—don't forget the camera. And no matter whether you ever handled one before on earth. The Professor hadn't. At first it took him ten minutes to get it opened for business, meanwhile pulling off the back of it a half-dozen times. And when he was 8,000 feet high, above the clouds, and wanted to get into the picture a particularly beautiful opening of green landscape he manoeuvred five minutes before he discovered a pearl sweater button in the peep-sight, and then pointed the camera away from him, instead of toward him! That's as little as he knew of cameras and picture taking! Yet of ten exposures in his first balloon flight, seven proved to be exquisite pictures, to be prized forever. So, when you fly in balloons, take a camera loaded for business.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky on the midsummer morning that the Sky Pilot "Billy" took The Professor and The Boy on their first balloon trip. The "getaway" was scheduled for 8 o'clock, but was delayed for 40 minutes, to receive the benefit of a freshening breeze. Meanwhile the spanking 35-mile northwest wind that came up drove

fleecy herds along, and when the start was made the sky was flecked with cumulus and nimbus clouds.

In a way, probably, all balloon trips are very much alike. In a multitude of respects each one differs from every other one, depending on atmospheric conditions, air currents and clouds. In several cities in western New England ballooning is no longer a novelty. It's a dull week when the aero clubs are not "making a flight," as they call it, for somebody's benefit or other. Nevertheless, when a flight is made it is the principal topic of conversation and interest in the country roundabout.

So when the activities incident to the inflation of the 40,000 cubic feet balloon for the maiden trip of The Professor and The Boy commenced the crowds gathered early. The urchins were on hand and showed their interest in aeronautics by lugging from the balloon shed the fifty bags of sand, fifty pounds each, which hold the bag captive during inflation. From an eight-inch pipe, run from the immense gas holder to the center of the aero park, the big yellow envelope was filled at the rate of a thousand cubic feet a minute. The final adjustments of weight were made by unhooking from the rim of the car one by one the bags of sand unnecessary for ballast. After a little "jockeying" the balloon was ready to ascend by pouring out gradually part of the contents

of one bag. At the getaway eight bags of sand were aboard.

A bird's-eye view of the incomparable results of the work of the Great Landscape Artist—that's what the balloon gives you over that beauty spot of nature in western New England. From the height of a mile, more or less, you get the whole panorama with the sweep of the eye. What you see



A MOMENT BEFORE THE GETAWAY

foot by foot from carriage or automobile, you get by mile from a balloon. That's the first impression of at least one tyro at ballooning.

The ascent gave no sensation of rising. The sky traveler is at rest in the car and the surface of the earth passes under him in an ever new and ever beautiful panorama. The houses become reduced to the size of toys. The roads look like white threads laid on a background of green.

Within five minutes the balloon was at a

height of 4,000 feet, as registered by the barograph. Fenced fields and farms, outlined by walls, fences or rows of trees, looked like subdivisions of a great garden. In five minutes more, at the height of a mile, no less than twenty-five lakes were in sight; and the Berkshire hills with the magnificent estates stretched away in all directions like a beautifully kept park.

Sailing a little east of south, the Connecticut River came into view like a tiny black ribbon and the wooded and lake-dotted stretches of southern Massachusetts and Connecticut were ahead. Farmers stopped in the fields, teamsters halted in the road, women and children flocked to the doors to see the passing gas sphere.

Soon after the start the balloon got in the shadow of a cloud—and the cloud stuck to her like a plaster for a half hour or more. "Billy" could neither brake "her" nor "put on his high speed clutch" but simply had to pour out sand continuously in order to keep the elevation. The Boy asked him why he referred to the balloon as "she." He said: "It's because 'she' can't be governed." The Boy was willing to concede the feminine gender, but rather thought the answer should be: "It's because 'she' is always above us."

Finally, when the cloud dissipated, the gas expanded and the balloon rose. The loss of sand in the shadow shortened the trip at least two hours. When again in the sunlight only about 125 pounds of ballast were in stock.

Above the clouds, at a height of nearly 9,000 feet, the view was surpassingly grand. The cumulus clouds in every direction looked like endless bursted bales of cotton. Through the openings could be seen vistas of green landscape. The black ball-like shadow of the balloon on the clouds wore a rainbow halo,—a complete circle of prismatic colors. Not one in the basket suggested, however, a hunt for the pot of gold at the foot of that particular rainbow!

The Boy had taken with him a dozen nice, fresh Vermont country eggs, with which to experiment. A certain famous globe trotter and enthusiastic aeronaut claims that on one of his balloon trips he was able from the distance of a mile to hit a stone wall. This being true, the terrific factor of the balloon in warfare can be well imagined, if bombs are substituted for eggs.

The Boy was a little skeptical about one's ability to see an egg for a mile, but the experienced air-navigator assured him that if a white-shelled egg is used it can be seen through its entire descent by the sun glints on its surface as it turns over in the air. The certainty was made, therefore, that the eggs were not only strictly fresh but that they had snow-white shells.

A noted scientific expert recently made a balloon trip, taking with him eggs with which to experiment. The excitement of the trip and the entrancing view led him to forget his eggs, and when he landed in a high wind the box of eggs was at hand, unopened, and not one broken! This led The Boy to repeat to himself constantly: "Eggs, camera, postal cards!" He was determined that he would not forget these—even if he forgot everything else.

The first egg thrown was at a barn in the center of a field, from a distance of about 4,000 feet. It came within possibly 500 feet of the mark. A cleared patch of ground from a somewhat higher altitude was then made the target, and as far as could be judged was missed. Even with the aid of strong marine glasses, with which the descending egg was followed, it could be seen for approximately only 3,000 feet and was then lost to view.

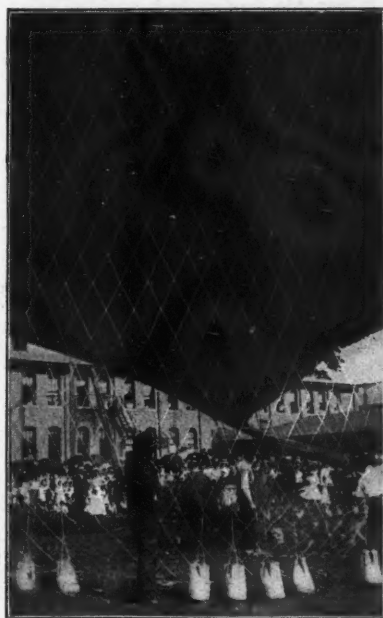
It was discovered, that looking over the edge of the basket, the trail rope, which is about 375 feet long and which is to a balloon what a keel is to a ship, made a line along which to aim. Sighting along this rope the mark at which the egg was thrown was more nearly approached. The eighth egg thrown from a distance of over 5,000 feet struck, as nearly as could be estimated, the roadway at which it was aimed. At least, it was very close to it. The highway, however, ran parallel to the course of the balloon. An attempt to hit a roadway crossing the path of the balloon was a failure.

After firing conscientiously twelve eggs The Boy reached the conclusion that the experienced aviator must have had one of three distinct advantages over him: he was either a much more accurate egg thrower, or his eyesight was keener, or his imagination more vivid.

The Professor took the trip primarily to make meteorological observations in furtherance of the degree of master of science for

which he was studying in absentia. The varying air currents, temperature, atmospheric pressure were observed and recorded. The wind velocity was greater near the earth, being over forty miles an hour at the height of 3,000 feet, while at 9,000 feet it was about eighteen miles an hour. The lowest temperature was at 6,000 feet, forty-four degrees, a drop of twenty-two degrees from that at the surface.

While The Professor was busy with his



INSIDE THE ROPES

science The Boy wrote and threw out of the basket many postal cards addressed to friends. Each card was enclosed in an envelope on which was written: "To the Finder—Please open, read and mail the card within." The right to read a postal card is natural and inalienable and presumably most of the cards will be found, read and forwarded eventually. Some of the envelopes may have dropped into streams and swamps and thus have been lost. At least a portion of them reached their destination, and the point where they were picked up showed that they had floated and fluttered ten miles before landing.

Every living thing in western New England seemed to take the passing of the balloon as a matter of fact, except the chickens. The approach of the balloon set them to flying about wildly and cackling at a great rate. The hen's cackle can be heard distinctly at the height of a mile. The peculiarity of the general cackling of the hens can be explained only on the ground that they saw the eggs drop from the balloon. As The Boy put it: "It is a hen's prerogative to cackle when an egg is dropped."

When the sand ballast was reduced to



THE ROADS LOOKED LIKE WHITE THREADS
LAID ON A BACKGROUND OF GREEN

seventy-five pounds it was deemed best to make an early landing. For an hour the balloon had raced over farmhouses, roads, brooks and woodland lakes as black as ink, hillsides, forests—not a railroad in sight. And a town with a railroad looks good to a party of balloonists when the return home is thought of! Soon a thrifty little city was sighted and a cleared field on its outskirts was picked out for the terminus. At this time the balloon was at the maximum elevation of 9,000 feet.

"Billy" valved her, and the statoscope showed that the descent was rapid, although there was no sensation of dropping. The only way in which the rapidity of the drop was manifested was by a terrific pressure on

the ears, due to the sudden change of altitude. The Boy was rendered almost deaf temporarily and for a few hours afterward his head felt as if he had been in swimming and stayed in the water too long. From force of habit he would frequently tilt his head and strike it with his hand to "get the water out" of his ears. The barograph showed that the drop of 9,000 feet was made in a trifle over eleven minutes.

What at the altitude of 9,000 feet appeared to be cleared ground, with good terminal facilities, proved on approach to be a cemetery. The Boy thought it unseemly to land in a graveyard, so about 500 feet from the ground every superfluous article was cut from the basket and the landing was just beyond in the gardens of a florist.

The rip cord, opening a wide gap in the bag, allowing the gas to escape instantly, was used when about twenty feet from earth, and the grounding amid the flowers was comparatively easy—easy for The Professor, for he in the excitement of the descent and in the fear that the balloon would fall on him had climbed into the rigging where he had a position of vantage, with his knees between The Boy's shoulder blades.

The florist and his charming wife were delighted, as were all the neighbors, who quickly gathered, to see the aerial visitors. It was the first balloon that had ever favored them with a call. They made the aeronauts promise that on their next trip they would land in the very same flower bed. One of the florist's hothouses was missed by about fifty feet, but none of the party was a glass eater.

The work of gathering up the immense balloon and its trappings was the first real work that had to be done. And it is hard work! In just an hour everything was packed and ready to express back to the starting point, and the sky navigators were on their way to the city, two miles distant, in the emergency wagon of the local enterprising and popular undertaker. Just why an undertaker's wagon was the first vehicle obtainable was plausibly explained by The Boy. The balloon was seen headed for the cemetery and the "mortuarian," with an eye to business, was on the ground forthwith to take home the corpses. The dead silken bag was the only corpse he transported.

But the three balloonists were very happy as they perched on top of the wagon load.

AN EPOCH IN ADVERTISING

By MITCHELL MANNERING

NO four centuries in the history of the world have shown such remarkable development as the past four decades. Not the least marvelous feature has been the growth and expansion of business, and the banquet given by N. W. Ayer & Son, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, commemorating the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of their business, emphasized in the mind of many guests the changes that have materially altered the conditions of life and broadened relations existing between dealer and customer, employer and employe, in an up-to-date concern.

The historian who studies the business development of the last half century finds himself occupied with the brightest pages of our national records. Forty years ago the country was just emerging from the perils and losses of a great civil struggle. There were no transcontinental railroads, no telephones, no general use of stenographers and typewriters, and little appreciation of the benefits derived from systematic advertising.

Near the spot where the Declaration of Independence had birth, another great and new idea was evolved when Mr. Nathan W. Ayer and his son, F. Wayland Ayer, established an advertising agency in

Philadelphia, creating an institution which partook of their own high ideals and noble purposes. And at the banquet a fitting tribute

was paid by the son to his father's character and career. The keynote of the evening was the future, rather than the past—"the best is yet to be" was the spirit that animated that distinguished gathering, which included prominent advertisers, newspaper and magazine editors and many well-known business and literary men from all sections of the country.

At the reception 263 employes of the Agency were present, and the young lady who presides at the "information desk" in the office was on hand to direct guests to the reception room; the complete friendliness and confidence existing between the employees and the partners

of the firm were suggestive of the spirit of the Quaker City, the brotherly love and kindness for which it stands.

* * *

In the great banquet hall of the hotel, the stage was decorated with a graceful background of palms and foliage, against which glowed in letters of electric light the trade-mark of the firm, which has become so conspicuous in the annals of American advertising, "Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success." Above this



FROM THE EMPLOYEES OF THE N. W. AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENCY



FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

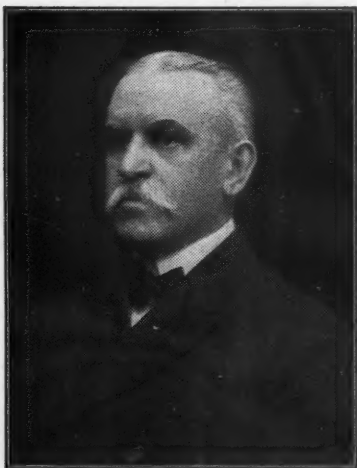
LOVING CUPS PRESENTED F. WAYLAND AYER



A. G. BRADFORD

motto were the initials, "B. A. I. S. 1869," a legend which aroused much curiosity and suggested that the firm understands that the creation of curiosity is the secret of advertising. Everybody asked: "What does this 'B. A. I. S. 1869' stand for?"

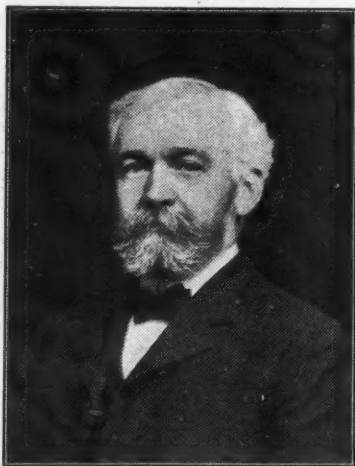
"Been at it since 1869," was the answer—a most appropriate motto for this banquet and the fitting corollary for the great seal of the firm, "Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success." Many of the Ayer & Son family have been "at it" with unceasing persistency for years: Mr. H. N. McKinney has earned



H. N. McKINNEY

his degree, "B. A. I. S. 1875"; Mr. A. G. Bradford ranks, "B. A. I. S. 1884"; Mr. J. A. Wood ranks "B. A. I. S. 1888," and a handsomer lot of postgraduates never adorned a platform.

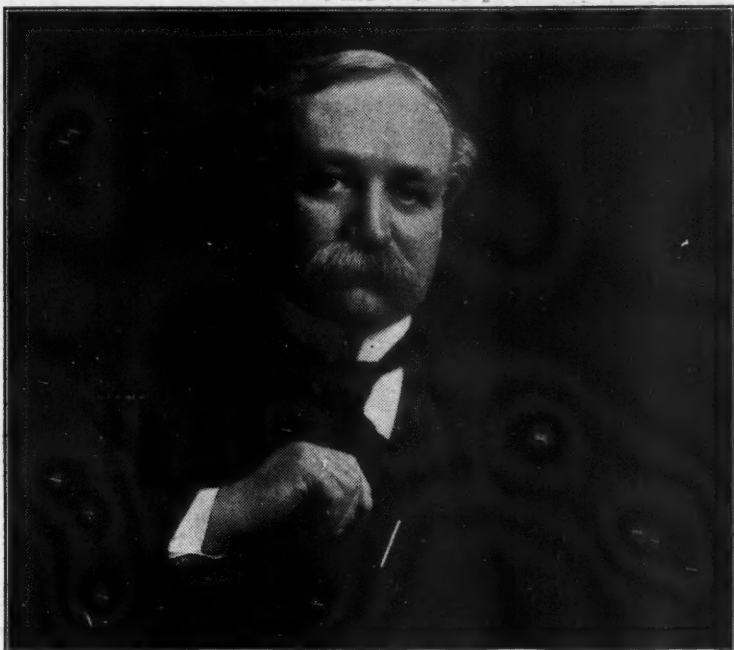
The tables in the banquet hall were profusely decorated with flowers; the bright-faced lads and lassies and the heads of departments alike emphasized the loyal affectionate family spirit which characterizes the personnel of this agency. The menu was a work of art, from the "Sea Food Cocktail," that gave the preliminary fillip to the appetite, to the black coffee and cigars which followed the last delicious course of good things. Reminiscences of Delaware planked shad and inimitable grape fruit salad insinuate



JANIS A. WOOD

themselves betwixt memories of the more exalted "feast of reason and flow of soul."

A handsome loving cup was presented to Mr. Ayer by the employes of the Agency, and another cup trophy was the gift of the American Publishers' Association, both evidencing the esteem in which all connected therewith by business ties hold the N. W. Ayer & Son Agency. A handsome brochure, bound in scarlet leather and telling the story of "Forty Years of Advertising," was presented to each guest, and every copy of that little book will be treasured as a souvenir of a delightful occasion. Each one present also received a bronze medal struck for the occasion.



F. WAYLAND AYER

The good fellowship at this feast was only surpassed by its widely representative character. Every city, town and hamlet where a newspaper is published has been brought into touch with the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son, and all sections were represented at the banquet, for the growth of this business has been coincident with the development of American journalism. The independent and high-minded Ayer standard and policy have helped to place advertising on a higher plane than it ever held before, and have made it almost a profession, differentiating it for all time from the work of the "soldier of fortune" or the adventurer who chiefly engaged in this business in earlier days. In his address Mr. Ayer aptly voiced the low estimate placed on advertising as a business, even by his own personal friends, one of whom said to him in years gone by:

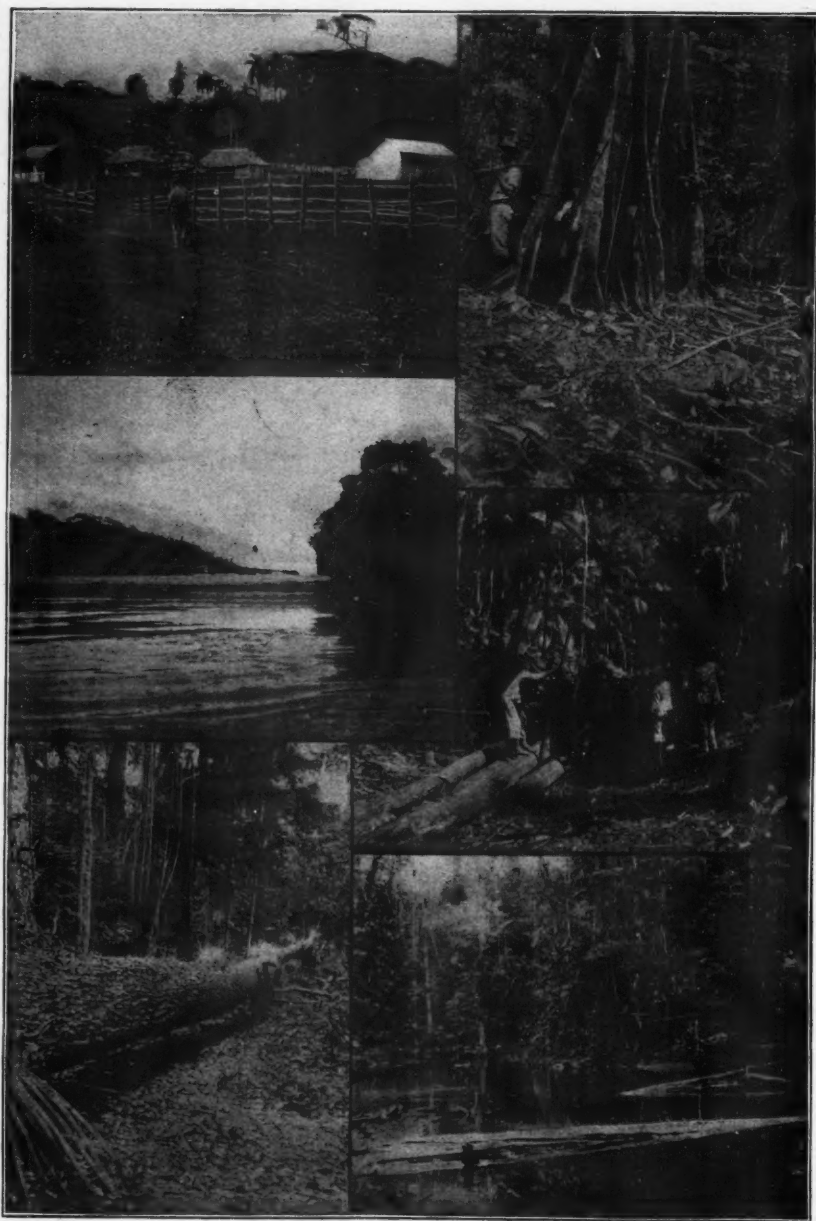
"I have a high personal regard for you, but little for the business which you represent."

A beautiful tribute was paid by Mr. McKinney to his associates for a third of a century; he spoke of how they had stood together in sickness and health, and had proved them-

selves true friends as well as loyal co-workers. There were the usual happy birthday tributes, and in the programme advertising had a good "inning." Mr. Dingee, the oldest customer of the Agency, who began to advertise his roses forty years ago, was present and seemed to enjoy his distinction.

The five hundred people gathered at the festival will never forget the day in 1909 when they were the guests of the Ayer Agency; everything was done for their comfort, even to providing rooms at the hotels. No one thought of the flight of time, and if from force of habit a watch was glanced at, it was at once returned to the pocket with the thought, "I cannot miss any of the fun—never mind the time."

The senior partner led the gathering in singing "God be with you 'til we meet again," and every guest joined heartily in that old hymn which has closed so many partings, and never were good wishes more sincerely spoken than those offered to Mr. Ayer and his associates as the guests clasped hands with them and passed out, bearing away many happy memories of a delightful occasion.



SCENES ON A CUBAN PLANTATION

Plantation Buildings at Cayo-Guin

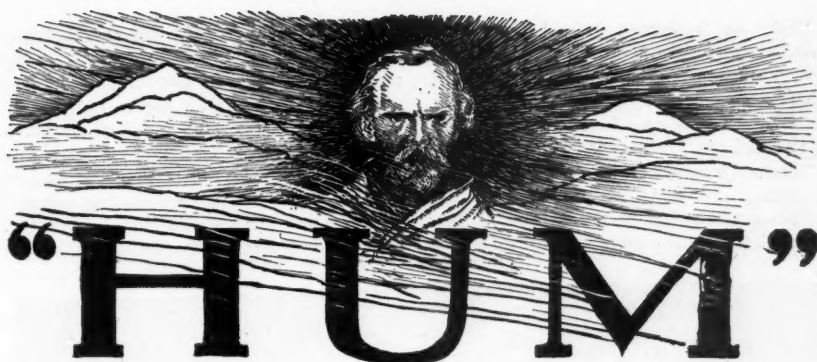
Cueva Bay

A fallen jucaro, measures 44 inches at the top,
27 inches in diameter 65 feet up

A Drague Tree

Logging wheels in use on Sigua. Plantation
Cueva River at end of tidewater

(See page 310)



"HUM"

A SERIAL

By FRANK HATFIELD

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CHAPTER IV

IT WAS no easy task, but Hum finally consented. For some reason unknown to me then, and, I think, not clear to him, he disliked to give exhibitions of psychic phenomena. It was not until I told him that Mrs. Durand expressed a wish for a strong mental picture, that he yielded. "She can appreciate it," he said. "She will know it is genuine."

He asked me to make all arrangements and gave me minute instructions as to how he wanted his audience grouped. "There must be no confusion, no delay," he said. "Call me when you are ready. I will be below. Not too early," he added as I left him.

I called Hum at nine o'clock. As he entered, his face, usually placid, expressed extreme concentration. He stopped about twenty feet from us; glanced over the group and, without preliminaries, said in a low voice, "Be quiet all, and look directly at me."

We became motionless, as if bound by some deepening spell. Then a low musical vibration filled the chamber. To me,—and as I afterwards learned, to the others,—it seemed an impression rather than a sound. I doubt whether any one casually entering the room would have noticed it. A mistlike veil infolded the bent figure. Slowly parting, it disclosed a beautiful girl clad in rich oriental costume, holding in her right hand an antique vase of flowers, subtly fragrant.

I glanced at Mrs. Durand, as a cry of recognition escaped her lips. A pallor gathered on her face as, with a sigh, she leaned back in her chair. The vision lasted perhaps ten seconds, then the mist reformed, unrolled, and the Hungarian stood as before. He put out his hand as if seeking support, then withdrew without speaking.

His departure loosened the spell. Captain Mathers broke the silence:

"Are you ill, madam?" he asked with solicitude.

"N—no, Captain," she replied in a dazed way, "not ill, I think, but I feel strangely. Why," she exclaimed, brightening, "it was Josie Wallace, as I last saw her! My darling Josie Wallace," she repeated, closing her eyes. A moment later she addressed Mr. Leonard in a trembling voice:

"May I trouble you to call my maid?"

As Clarisse entered she rose. "I fear," she said, "I have been emotional—but it was so wonderful—so amazing! Good-night, all!"

I looked at the captain. He sat with his head bowed. As I touched his arm he straightened and burst out:

"Mr. Hatfield, I have sailed the sea for years; seen wild and strange things; but this knocks the reefs out of them all. Where did you fish up that—man, I suppose—though if he didn't mess with us every day, I should say he was more than human?"

"Oh, he is human enough," declared Brindley, with knitted brows and compressed lips; "but he has a gift; doubtless inherited from some ancestor. However, he has a remarkable mind, and he is a good fellow. It was well put."

"Seemed something like a trick," ventured Leonard.

"No, sir," emphasized the skipper. "He's too well trimmed a craft for any such fool

Thus the days passed while the Mohegan held her course. Days that yet linger in my memory as a delightful dream.

Hum, when not with the sailors, passed hours with the doctor in earnest argument.

"Brindley is undergoing a thorough house-cleaning," asserted Tom; "when Hum gets through, you will think his nibs has moved."

I often saw Hum absorbed in conversation with Mrs. Durand or listening, with rapt



A mistlike veil infolded the bent figure.

business. Besides, the madam recognized the girl. That's ballast enough for me!"

"Good!" shouted Tom. "Hum is no gay deceiver."

The captain turned to me.

"Haven't noticed any breeze from your quarter, messmate."

"No, I am too far at sea to sight a port."

"That's jolly," he beamed; "one more cruise and you'd know all our lingo. Well, I fancy it's about that way with all of us. We might tack and gibe 'round 'till daybreak without making headway. I'm going to turn in. I feel sort of uncanny, as the Scotch say."

We followed the skipper's prudent lead.

attention, to passages she read from her books.

"She is a repository of scientific and occult knowledge," he said to me. "A wonderful woman!"

Our lady had recently confessed a fine contralto voice, and thus it came about that she and Tom met often at the piano. Then delicious melodies and fragments of duos came to me. They are still with me. I cherish them, for they recall the most irresistibly attractive woman I had ever met. Whether, when on the sunlit deck, she told me of foreign shores and wove incidents of travel into fadeless tapestries; or under the moonbeams, opened to me vistas of immor-

talities my thoughts had never penetrated; or flashed fairy-lights upon the Orient until my pulse quickened;—she was the same fascinating woman. Then I would look at her, in silence, until she asked my thoughts. For I marveled that she could soar to such sublime heights while her emotions drew her so strongly earthward. I realized the unstable equilibrium between the clay and its essence, and recognized that this very quality made up the sum of our daily lives.

Strange enough, one chord on my lyre remained unswept. Often, in the seclusion of my room, I asked why; and strove to force an answer, but none came. Sometimes, I knew—figuratively speaking—that a little hand roamed in search of the subtle combination, but the fair owner had naught of coquetry. She was genuine—else the word is wrongly defined.

Something within told me our halcyon days were numbered, but I asked no questions. I did not care to know the inevitable. One royal day I met the captain at his noon reckoning.

"Come below, Mr. Hatfield, let's examine the chart." There was a quality in his voice quite different from the usual cheery ring. "Yes, it is true," he said as his finger followed the lines to a point, "we are near the end of our voyage. See! here's where we are; and there's the coast of Africa; and right there is Cape Town. We are nearer than I thought. Egad, I've neglected the log—purposely," he added, thrumming the table as he looked out of the window.

"Why, Captain, I thought seamen prided themselves on quick trips."

"So they do, Mr. Hatfield; so they do—ordinarily; but don't you know that sometimes—circumstances alter cases?"

"And this means we'll soon part," I said.

"All too true, shipmate. I'm sorry. We've had a remarkable voyage. I've enjoyed every knot of it. Never had such a crew, thanks to Hum. He's a queer fish. Why, he has been before the mast and knocked about a good bit, I fancy; but what a mind, what high principles! I'll bet a gill of old Jamaica there's some quality blood in him. But I can't for the life of me understand that affair in the saloon. Why, I saw that girl as plain as I see the chart. I'd know that face, if I met it, anywhere 'tween Greenland and Patagonia. I say, messmate,

if you ever meet a woman who looks like her, jot it down in your log book. We might ship together again, though it's not likely."

"Stranger things than that have happened, Captain."

"Hardly think so, sir, considering your destination. Ah, your destination!" he repeated slowly and gravely. "And there's Selby—every inch a man! Excellent company—he can knock the blues out of a chap quicker than anyone I ever met." Again he thrummed and looked seaward; then turned to me appealingly:

"Don't do it, my son! Shift your course and steer for the diamond mines. Make your fortune; shoot big game; nave a good time; and then go home, safe and happy, with me the next time I come down."

I shook my head.

"And Mrs. Durand," I suggested.

"Aye, she's a rare one; made of the right stuff, with some mixture I know nothing about. Handsome as a picture and—a widow! Jove! I don't see how she holds her widowhood. If I weren't an old sailor with a family, I'd cruise 'round there myself. Brindley is a good fellow, too, but odd looking as a skate. Hey, it's not often a skipper strikes a school of such fine fish."

"It is pleasant to learn that your passengers have pleased you," I said. "We have all appreciated your kindness and—"

"Anchor right there!" he interposed. "I'm not done yet. There's one on the list I haven't checked." He rose and grasped my hand. "Mr. Hatfield, you are one of the noblest and truest men that ever trod a ship's deck. May God bless you!"

"The last shot and the heaviest, Captain. It went home. I shall never forget you."

"Heigho," he sighed; "the best of friends must part. I feel down in the mouth. Let's see if Rawlins can't mix a bracer."

* * *

The steward's brace did not arrest the fall of my spirits. Close to the African continent, near to the gate of the unknown and to the line that must divide us from past and present associations, perhaps forever. I weakened. Then Mrs. Durand's injunction—"let nothing turn you from the course you have chosen"—came to me and I sought her, to be reassured. There was a quality in her voice; an expression in her eyes—uplifting, sustaining.

I found her on deck, gazing where floated the "golden bowers of rest."

"Would you dwell in those enchanted realms?" I asked, as I met her welcoming smile.

"Gladly! but they are so far away; so unattainable; so intangible. Why, they are formed by fairies in a poet's brain. And yet, daily, my heart yearns for the iridescent fields of romance they suggest. Sometimes I cross the borderland for a brief sojourn; otherwise, my life would be unendurable. Would you be lord of those isles?"

"Once I could have answered that question easier than now."

The opal gleamed. There came to me the breath of flowers as she drew from her robe a dainty handkerchief with which she dallied for a moment, then murmured: "How long ago?"

Her slight pallor had yielded to a soft, rich glow. The fallen eyes were raised and sparkling; the mobile lips parted just enough to disclose the hidden pearls.

"It was not an æon," I admitted.

A rippling laugh—and then, with enthusiasm:

"'Lord of the Isles!' Ah, that recalls the Scottish bard! I have been in nearly every place of interest named in his works. I have actually laved my feet in Monan's rill," she laughed.

"Was the moon dancing?"

"Ah, you know those sweet lines! No, indeed, the sun was glaring. To catch the witchery of that spot, one should visit it by moonlight, at midnight. Then, even the air is rich in romance. Do you get the picture?"

"I scarcely know. My life has been so occupied with material things that—"

"Let me finish what you would express," she touched my arm. "You have failed to recognize the locked chamber within. Far, far away, the key is held by one who, sometime, will open the portal and bring forth the hidden treasure."

She turned from me quickly. When our eyes again met the rose glow was gone.

"Captain Mathers is beckoning!" she exclaimed.

"Come up here, you dream people. I've something to show you. You're cloud gazing. Have a look at something else than vapor."

When we reached the bridge he greeted us soberly:

"Now look way over there, close down to the horizon. See anything except sea and sky?"

"No, Captain," we both confessed.

"Well, I can't for the life of me see why not. It's as plain as the binnacle; a little dark line."

"But we haven't nautical eyes," said Mrs. Durand. "What a pity!"

"Madam," said the skipper, gallantly raising his cap, "if I had your eyes, I wouldn't barter them for the best pair of nautical eyes ever planted in a man's foretop."

"Why, Captain Mathers!"

"It's God's truth, my dear lady."

"But the dark line," I asked, "what is it?"

"What is it? Why, it's the coast of Africa. If nothing happens we'll be docked at Cape Town by noon tomorrow. And nothing will happen," he added.

"You speak with conviction," I suggested.

"To be sure! One doesn't like to blow his own horn—least of all Sam Mathers—but I will just this once. I have never had a serious accident since I commanded a ship."

"How do you account for it, Captain?"

"I never stow cargoes of catastrophies in my thinking cap. They breed mischief."

"That is a new idea," I said.

"New? Why, man, my grandmother taught me that when I was a child. I have followed it ever since. H—m! I suppose our pleasant party will break up."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Durand, "the longest, fairest, happiest day must end. Our life is one of ceaseless change."

"If I could have my way," the captain said, "I'd moor the old ship for a few weeks and we'd keep house awhile longer—go on picnics, excursions, and—"

"Land on the weather bow, sir!"

"Aye, aye, sir. I've noted it, Mr. Leonard."

"Let us go aft," appealed Mrs. Durand, the pallor again dominant, a noticeable vibration in her voice; "This will be our last evening; possibly, our last interview."

"Willingly," I assented.

* * *

We chose a quiet spot by the taffrail. The smoke from the steamer curled fantastically as it floated northward. The golden isles were gone. Whither? The "little dark line" was, we knew, momentarily growing more definite. And then?

I felt that my companion was asking herself this question as we sat silently listening to the relentless throb of the engines. For her eyes were downcast and she wove her gossamer veil through her fingers—to and fro.

"May I have a fragment of the mental fabric?"

"The whole, Mr. Hatfield. I am thinking of your journey. You go to verify a tradition; to find an unknown race. Will it startle you if I say I have heard this tradition, or a similar one, in India?"

"In India?"

"Yes, it has existed for ages. But among those people not one has had the ambition, enthusiasm or ability to verify it. Oh!" she exclaimed, her color deepening, "it is a joy to know that this triad of qualities manifests in some one; a joy to look upon so strong and brave a man."

"Shall I succeed?"

"Yes, you will succeed. Trials and hardships are before you; weariness and heart-sickness. You will see death lurking in many forms, but you will pass through the vale of shadows unscathed"—she threw open her well-rounded arms—"it will be glorious!"

"You give me more comfort and hope than I can express."

"Give you 'comfort and hope,'" she repeated, her voice more vibrant. "I have traveled so widely I scarce know where to find a novelty. I have hazarded this journey in search of one. I am going to the diamond mines and other places where a woman may go. And yet"—she hesitated—"I have never heard those words before."

"Never? It seems incredible."

"It is true!" The gemmed hands trembled. "No one but you has spoken them."

Slowly turning the opal ring, she glanced at me, a faint smile hovering.

"Did you never care to visit the diamond mines?"

"No, I have not been attracted by them; but honestly, I must confess I would abandon our expedition, to visit them now—had not a fair woman once said to me: 'Let nothing turn you from the course you have chosen!'"

She flushed.

"Pardon me," I implored.

"Not so, my friend—it is I who should ask your pardon. Oh! it is painful to realize how frail is the bark on which, in fancied

security, we explore the domain of the spiritual. How easily it is wrecked by our earthly attractions. Ah! here comes Clarisse—it is supper, I presume. I do not care for it."

"Nor do I. It comes as a discordant note in a delicious harmony."

"Is it supper, Clarisse?"

"*Oui, Madame.*"

"Come here, child. Pardon me, Mr. Hatfield, if I speak with my maid."

The interview ended, she said to me gaily:

"How fortunate we are of one mind. We will have a little repast later. You shall be my guest."

"Charming!" I exclaimed. "This delightful hour will be prolonged. We shall see the moon rise. It will be fine tonight."

"Yes, superb!" Her gaiety vanished.

"Many another night it will be the same—when its rays fall on a weary traveler seeking rest in the African wilds. I shall think of you."

"Not oftener than I shall think of you. Mrs. Durand, you spoke of 'earthly attractions'—I fear I did not understand you clearly."

"No? It is thus: We clothe ourselves, as it were, in ethereal robes; ascend sublime heights in search of the spiritual essence; quaff deeply at metaphysical fountains; and foster the belief that we are free. Yet all the time we are slaves—bond men and bond women—to the material." She drew her scarf closer. "I think you understand. Now, away with such thoughts! This is no time nor place for philosophy. Tell me of your glorious quest. I envy you!"

"Mrs. Durand, I have a thought I scarcely dare to utter, for fear it may offend you."

"It would be impossible for you to say aught to wound any true woman. What is it?"

Her eyes appealed. The scarf escaped from her shoulder, unveiling her beautiful neck.

"It is this: Why not go with us? Forgive the suggestion. I could not resist the temptation."

"Why should you? I understand."

She leaned towards me—her finger interlocked—her eyes dreaming—

"But one reason restrains my impulse to act on your suggestion. You have awakened what I believed to be dead—aroused to renewed activity forces dormant for years."

"And the position might be equivocal," I said; "but we are gentlemen—Hum, a man of years—your maid would—"

"Oh, no! It's nothing of the kind. I care not for petty conventionalities. I despise many ideas cherished by some women, submitted to by others. I act by my own sense of right and propriety."

She rose, went to the bulwarks and gazed at the horizon where the faint glow heralded the coming of night's queen. Musing awhile, she turned, and quickly detached something from her chatelaine.

"See!" she exclaimed, "the moon is about to rise. At the moment of its advent, I want you to accept this."

On her palm rested a singular trinket. A slender, tapering, curved bone—about an inch in length—white and glistening; mounted in a circlet of gold studded with diamonds.

"It is an East Indian charm," she went on hurriedly; "it is rare. It comes from a dangerous place. I want you to wear it, as I will wear its mate. It has served me—it may aid you. It will, at least, recall our—voyage."

"Our voyage? Then let it be a memento of you."

"Be it so."

As she turned to catch the first gleam, I was about to lift the jewel—when her fingers closed.

"Not yet—one moment—hold out your hand."

Her own rested on mine—I can feel it now. Suddenly a crescent of light kissed the sea.

"Now!"

As she passed the gem to my palm, she sought my eyes—her own illumined by a mystical fire.

"To go with you," she said, "would be the most enchanting episode in my life. The danger and hardship fascinate me. I can surmount formidable obstacles."

"Then why do you hesitate?" I asked as I concealed the opal's glow.

"It is your right to know," she said. There was a tremor in her voice. The hand—that, like a delicate cameo, rested in mine—quivered. "I thought I knew myself, but I do not. I believed I was mistress of my emotions—I am not!"

"Dear Mrs. Durand, your words are enigmatical."

"Yes, I am conscious of the fact. They must be, to one endowed with your nobility of character. How can I tell you?"

Her oriental slipper patted the deck. The warm hand withdrew and nestled in the wavelets of hair rippling across her brow.

"It is simply this, my dear friend: You have a wonderful career before you; a thrilling prelude; a charming intermezzo; a triumphant finale. I—might—derange—the score."

"You?"

"Yes, even I." Her fingers lightly sealed my lips. "Please, please do not ask more."

The other shoulder knot had loosened, the scarf fell. I raised the soft, fragrant fabric.

"May I replace it?"

"Yes."

I stopped the caresses of the moonlight.

"Oh, it is gorgeous tonight!" she exclaimed. "Why must it fade? The same old dear that danced on Monan's rill, in the far away glen."

"Is your heart in the Highlands, my fair Seeress?"

The words came softly, "You do not need to ask."

"*Le soupe est servi, Madame,*" announced Clarisse.

* * *

The table betrayed Clarisse's nationality. Verily, had she died, she had earned the epitaph, "She hath done what she could." The steward's hand, also, was in evidence. The hand so willing to give and—to receive. A few pieces of rare china, seldom seen; some potted plants in bloom, belonging to the stewardess; an old silver candelabra fresh polished, with wax candles.

The steward knew how to cater to the madam. She knew, equally well, how to cater to him. A quiet game, entailing no loss.

The supper was excellent. Mrs. Durand was an accomplished entertainer. By birth and inheritance she was "La Grande Dame." She knew and practiced all the graces of the table. Here, her self-control was marvelous. We endeavored, with poor success, to confine conversation to conventional lines; but there were periods when our thoughts sketched pictures that antagonized even the most entertaining colloquies.

"Clarisse," said Mrs. Durand, when the last course was served, "place the Bohemian

flask by monsieur. Now go and take a run on deck in the moonlight."

"*Merci, Madame.*"

"Mr. Hatfield, before you is some of Hungary's finest wine. I do not, as a rule, advocate stimulants. They clog the avenues to the higher life. 'Then why do you have them?' I hear you ask. Simply, because there may be, at times, physical conditions demanding their aid; and on a long journey, one should not be unprepared. Besides," there was a captivating twinkle in her eyes—"it is pardonable for one, occasionally, to be a child again, and gather daisies by the wayside. Say you not so?"

"Yes, my fair hostess; pardonable and natural."

"You are quite the philosopher, *mon ami*. *Bien, servez, s'il vous plait!*"

I poured the rich wine. The bouquet filled the cabin.

"Now," I said, rising, "let me drink to your worth, your wisdom and your welfare."

"Thank you. Worth—not much, I fear; wisdom—a trifle, perhaps; welfare—I am indifferent."

"I do not like to hear you speak thus, Mrs. Durand."

"No? Then I will never do so again."

She toyed with her glass—watching the play of the light on the wine drops 'round the brim as she twice repeated her name.

"*Mon ami*—it may sound strange—but I do not like that name. My prejudice is justifiable."

"But it is correct," I asserted. "I know no other."

"Yes, unfortunately, it is correct; but"—again she sported with the glass—"I was christened—Isabel."

"A redolent name, my dear hostess."

"Do you think so? Sometime—you will?"

"Is it your wish?"

She nodded and put out her hand, but quickly withdrew it.

"Am I daft?" she cried. "A wave of forgetfulness swept over me. We must talk of other things. Will you remain in Cape Town some days?"

"Yes, we have more supplies to purchase, and we may have to wait for a coasting vessel. And you?"

"Until I perfect my plans. There is a hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes, the St. George's."

"In that case, we shall meet again."

"Certainly, and often," I said, passing the fruit.

"Not so, *mon ami*," she sighed, "it would be unwise. What time is it?"

I told her the hour.

"Ah, is it so late? Then this, too, must end. Time is borne on pinions that never weary, never falter. Well—fill the glasses once more. It is my turn now. Come here."

I stood at her left. The opalescent ray blended with the amber of the wine, and the rose warmed on her cheek as she raised the chalice—

"May you be rooted and grounded in the love of the woman who will dwell in your heart."

We drained the beakers. Her hand trembled so, I extended my arm to catch the fragile cup. It touched her neck. She rested her head on it and gazed at me with impassioned eyes, while her warm breath fanned my cheek.

Then I knew. The little hand had found the elusive chord. I bent lower. Her fragrant hair swept my face.

"Go with me, Isabel," I whispered.

"Go — with — you? Hath Heaven any richer request?" she murmured.

Tears, fresh from the labyrinth of the emotions, dropped on cheeks rapidly growing pallid. Her voice sounded weird.

"No—it cannot; must not be!" she exclaimed.

"Why not?" I implored.

I felt the pressure of her arm as the words came sad and slow:

"My fealty to my Maker, to my true self, and to her who will be your wife—forbids. Do not tempt me beyond my strength. Let us say—Good-night."

CHAPTER V

Cape Town, ordinarily a welcome and cheering sight to the wave-tossed traveler, looked gray and dismal through the thick veil of mist. Even the frown of the "Devil's Peak" was subdued and the "Lion's Head" had lost its dignity.

A motley crowd of Hottentots, Kaffirs and Malays watched the steamer creeping to her berth. These conditions depressed two men who, beyond this line, were to encounter the hardships, the uncertainties, the mysteries of the unknown.

Tom and I stood watching the warping in of the Mohegan.

"Good heavens!" he said dubiously. "Let's toss up the sponge and go somewhere else. Let's go to the diamond mines."

"The diamond mines?" I asked evasively. "Why go there?"

"Sure enough! Now, see here, Hat—cotton to it like a man. I haven't had conjunctivitis and screened my eyes during the voyage. Mind what I say, or your real loss will exceed your potential gain. A beauty is better than a bubble any day. Hurrah for the mines! Good times, superb company, a splendid beginning, and—a glorious ending, eh?"

"I have half a mind to do it, my dear comrade."

"Multiply by two at once, and shake hands."

"How about Hum?"

"Oh, we might buy him off. Here he comes now."

"Thick weather, comrades," he said cheerily; "but by tomorrow you will think you are somewhere else. That great wall of rock back of the town, which you can just see now, is the Table Mountain, with its two companions the 'Devil' and the 'Lion,' as the natives say. When the sun shines it forms a massive background to the luxuriant growth of oaks and firs at the base; to the vineyards, gardens of flowers and shrubs, and the numerous beautiful villas. And then, the sunlight on all—it is wonderful. The old Government House over there—the new Parliament House, just beyond—the Bishop's Palaces, on the left. Straight in that direction, about three miles, is the National Observatory. There, in the center of the city, is the fine Botanical Garden; this side, a short distance, the Public Library, of some forty thousand volumes."

"Why, Hum, have you been here before?" I asked.

"Yes, once, in 1875. It was then a town of, at least, thirty thousand inhabitants. It must be much larger now. Oh! it will be fine in the morning," he asserted, with enthusiasm. "We will cruise 'round. The doctor and I are going ashore. I shall try for some information about the coast vessels. We shall meet at dinner—St. George's, I presume. Until then—" he waved his hand, smiling.

Tom and I looked at each other. It was a new departure for our fellow traveler; his manner of speaking; his smiling, graceful adieu.

"He divines our mental condition," I said, "and seeks to re-enforce us."

"Undoubtedly," my comrade agreed. "It would be pretty rough to go back on old Hum."

"Of course it would. We shall do nothing of the sort."

The simple sum in multiplication remained undone.

Dinner at the St. George's, that evening, was not a brilliant affair. The atmosphere was saturated with the sadness of farewell. Mrs. Durand was absent. I thought it was well.

"It is like parting from old friends," the doctor declared. "I shall have the advantage of you."

"How so, Doctor?" Tom asked.

"I shall not go beyond here. I intend to make collections, and if the Mohegan remains long enough, go back on her; otherwise, wait over until the captain's next trip. However, it will all be very different."

"Doctor," laughed Tom, "may I quote from an esteemed friend? 'That was well put.'"

Brindley smiled lugubriously. "This spread is not much like the captain's," he commented. "There's only one Mathers."

"What seems to be the matter with Captain Sam?" Tom asked, soberly and with apparent anxiety.

We looked at one another interrogatively a moment—then came the old saw—vociferously. Half a dozen servants appeared suddenly.

"They came to see if anything was left," explained Tom.

"Yes, the captain is all right," asserted Hum; "right every way—and we are all right, and will so remain, if we will only expect sunshine and not anticipate shadows."

"Any news concerning the coast, Hum?"

"Yes, Mr. Hatfield, a small steamer, the Buzzard, will leave in two days. The skipper is a regular Yankee, with a genuine vernacular. When I say the ship resembles the Mohegan in form, that is the end. However, we will fit ourselves to the conditions: we shall get along nicely."

Some hours later, as Tom and I knocked

out pipes preparatory to turning in, I said, "My boy, I don't believe we should amount to much without Hum."

"No," he laughed, "we could both stand on a nickel."

To see Cape Town, select needed articles, entertain Captain Mathers, with Mr. Leonard, at dinner; and make my farewell call on Mrs. Durand, was hustling work. But we had no choice, as it would be some time before another steamer would sail. Besides, Hum seemed anxious to get on.

When Mrs. Durand entered the somber drawing room, her face appalled me. "You are ill," I said.

"Slightly, my dear friend. I have not felt like myself since—we landed." She smiled a little sadly. "It will pass when I readjust myself."

At parting, I said, "I feel sure we shall meet again."

"Yes," she said, tremulously, "I know that we shall meet again, but then the conditions will be irrevocably changed. May God hold you in his safe keeping."

Another week on the Mohegan, and the current of my life would have altered.

* * *

On the morning of January 7th, 189—, we watched from the coaster's deck the final preparations for departure.

"Hey, yer, up thar!" shouted the skipper; "I reckon some folks want to say good-bye. They're durned late."

I went forward, to see our friends of the Mohegan in line on the dock. I rushed below. "Captain," I asked nervously, "have I time to go ashore?"

"Powerful sorry, mate! They've shipped th' bow line, an' I'm just goin' to pull th' engine-bell."

I went back to the deck. As the bow swung from the wharf and the stern hawser came home, a shout went up from the dock, while a white scarf waved adieu.

The Buzzard—a sluggish, unsavory, unkempt craft, manned by a forbidding-looking crew, among whom the captain's iron rule and the rope's end alone main'ined discipline. When the Yankee's thin lips closed tight, he meant business, and he had enough brawn in his make-up to command respect. A tall, angular man, with a stooping gait and a nasal twang, who seldom

shaved and rarely appeared in a coat. The cuisine? Well—my companion described it as "a medley of fractional shares, in a well-watered stock, printed on soiled paper and distributed at random."

Little wonder that Tom and I were, at times, depressed and heartsick to a degree that would have been fatal to our expedition, but for Hum's assiduous and sustaining attention. He divined our moods, and lightened our darkest hours with hope.

Our only amusement, if it could be so called, was when the Buzzard stopped at trading ports. Then, the captain's native shrewdness became incandescent as he bartered with crowds of natives gathered in anticipation of his arrival. His rapacity justified the name of his ship.

The shore was still visible when Captain Buritt invited us to his cabin. Nothing recalled the chart room of an "ocean greyhound." A few soiled maps, tarpaulins and oil-skins on the walls, some decrepit chairs, a rickety lounge covered with faded chintz, a pile of boots in one corner, some black pipes, hanging in leather loops, a grimy chronometer, and, in a cage, an inquisitive parrot chattered incessantly.

"So, ye're goin' to L'ango," he said, filling the vacancy caused by a retired quid. "Goin' thar to trade? Thet's what I do."

"Oh, no, Captain, we are not traders," I assured him.

"No?" His anxiety subsided. "Goin' to hunt?"

"No, not to hunt animals."

The skipper rested one leg on the other and embraced his knee as he aimed for, but missed, the cuspidor.

"Wal, what be ye goin' to do?"

I gave him an epitome of our plans, adding that we might want his advice.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, again going wide of the target; "I'd say yer was crazy bugs as had jest flew th' coop of some 'sylum."

"Thanks, Cap," returned Tom gruffly. "A New England compliment, I suppose."

"Wal, 'twas sort o' brash, young chap; bein' as I knowed 'twan't true. But I'll be flabbergasted! Durn me ef I don't like yer pluck, an' I wish ye luck, but I'm 'fraid 'twill be the last of ye. I'll be durned ef I see how ye kin win. 'Twon't be much of a jackpot ef ye should open it, but ye'll find, fast 'nough, 'twill cost a pile to come in."

The Puritan rose and opened a closet. "Naow I'm goin' to drink to yer luck," he announced, producing a black bottle and a glass that had never known water; "will ye jine me?" We declined.

The commander took what he called an "eye opener"; replaced the "drinking tools," adjusted an enormous chew, and went on: "See here, boys, it's my 'pinion ye are huntin' a hole; but ef I kin sarve ye in eny way I'm yer man."

"Captain Buritt," asked Hum blankly, "were you not, at one time, a deacon in a New England church?"

The trader's fishy eyes drew closer together; the hollows in his cheeks deepened; his goatee reached further down.

"Sartinly. Uv course I was. How in h—Halifax did ye know it?"

But Hum made no answer. I relieved the strain.

"How far is it to Loango?" I asked.

"'Bout five weeks' run, sir," he said in an awed voice.

"Any hotel there?"

"Yes—that is, old Dinkelspiel keeps a Dutch tavern. 'Tain't nothin' to brag on. He'll giv' ye plenty uv salt pork, fish an' sassengers. The beds? Wal, it's yer choice whether ye occupy or camp out."

* * *

Early in March we landed at Loango. The prospect was as cheerless as was the small German hostelry, where the accommodations were poor enough. The host, however, was fat and jolly; his charges moderate; and he made life endurable during the few days we were organizing our expedition. Besides, he rendered us valuable service by finding an old negro who told us in bad English, that the year before he had seen a Masgnina boy who lived with a tribe about a week's march from Loango—a piece of information that caused Hum's eyes to dance.

Buritt plucked the natives for two days. Tom said, "If the old bird stayed a week, all the men and half the women would be bald, and the Buzzard's next speculation would be in wigs." He visited us, at dusk, on his last day. "Mr. Hatfield," he said, "I jest wanted to ask ye what sort uv a crook ye've got with ye? He gin me a turn. How'd he know I'd bin an officer in a church?"

"Can't say, Captain, but he seemed to know the fact."

"Wal—I'll be d—d—dashed to Dorchester! Gosh! I hope he won't say nothing 'bout it. Wal, I must be joggin'," he said, putting out a brawny hand, "so's to git aboard 'fore dark. 'Tain't likely I'll ever see ye agen. Wherever ye go and what-somever comes to ye—don't neither of ye forgit th' American eagle. Good-day!"

"Good-by, deacon!" shouted Tom.

The skipper made no audible reply, but his left eye closed as he put his thumb to his nose.

* * *

I do not intend to weary my readers with an account of the multifarious events incident to a journey across the trackless wilds of Africa. Such experiences have been pictured by able pens. I shall confine my history to those happenings only which are closely associated with my story.

We left Loango at sunrise with twenty stout fellows, who spoke some English, under the leadership of Hum. I shall always remember that day as one filled with a peculiar enjoyment rarely repeated. The uninitiated can but faintly realize the pleasure of passing through scenes and conditions that awaken ceaseless anticipation of novel experiences.

We traveled through a fine rolling country that rose from the coast. The natives we met were friendly. They often gave us milk and yams in exchange for trinkets, but we could gain no further information concerning the Masgninas. Hence our surprise when, on entering a village at nightfall on the sixth day, Hum shouted joyously as a black boy ran to him with a cry of recognition. A long parley in a strange tongue followed. Then Hum, much excited, told me that the boy was a Masgnina who had escaped at the time of the battle and after many vicissitudes had been found by this tribe.

"He has in some way learned," he said, "that a remnant of his people live with a tribe by a broad river called the Bahlba; but he doesn't know where it is. However, it is the entering wedge. We must have this boy, for he is bright and will be of service to us."

The following morning I bartered with the headman for the boy Moto. He finally yielded when I offered a dozen yards of gaudy calico.

Tom looked at the goods. "Never let this boy know his commercial value," he said; "however, he is promising. I will teach him English and make him expert with the rifle."

When I asked about the Bahlba River his majesty maintained a moody silence. "More boodle!" cried Tom. "One of those tin whistles will open his beak."

It did. He told me that to reach the river we must go a "little north of the rising sun" and cross a mountain range down to a plain through which the river ran.

"Two moons away," he said; "bad men on mountain." Then he blew his whistle and executed, with ill-concealed delight, what Tom described as a "shadow dance."

For the next fifty-two days we threaded our way eastward, overcoming countless obstacles and at times yielding to fatigue that despair would have intensified, but for Hum's constant care and solicitude. He seemed to send out a psychic influence that always relieved the strain when it neared the breaking point. Two persons and two articles he guarded with jealous care—Tom and me; our portable boat; and the coil of tarred rope. Early on our journey I had asked him about the latter, and he replied vaguely, "It will be useful when crossing rivers and descending places."

"But," I objected, "the tar is hard on the hands."

"True," he admitted, "but it is preservative. Though it somewhat offends our hands, it may gladden our eyes."

The ambiguity of his phrase vanished later on. My companion's affability and fondness for children were winning cards with the natives. He could sketch the faces of the headmen and their wives in a way that evoked delight, sometimes awe, among these simple folk.

An abundance of game contributed to the well-being and well-doing of our men. Tom said it was "debatable which was the best avenue to man's higher nature—his heart or his stomach." Moto had become quite proficient in English and remarkably skilful with the rifle.

"His unerring aim is due to the fact that he was rifled when young," his teacher casually observed one day, when the lad knocked over a hare at two hundred yards.

At sunset on the fifty-second day from

Loango, we reached the mountain range. The peaks glowed, and the evening tints fell upon the vast expanse of country we had crossed. The fine effect of light and shadow and mingled colors, entrancing and restful, invited us to pitch our tents and lay our evening fire. The campfire shut the gates to night prowlers and opened the portals to mirth and song.

While we were at supper, a burly negro, armed with a spear, came into our camp and made signs for food. His hunger appeased, he rose, nodded thanks, and vanished in the woods. Wamba, our cook, had watched him narrowly.

"Master, that man Mahale robber," he said. "They bad people! Make trouble! Must watch!"

The incident was slightly gruesome and suggestive. It became more so after night-fall, when we saw here and there on the mountain slopes what appeared to be small fires. I asked Hum's opinion.

"I think the man belongs to a band who intend to attack us," he said. "The fires are signals to indicate our approach. We must be prepared for them."

"Well, keep Moto with you and watch," I directed. "Mr. Selby and I will have the guns in readiness."

The glowing sunset was succeeded by a drizzling rain that finally quenched our fire. Tom and I sat on a log trying to extract some comfort from the weed.

"By Jove, it's fierce!" he exclaimed. "Odd, too, how opposites occasionally work to the same end. I'm as wide awake as I was at old Dinkelspiel's. There the cause was definite and assured; here it is out of sight and uncertain. I long for my snug room on the Mohegan. Anything you would relish just now, old man?"

"Yes, several things; among them, a large share in Hum's undying hope."

At dawn we started on a tiresome march up the mountain. It was long past noon when we crossed the summit and commenced the descent. So far, we had seen nothing of the Mahales. As we emerged from the timber belt a mile below—Hum, some distance in advance, made a cautionary signal as he turned to meet us.

"There is a pack of robbers lying in ambush at the base of a ledge we must pass," he said. "They have crossed the mountain

in advance and are waiting for us. Let us try the effect of a volley over their heads."

Our fire was answered by a shower of arrows. Then Tom and I with Hum and Moto crept to the top of the brush-covered ledge. A hundred feet below there were at least fifty ugly specimens, heavily armed, ready to kill us.

"Hum, I object to taking life," I said, "but we shall have to put sentiment aside. We are in a bad position."



"He is the leader, boy. Send him where he belongs."

"The situation admits of no delay, Mr. Hatfield."

"Moto, come here," I said softly. "Do you want to try for that big fellow on the left?"

"Oh, yes, master. He no good."

"All right, my boy, let him have it."

"Give him h—," cried Tom, much excited.

A whiff of smoke—the savage sprang into the air, pitched forward heavily, gasped once—then straightened.

"I got him, Mr. Selby! He no rob any one."

"Never again, boy!" approved Tom. "You're a good shortstop."

The gang sprang up and rushed in the direction of our carriers.

"Now's our time!" shouted Tom. "We've got the drop on them. See! Our men are prepared."

A few rods further, and the enemy received a volley in front, while we gave them two from the rear. As the smoke cleared, we saw those who escaped our double flank movement fleeing up the mountain.

"A good piece of work," commented Hum, "but our trouble is not over. They will come back with a force large enough, they will think, to overpower us."

We kept on until sundown; then halted by a spring in the forest. As we dared not light a fire, the dreariness surpassed description. Every one except Hum was restless, anxious and watchful. Tom and I burned more tobacco that night than on any previous occasion. As we sat on the ground fighting despair, he suddenly broke out:

"Not much like a snug corner by the taffrail with the fair widow."

"What do you know about that, Thomas?"

"Oh, lots, comrade. Fact is, I was about to join you when I recalled an old saying."

"Sagacious Selby! We may need some of your foresight before we get down this mountain. How about the piano and the charming duos?"

"Scarcely worth invoicing, Frank. The truth is, I was worth only so much a ream in music to her. Scott! What a hole this is. What the devil are we doing here, anyway?"

"Better go to sleep, Tom. You appear a trifle fagged. I will stand guard."

"Not much, old man. Fagged? Well, I guess not! No, I'll do the sentry act. I can watch, if I can't pray."

We started, at four o'clock in the morning, in a chilly rain which increased as we went on. The ground became softer; our progress, at each step, more difficult. Precipitous ledges, stiff brush, animal holes and jutting rocks made marching heavy work. We were glad of a brief halt. Brief indeed, for an impulse caused me to order an advance. The men demurred, having had but little rest and no hot coffee, but Hum, in some way, persuaded them to go on.

We had made but little headway when those in the rear were startled by a sharp cry of horror and pain. Rushing forward, we overtook Hum and the gunman. Together we pressed on to a deep crevasse that had been skilfully masked with small trees, brush and turf. Here a horrible and indelible sight met our gaze. At the bottom lay three of our men, speared to death by the robbers, who were dancing and gesticulating in wild frenzy. A forcible, though not elegant exclamation from Tom caused me to turn. In our rear, a few rods away, were more of the gang ready to sweep us over the edge. In another direction I saw the rest of my men running down the mountain pursued by a larger force of the ruffians. Obviously, the Mahales planned to exterminate us. We turned and fired rapidly at those behind us.

"They are checkmated, thank God!" exclaimed Tom.

We soon saw that we must forestall the probable action of the miscreants in the pit; for when they realized that their companions could not drive us forward, they doubtless would climb up and attack us in front.

"Hum, what shall we do?" I implored.

"Give me Moto," he said, glancing at the yelling demons. "Riddle the black devils behind. Check their onslaught. We will manage the others. Moto, do you see the man with only one eye down there?"

"Yes, Mr. Hum, I see him good."

"He is the leader, boy. Send him where he belongs."

"Hold!" shouted Tom. "I'll center that bull's-eye." The savage threw up both arms and fell backward.

"Ki, yah, yah!" screamed Moto, dancing in glee.

"Stop that," ordered Hum. "Help Mr. Hatfield."

Meanwhile, the gang in the pit, infuriated by the fall of their leader, rushed for the top of the crevasse.

Then something happened — something weird, uncanny, inexplicable. Something that we saw but partially as we recharged our guns—but enough to fill me with indefinable anxiety. As the robbers reached the edge of the rock, Hum met them—one by one.

A shriek of terror, only—and each face grew hideous in death as the hands relaxed and the body bounded to the bottom.

Our concentrated fire had been effectual. Hum noticed it.

"Now, quick!" he cried. "While the smoke lasts we must join our men. They are fighting the natives below."

Gathering up what ammunition we could we followed him. He stopped abruptly and pointed ahead. Our men were standing on a plateau, surrounded by yelling fiends, ready to kill them should they attempt escape. Evidently the robbers intended to hold them for some purpose until their comrades arrived. Fortunately we were not seen, but communication with our men was impossible. Meantime, we heard the cries of those who had escaped our terrible slaughter beyond the rock. They were coming to join their companions.

"Hum, we are in a trap!" I exclaimed. "What shall we do!"

His keen eyes turned quickly to the right and left.

"I must do it," he said deliberately. "I must do it to save you. When you hear the cry of a jackal, run down close and fire rapidly in the air. The confusion and smoke will enable our men to escape, and will aid me."

I was about to speak, but he was gone. Tom and Moto stood as though petrified. Presently, a piercing wail rose above the din.

Grasping our rifles tightly, we ran down and fired. As the smoke lifted, we saw our men running in all directions, while Hum—seemingly everywhere present—caused man after man to droop and die.

We stood aghast. Then Moto pointed to the remnant of the band hurrying toward us. The tables were turned, however. We waited quietly until they were within close range, then massed our fire. A heap of what had been human beings marked the end of our peril.

We looked at the slain. The work of our rifles was terribly in evidence; but the Hungarian's swath of death furnished no clue to the dark mystery.

Our men were panic-stricken. It was long before we were able to gather up our belongings and prepare to leave the scene of carnage. We dragged the bodies of our brave fellows from the pit and gave them hasty burial. I looked at the others. Moto seemed to divine my thoughts. "No plant," he objected; "big birds come often; carry all off."

I acted by his advice.

After short rations were served, we hurried away. In the foot hills the ground was covered with small volcanic stones which impeded our progress; but as night was closing in, another fine spring invited us to tarry. It sparkled with welcome and hope. We literally slept on our arms, prepared for emergencies that did not come. The next morning we pushed on to a fertile plain apparently not far from a watercourse. Here we rested three days. Once more the camp-fire illuminated dark faces at supper, but mirth and song were gone. The carriers seemed gloomy and discontented. I knew

they grieved for their dead; but I also suspected that they were afraid of Hum. I did not wonder, for Tom and I felt uncomfortable at times.

"Hum, if this discontent increases, it will endanger our expedition," I said.

"Have no fear, Mr. Hatfield," he smiled. "The men will go to the Bahlba with us, but they will not take the chances of the interior. When we find the Masgninas we will make new arrangements."

I wanted to ask him about the incidents at the crevasse and the plateau, but something restrained me.

(To be continued)

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

Textual Prologue: St. Luke i: 30.

FEAR not, O Mary," angels say,
 "High favor hast thou found with God—
 For unto thee is born this day
 A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

* * *

O ringing chimes of Christmas time!
 O glowing stars of sacred night!
 Thy tongues proclaim His birth divine
 And Heaven's aflame with holy light!

Still does that heavenly vision glow
 Down through the ages, pure and bright;
 As in those days of long ago,
 When shepherds watched their flocks by night!

Those voices of that angel throng
 I seem to hear now once again:
 "Glory to Him," they praise in song,
 "His peace on earth, good will toward men!"

Thus is that wondrous story told—
 What comfort do its tidings bring!
 Sweet and dear as ever of old—
 And Jesus is the name we sing!

O Little Child in Thy manger bed
 In far-away Judea's land,
 Thy "Star in the East" still shines o'erhead,
 And we would join that pilgrim band!

—Henry Young Ostrander.



The Fidelity— Club

By
Mrs. E.E.
Hornibrook

NOW, is not this jolly?" said Mrs. Fred Hensley, familiarly called "Mrs. Fred." "Here are four of us, still brides, you may say; all married within the past year. I didn't think of that—honestly, I didn't—when I asked you, dears, for this afternoon. I waited until we were settled in our own house."

"And now we are here," responded Mrs. Hughes, "on this festive occasion—hem! what delicious tea!—we must signalize it in some way."

"Good—good—yes!" chimed in a trio. "But what shall it be?"

"Let us form a club!" exclaimed Mrs. Fred, clapping her hands. She was the youngest and smallest of the party and childlike in her motions. "Look at all the clubs the men have. Why, they say this country is getting to be a nation of gypsies; husbands and fathers only coming home to eat and sleep. We who have a beautiful home life must protest against this."

"Then we shall have to call it 'The Woman's Stay At Home Club,'" put in Mrs. Barclay.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Fred, thoughtfully. "That is not attractive. It sounds as if we were 'shut-ins.' We want something catchy."

"If we mean to catch," murmured Mrs. Emerson. She was not a talker, but when she ventured an opinion it was worth having.

On the strength of her being the longest of the quartet in matrimonial bonds, and having a baby at home in charge of a nurse, Mrs. Barclay, who had spoken somewhat satirically, assumed the right of way.

"What is to be the object—the primary object of this organization?" she inquired.

"Why, the strengthening and upholding of the sacredness of marriage," replied Mrs. Fred, setting her foot down with a little stamp. "Mutual confidence is indispensable. There must be no secrets between husband and wife. For us to harbor a doubt, or ever know a jealous revolt, might mar our whole lives."

"Then name it 'The Woman's Confidence Club.'"

Mrs. Fred's under lip drooped like a child's. "Doesn't that sound too much like what the papers call swindlers, 'Confidence Men'?"

They all laughed at their hostess' sally.

"Then perhaps we had better choose another," she said. "Will 'The Fidelity Club' do?"

"If you don't put 'woman's' in the possessive case," remarked Mrs. Emerson timidly. "That might suggest an unjust reflection."

This led to further discussion, but finally the motion, with its amendment, was adopted.

Of course Mrs. Fred told her husband, a big, hulking, soft-hearted fellow, of the profitable afternoon she and her visitors had enjoyed. To him it was a joke, but he loved her girlish whims, as innocent as the gambols of a kitten. There were marriages of convenience and inconvenience, she explained to him, as well as love matches; marriages in cells and cages, and even on the rear platform of an electric car. No wonder that unions so lightly formed should end disastrously. The number of divorces was a disgrace to the nation. Should not those who are divinely mated combine to

bring about a better order of things? Others would be led to join the club by and by, and its influence be extended.

* * * * *

"Ethel," Fred Hensley said, as he was leaving for his office one day, "if you have no special engagement this morning you might look through that old trunk of mine in the attic. I have lost a pair of good sleeve links. Perhaps they are in the rubbish."

His wife nodded. She rather liked the job, for she was an orderly soul and knew her husband to be the reverse. Often she reproved him for sticking half-burnt matches around the flowering plants in their handsome jardinières, or scattering cigar ashes over her lovely Mexican centre-piece. But one cannot be too hard upon a man who has not been brought up in the way he should go.

Before the rummage, however, she had a task to perform. She had an efficient housemaid who was devoted to her mistress. At first Mrs. Fred had the impression that the young woman was a widow, but afterwards learned that she was a deserted wife. In her new-found zeal as a social reformer it behoved the head of the Fidelity Club to inquire into the cause of this disrupted union.

"Mary," she began after a few preliminaries, "was your husband steady when you married him?"

"'Deed an' he was, ma'am," answered Mary meditatively,—"for an Irishman."

"And if you were not sure he would make a good, true husband, why did you marry him?"

"Ah, but I had an eye to that," was Mary's ready reply. "I tuk him out of an evenin' an' let him get full, to see how he'd behave. An' 'deed, ma'am, he was lovin'g, he was so, than in his sober sinses, an' not the laste bit on for makin' trouble."

This strange logic, with its point of view and precaution, almost upset Mrs. Fred's gravity. After a few words of advice she beat a retreat to the attic.

Now there are few things more interesting to a newly wed woman than revelations of her husband's bachelor days. An old trunk is a history, a faithful record of the past. It is not only the wifely instinct that is awakened, but the maternal. Pity for the poor helpless creature, man, in his former forlorn condition, mingles with a gratifying sense of

improved relations. She could even mark the stages in growing self-consciousness by the discarded clothes and later styles. The boots, like David Copperfield's, were eloquent as to his state of mind. The ties and gloves—

But what of these? A pair of soiled white kids, which could only belong to a woman; a tall woman. Mrs. Fred measured them up to the elbow on her own small hands and rounded arms.

"They must be sevens," she said spitefully, throwing the gloves from her with a gesture of disdain. "And I only take five and a half."

But there was more to follow. The next dive into the trunk brought out a white kid slipper of a size to match the gloves.

What did it mean? Fred had more than once declared that he never really loved any woman until he met his fate in Ethel. As a boy he had courted the favor of a schoolgirl some years his senior, but she had thrown him over just as he was getting tired of the game. Those things could not have belonged to a growing miss, but to a full-grown, if not over-grown, woman.

One thing was clear. Her husband prized those feminine mementoes, or he would not have preserved them. He must have forgotten that they lay beside his old evening clothes, which should have been in a suit case. This very fact caused a revolt in Mrs. Fred's mind, and a twinge of jealousy thrilled her. The President of the Fidelity Club was at a loss. In truth, she did not think of that blessed organization, or doubtless she would have risen to the occasion.

Well had it been if this was all. In feverish haste the young wife pursued her investigations. At the bottom of the trunk lay a portfolio, and she took it out. It held two photographs—one of a tall girl in evening dress, a rose in her hair, and long gloves reaching to the elbow, one hand resting on the arm of Fred Hensley, who was gazing at her adoringly; the other photograph had the same figures, only in more elaborate costumes, the girl's in profile. The man now held both her hands, his eyes searching hers. Poor Mrs. Fred could only too well imagine the answer they met.

No need to question further. The meaning was plain; there could only be one meaning. She was sure of her husband's affec-

tion; it was not a doubt of that troubled her, but she had irrefragable proof now that he had wilfully deceived her in saying he never before exchanged love passages with another woman. How could he stoop to falsehood, he whose code of morals was so high? Well, she must only get used to the fact that the first passionate ardor of early manhood was not for her.

Utterly bewildered, she sat down amid the rubbish, feeling that "the foundations of the world were out of course." Her brain was in a whirl, and it was some time before she could collect her scattered senses.

How could she meet Fred? What action should she take? Should she treat the discovery lightly, and laughingly question, while her heart was sore, her curiosity burning for avowal? But she was a poor actress and would probably break down. Then he might think she doubted his word and get angry. No, she must escape, have time to cool off before the meeting.

She would go to Aunt Ellen—Aunt Ellen who had brought her up when left an orphan, and from whose home she was married. Aunt Ellen was a wise woman and would ask no questions; she was not given to prying into others' affairs, always saying she had enough to do to attend to her own.

A factory bell was ringing for twelve o'clock, and Fred would be home at one. She must hurry. Leaving directions with Mary and a note for the master, she dressed hastily and went out.

The note ran thus:

"DEAREST FRED: I am going to Aunt Ellen's and may be late, so do not wait for me.—ETHEL."

* * * * *

"Where are you, little woman?" Hensley exclaimed as he entered the house an hour later.

He read the note in a puzzled way. Aunt Ellen must be sick, but why did not Ethel say so? He questioned Mary, but could gain no intelligence. Neither letter nor special messenger had come in his absence.

"Perhaps it was only a presentiment," he

said to himself with a tender smile, for his little wife was given to presentiments.

Aunt Ellen did not ask questions. She took it for granted that the husband had to leave town to view some piece of property, as real estate men often do, and her niece did not deceive her. Once or twice he had taken his wife on such occasions, but she laughingly complained that it spoiled her enjoyment of beautiful scenery, for instead of delighting in nature she found herself thinking how much was the land worth a foot.

Aunt Ellen thought her guest somewhat



*At the bottom of the trunk lay a portfolio.
She took it out.*

absent-minded, but perhaps there was a reason for that. It seemed an interminable time to Ethel until she could escape to the vine-sheltered piazza, and sit alone, brooding over her late discoveries. Her hands lay lightly in her lap, for she had not brought any needlework. The time dragged heavily.

Suddenly she remembered that this was the day for the Fidelity Club. They were to meet at Mrs. Barclay's. How could she have forgotten it? Was she, who had proposed its formation, to be absent? She looked at her watch; there was still time. Hurriedly she explained to Aunt Ellen that she had just remembered an important engagement. Aunt Ellen looked her surprise at this sudden start, but accounted for it in her own mind by reflecting that "those who get the most humoring don't always know their own minds."

Mrs. Fred arrived at her friend's house out of breath and without due preparation. One or two outsiders, who had been lured in by the zealous leaders, were present. Mrs. Barclay was voted to the chair. She took it with becoming hesitation, though she had foreseen.

"We have formed a woman's club," she began, addressing the newcomers, "for enforcing the sacredness of marriage. So sacred is it that in the Scriptures it is regarded as the type of a higher spiritual union. And yet it is lightly entered upon, and the bond as lightly severed. Now we wish to become a power in this matter, to express our opinions freely, to exert an influence."

Here the speaker paused. There was a general murmur of "Hear! Hear! Well said!"

"In our marriage relations," she continued, having come to the meeting primed and loaded, after rehearsing the speech in her chamber, "we must have an interchange of entire confidence, never harbor a doubt [here Mrs. Fred Hensley winced], trust implicitly."

"Should the life of each before marriage be confided?" asked a timid voice.

"Undoubtedly, if there is anything that should be told."

"When?" questioned another.

"That depends upon the nature of the revelation," was the grave reply.

After this there was profound silence. A few minutes elapsed before some one suggested that the chairman continue.

"It is related of the famous Doctor Johnson," she went on, "that when the wife of a noted churchman remarked that in the forty years she had been married to her bishop they never had a quarrel, he only exclaimed, 'How very insipid!' How like the rugged nature of a solitary! It is to this peace at home we would attain. Often a harsh word or thoughtless action leads on to disruption. As the poet says:—

*'A something light as air, a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken,
Oh, love that tempests never shook!
A breath, a touch, like this hath shaken.'*

The silence that ensued was profound. Then the meeting broke up. With few words Mrs. Fred hurried away.

Directly she got home she ran up to the attic. Thence she brought the obnoxious photographs, and set them where they would attract her husband's eye when he entered the living room. "No," she murmured a moment later, "that means accusation." Finally they were placed on a small table, faces downward!

"Got home, little girl?" called a voice from below. "How is Aunt Ellen?"

"All right," was the wife's careless reply. "But"—holding up a photograph—"who is this?"



"Why, that is Jack Hyde!"

Hensley laughed.

"Why, that is Jack Hyde, to be sure. Where did you find him? We got up characters and things down in the country, and he made a fine woman. The guests dressed him. There was some fuss over gloves and slippers, for, though he was a small chap, his feet and fingers were not ladylike."

"O Fred! and I thought it must have been a woman, and—and an old sweetheart."

The confession was not finished.

CANADA AND CONSERVATION

By WILLIAM WHYTE

Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad

THERE is a story of a king's prisoner in some medieval time whose duration of life was left in his own hands by the terms of an ingenious sentence. In a wall of his cell was placed a water spigot. The source and quantity of supply he was not permitted to know, but he was bidden to use the water freely or sparingly, as he pleased. Only, when no more water came he must die. The flow was so great that he was relieved of fear, and he sported with it riotously until it became mild, then weak. Here returned the fear. He grew miserly of water. Every drop might mean an hour or a day. Then, though it was after many years, he dared not drink at all, and so died, choking, even before the trickle ceased. He had wasted his resources, and conservation came too late.

From Cape Breton to Virginia, the original English settlers of America found themselves in a country of natural opulence so great, especially in timber, water and soil, that such an eventuality as exhaustion or even appreciable impairment never suggested itself. That was only three hundred and fifty years ago—and less. They came from a land where thrift and care had been taught by centuries of experience, but the old ways were soon forgotten and never renewed. Until very lately, there was no uneasiness, no economy. On the contrary, a tremendous incoming swirl of humanity swept across the continent after the eighteen-sixties, carrying with it the same recklessness, the same waste, so that forests have faded, streams have at some seasons washed bare the lands and at others left them parching. Iron and coal have shrunken to a known supply sufficient at the present rate of use for not much more than another hundred years. Oil and gas fields once thought perpetual have died out, and in some of the older sections the soil itself has become sterile. We have sported with our resources until the end of them has begun to threaten, but we are more fortunate than the old king's prisoner in knowing what is left; and beyond that remainder, we know

how we may bring back out of nature's eternal reservoir a restoration of original opulence, to at least the most important of the things we had.

The conference held at Washington in February by the United States, Canada and Mexico, was the first move toward what is hoped will be a world-wide system of conservation, whereby may be preserved for each people the best it has for itself and the most useful for others. The questions and policies involved are stronger than national boundary lines, since nature knows nothing about such things, and her stores and streams underlie or cross them in such a way as to require treatment in the mass and by the centralized best judgment of all the peoples. This first move is therefore of continental scope, and is concerned directly with things that lie at the very base of the daily individual life and sustenance of everyone living between the two great seas.

The commissions to which the work will be entrusted will do it well, undoubtedly, having their governments back of them in common and all the skill of the world at their command. But back of the governments must be the force of the people, the power of public opinion and a clearly informed purpose. There cannot be too much publicity, too wide a diffusion of exact knowledge touching exact needs. No doubt this will be forthcoming. It is no part of my present intention to go into the matter as a propagandist at large, but there are some phases I wish to speak of in particular—not as a statistician nor a Jeremiah, but as one whose own life's work has brought him into contact with a few facts in nature that apply intimately to the well-being of his countrymen.

The governments will deal eventually with all resources of whatever kind, but there are two so closely related that they are practically one, and on that one rests more than on all the others. I mean timber and water.

Cement is coming to the relief of iron and steel. Newer methods of combustion are decreasing waste and realizing more fully the heat contents of coal. With the precious metals we need not trouble, seeing that the arts and exchanges will care for them, and that they are precious principally because they are so cunningly hidden in the earth that their exhaustion is not imaginable. And the last hundred years have disclosed the operation of a law in economics through which, when art exhausts the supply of any natural thing of daily use, an abundant substitute presents itself. For example, fifty years ago, as whale oil and its illuminants were flickering out, petroleum came in and brought with it a troop of by-products such as never before had been heard of. Coal itself has had its ups and downs since it succeeded wood and peat, and has been forced to give up substitutes, secondary but preferable, as electric light and energy. It is too soon to say that a method will yet be found whereby art will parallel nature in gathering and directing that fluid, or element, or whatever it is, which somebody has explained as "a manifestation of an attribute of matter," and the rest of us know as "the current." But while it is too soon to say so, it would be indiscreet to say the contrary. So many "impossibilities" of a few years ago are the commonplaces of today that a man who says any new thing is impossible comes dangerously near to stating his own limitations. Many wise men whose works have given weight to their words openly hope for a primary control of electricity. When or if that comes, anxiety about the supply of coal and oil and natural gas may be dismissed.

And so with everything else but wood and water. Hewers of one and drawers of the other shall we remain until the end of time. Too much of both have we been, these latter days. The example of our neighbor to the south teaches us, if we be capable of learning, that we must hew less wood if we would still have water to draw, and that we must not draw it wastefully.

That is the point. The United States has come to the edge of a period where distress is imminent, through utter improvidence and the indulgence of private and corporate rapacity in dealing with the natural water supply and stripping the earth of trees. Canada, with less than a tenth of the popula-

tion, but a greater superficial area, has been gleefully toddling along on her own side of the fence, swinging her little axe and burning her little fires just like her big sister, but without the plenitude of numerical power to do as yet more than initial harm. Here is where Canada may profitably stop and see what the big sister has done with her resources, and shape her own conduct in ways of righteousness, accordingly.

The timbered area of what are now Canada and the United States was originally about a billion and a quarter acres. Nearly four hundred and fifty million acres have been stripped, practically all within the last fifty years, mostly within the last thirty-five. The rate of destruction has been very swift. It must be checked.

In the United States scientific forestry is practiced on seventy per cent. of the publicly owned forests, but on less than one per cent. of those privately owned. There are taken from the forests each year twenty-three billion cubic feet, while the new growth is less than seven billion. Since 1870 not less than fifty million dollars and fifty human lives have been destroyed each year by forest fires. The methods of cutting and treatment are such that only 320 feet of timber are used out of every thousand feet that stood in the forest. There are some three million private owners, over whom and whose methods practically no control is exercised.

The regions at the headwaters of great rivers, drainage basins of first instance, have suffered most from wanton cutting. The affluents of the principal waterways furnished cheap and easy access to the timber markets, and this, with their surrounding growths of splendid wood, invited the lumbermen. For a generation or two the axes rang and the rivers were scummed with rich freights of logs, until the trees thinned out and the streams rebelled, rising in the spring, when nothing held back the thawing snows, and in the summer either roaring over banks with sudden rains, or for lack of rain shrinking to runlets that any thirsty herd of cattle might drink at once. The soil of the uplands, going off with the melting snows, began to wash away to the underlying rock and gravel, while the soil of the valleys and lowlands went out with the floods.

The disturbance of those natural arrangements which worked out to a seasonable

equalization of water supply changed the face of the immediate basins of the Mississippi and the Ohio. No one ever will know the money measure of the havoc thus wrought, as against the personal gain to the so-called lumber kings who caused it. To check it, and in so far as may be to restore the old conditions, the United States has been obliged to come forward with the institution of a system of dams in the upper reaches of those rivers to govern their flow throughout the year. Reforestation and afforestation, both slow processes, have begun, and in time the evil will be corrected, so far as human skill may go.

These are but two of many instances that might be cited. The maritime provinces of Canada could furnish others, though none so glaring. But an indication of the tendency in Canada is furnished in the statement made by W. C. H. Grimmer, Surveyor General of New Brunswick, at the annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association held in Toronto last February. Mr. Grimmer said then that timber limits in New Brunswick, which in 1898 were rated at eight dollars per mile, were held in 1908 at two hundred to five hundred dollars per mile.

Great Britain's Royal Commission on Coast Erosion last year made a survey of the timber resources of the world, more especially as bearing on the supply for the British market, which takes about thirty million pounds' worth annually. The commission's investigation confirmed the belief already prevailing that the sources of supply hitherto depended upon were becoming exhausted, and found an explanation in "the reckless exploitation and the destruction of forests by fire and other agencies in the United States, Canada and Northern Europe, while the use of timber is constantly increasing," no substitute for wood having yet been found.

Northern Europe, as referred to in that report, must not be taken to include the German empire. That country, when first the Romans and then the Huns assailed it, was one vast forest. In the centuries of its history as separate states and principalities, it was almost denuded of trees. But through the far-reaching wisdom of the governing body now directing it from Berlin, this has been changed. About one-fourth of Germany today is wooded, and under the best and most

practicable set of forestry laws on the books of any country forestation is not being fostered, but enforced. The interior supply is far short of the demand, and probably will be always. But no tree comes down without another being planted, and the growths along the watersheds and courses are so cared for that already the natural waterways are coming into restoration. The great estates of that empire are not permitted to be dealt with for private purposes to the detriment of public weal—a point in which England might see a little light.

Germany, moreover, though in that behalf Canada was first, has had an eye to the development of artificial waterways. One may travel across nearly all the states of the empire by motor boat on rivers and commercial canals. Canada has nothing to learn from any other country about that, but rather, considering population, something to teach. The United States has been taking this to heart, and is contemplating new enterprises, one of which will tap the Great Lakes at Chicago, and furnish water transportation through to the Mexican gulf.

It is not in this article that I will broach the question of joint action with the United States in maintaining the level of those lakes, nor of governing international streams that furnish power. Whatever that question may involve will come within the purview of the conservation body itself. My present wish is to show and emphasize the necessity for taking a course completely opposite to that followed in the United States at and after a stage of development such as our own is at present. In this, it is by no means required that we await any initiative outside ourselves.

Canada has made a beginning. The Eastern provinces may have much to repair. The Western have much to build up. And the West has not been idle, though perhaps the provinces have been willing to lean upon the Dominion government for a good deal that they might have done or be doing for themselves.

The great forests of Canada are northeast and northwest of Ontario, and on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. To the west of Hudson Bay and up to the Arctic shore are wide sweeps of land now wooded, and others, boggy or otherwise unattractive to agriculture, where afforestation now would provide enormous wealth in the future.

The Dominion forest reserves all lie in the northwestern provinces. There are twenty-six of them, including parks, where timber is managed the same as in the reserves proper, but excluding the eastern slopes of the Rockies, though the same management is followed there also. The work of creating reserves is still in progress. Last year the region around Watertown Lake, in southern Alberta, was examined for this purpose, and a recommendation was made that 195 square miles be set aside. Recommendations have also been made that 130 square miles be added to the Spruce Woods reserve in Manitoba, 238½ square miles to the Pines reserve in Saskatchewan, 45 square miles to the Beaver Hills reserve in Saskatchewan, and 192 square miles to the Cypress Hills reserve in Alberta.

Aside from the Dominion reserves in the west, there are important provincial reserves in Quebec and Ontario of comparatively ancient origin. The Ontario government has several such, and a new one, covering a million acres in the Rainy River Valley, was set aside this year. In Quebec the Algonquin Park reserve has 1,280,000 acres—two thousand square miles, an enormous territory. It may not be amiss to say that the recently created Hunter's Island reserve, in declaring which the province of Ontario and the state of Minnesota joined, was brought about largely through the efforts of a Canadian railway official, Mr. Arthur Hawkes.

On the extreme west of the country, in British Columbia, the forests need to be looked after, and the present water law requires change. A correction of the unused records is necessary. Many of the streams are greatly over-recorded. An overhauling of the whole system seems to be called for, beginning with this feature. There are questions of the right to store water for later use, and of how much the government should or can do in extending irrigation works. The acre-foot measurement should be substituted for the miner's inch, and the duty water shall perform should be specifically defined. Title to the water itself being vested in the crown, the extent to which private enterprise may go ought to be settled. British Columbia is vitally interested in the care of its water supply, since irrigation has come to play so large a part there, and this means care for the timber on the mountain

slopes and at all heads of streams. The irrigation conventions held in that province have taken these matters up, and should have the ear of the provincial legislatures. In this, the United States has direct interest, since both the Kootenay and the Columbia Rivers take their rise in British Columbia, so that the cutting of the forests in country tributary to them would have an injurious effect on the rainfall and the volume of water, not only in Canada, but in the states.

The western provinces thus far have fairly well conserved their timber and, therefore, their water resources, but energy is needed in two directions—the planting of trees on farms and along highways, and rigorous regulations for the prevention of fires. The railways especially should be obliged to institute a system of forest ranging, and means of communication by wire or telephone throughout all wooded regions traversed by their tracks. Then again, the same general rule as to seasons of comparative safety and danger from fires are now made applicable all over the Dominion. In this aspect, at least, the existing system needs revision. The greater danger lies in the western provinces, where population is more thinly distributed, railways farther apart, telephone service not so complete, rainfall less and not so frequent, and the winds not only drier (in fact, they are dry), but of about double average velocity.

Between Ontario and British Columbia the whole west of Canada is forestable. The eastern provinces, as noted, are stirring to repair their losses and withhold the axe. His Excellency Earl Grey has put his hand to the work and gone into co-operation with the Forestry Association and the Department of Agriculture. At the Toronto convention referred to, his lordship urged the seriousness of the case upon the attention of the whole people, and was not unmindful of the western plains.

Not so long ago, the people of Manitoba were told they could grow no trees except the Manitoba maple, the poplar and the birch. Look at our elms today. Broadway in Winnipeg is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, and the elms have made it so. The foliage has become so thick that the trees will have to be thinned out. Of all the elms planted in Winnipeg the records do not show that one per cent. has died.

For several years officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway have co-operated with the Forestry Department of the government in the work of planting trees in the prairie country, at the same time doing their utmost to demonstrate to farmers generally the simple proposition that trees on their farms will draw moisture, while serving as a protection against wind, snow and hail. If I were Minister of the Interior, I would require every homesteader, on receipt of title to government land, to plant trees on his farm, and I would undertake to show him that the purposes were not only utilitarian, but that in breaking the monotony of the prairie view, the trees would serve to beautify his home.

We railway men are not altogether unselfish in our anxiety to protect the forests of Canada. These forests protect our interests. If our railway-building in the mountains is to be safeguarded, we must require the preservation of the trees. On the other hand, the wheat growers on the prairies have also a selfish interest, which fact they will recognize if they are wise. The prairie provinces are fertile, because of the mountain streams. Take away the trees at the headwaters, and the streams are gone. When the Cypress Hills were stripped of timber, the railway was the first to suffer in the loss of its bridges, which were swept away in the sudden rise of the rivers.

For settled conditions at their best, water is a first necessary thing. For dependable

water, we must have woods. The city of New York has recently expended \$150,000,000 in the construction of works to ensure a water supply. Without state protection to the forests of the Catskill Mountains, whence the supply is drawn, that money would be wasted, and New York be left arid. I think this case is clearly to the point.

"The sole source of water is the rain," says Dr. McGee, secretary of the Dominion Inland Waterways Commission, "and on one-sixth of this (in the final analysis) depends the habitability and productivity of the country." Each adult man, according to this same competent authority, takes into his system at least one ton of water in the course of a year, and each bushel of grain requires in its making from fifteen to twenty tons of water. Now, without trees to protect and disburse this water, all of which in one form or another comes from the sky, what would be the possibility of life, animal or vegetable, in any part of the world, that by our standards may be adjudged enlightened? Here, then, is one of our very first concerns, as a people in possession of a country still new, to preserve the forests, to spread tree growth over the plains, to protect the streams. Let us join hands earnestly and heartily with the two other countries sharing with us this most favored of all the continents in conserving all its natural resources, but most of all the woods and waters. And let us first of all be assiduous in setting and keeping our own house in order.

THE MASTER BUILDER

SPIDERS swinging high their line
Gave to me an art divine,
And a starry true design.

Then I gathered up each tool,
And I shaped with lofty rule
Fabric bright and beautiful.

Glad birds winging on their quest
Seeking feathers for a nest,
Dropped to me a music blest.

Not a filmy web I made,
Nor a nest by light winds swayed,
But a Spirit unafraid!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

MEDICAL ORGANIZATION

By E. J. SPRATLING, M.D.

AMONG all primitive peoples the first ray of dawning civilization lights the path of the medicine man, and ere the sun of conscious thinking has risen far this medicine man and his brother of the other valley have banded themselves into a close corporation or guild. This is done partly to exalt themselves above and partly to separate themselves from their fellows and thus make easier the claiming and obtaining of the coveted privileges and emoluments.

As this medicine man through the generations waxes fatter and more gaudily arrayed, he grows also apace mentally, and when his mentality broadens its horizon, it sees away off on the very edge of its material world some little spirits—just little ghosts living in the spiritual world beyond.

In a few more hundred years there's priest and medicine man all in one. After a few more cycles have flown, the flowers in the theological garden have grown so beautiful and enchanting that the priest has only the time for the cultivation of them, and must perforce put the medicine man duties upon other shoulders.

So in a few thousand years more we have on one side of the Tiber, St. Peter's, and on the other the great Polyclinic. So it is everywhere—a temple for soul-cleansing and beside it a temple for body-curing. Always, everywhere, each is presided over by a close corporation—a guild.

Try as the man of medicine will, he cannot rid himself of the habits and thoughts and traditions engendered during the long centuries of dual calling. He cannot for the life of him think of himself as of the people. He wraps the robe of ethical dignity about himself as did his forebear, the priest-medicine man, wrap the gaudy robe of his office; and he feels that he would be unclean should he handle a medical subject in plain language.

And that is why doctors from time immemorial have had the strongest of guilds; they are encompassed by their exclusiveness. To be a medicine man has ever called for years

of privation and preparation. Before the days of the Medical School it even called for long periods of personal attachment and subserviency to another. It was an apprenticeship long, tedious and arduous, but when finished the lucky candidate received the voice of the master.

Drop down a few more cycles and we find the province of medicine too big to be governed by one hand; so we have the barber surgeon by the sign of the striped pole—representing flowing blood—and the apothecary by the sign of the mortar and pestle—representing the mixing of ingredients—poisons presumably.

The barber guilds, required years of menial service before the apprentice was allowed to handle the lancet and the leach.

The poor apothecary's boy must burn the midnight oil through many, many moons and grind the dragon's tooth to powder impalpable many times over, ere he could don the apron and place the pill under the tongue of the patient.

Is it any surprise that the medical profession is a close corporation, jealous of its prerogatives, grasping after dignity, seeing that it is dammed by secret guildism and sired by a superstitious mystic priesthood?

Now that we have learned the parentage, let us take a look at the child.

The practice of medicine among the highest civilizations of today is divided primarily into two schools—those who use drugs and those who do not. Of the first we have allopaths, giving drugs to produce symptoms unlike those shown by the patient; homeopaths giving medicines producing symptoms like those already present; eclectics selecting the best of the various remedies and methods. Allopathic physicians are called regular and are untrammelled by "ism" or "creed"; the other two are called irregular and are somewhat influenced by dogmas.

They of the second great class who do not use drugs are divided into too many groups for each to be mentioned, but among them

we find the Eddyites, the Osteopaths, Dowies, and all others who lay on hands and inspire.

The Emanuel movement is an expression of the highest thought evolved to date. Yet does it not seem singular that the highest type should go backward thousands of years for its prototype—the medicine-man priest? This movement combines all the therapeutic agencies. Its apostles use drugs, religion, cleanliness, suggestion, occupation, happiness, contentment of mind, indiscriminately to obtain the one end—health.

Elbert Hubbard is one of our greatest physicians working outside of, but parallel to, this Emanuel school.

With all our various surgical schools and medical sects organization is an absolute necessity. For without organization how could we maintain high fees, and without high fees how could we wear pointed beards and ride in red automobiles? Yes, to put the great mass of the medical profession on a level commercially commensurate with the effort that it has taken and the time and money expended in getting ready to practice medicine, high fees are a necessity.

The profession is overcrowded and, left to the devices of the individual members, would quickly arrive at a chaotic state. Only by forcing its members to be regular can it maintain a solid phalanx to face the ever-increasing commercialism of the general body politic.

If an army allowed each soldier freedom of will and movement, there would be no battles won, and so of every priesthood, and so of every body of citizenry. The highest plane to be obtained is the one on which each actor will use his talents for the good of all his fellows, and thus make himself an integral part, instead of a unit.

Discipline means organization, and it ought in turn to mean centralization of power and distribution of benefits.

Should the American Medical Association sitting at Chicago say to the doctor in Mississippi, "Join us and we'll give you the benefit of the best medical thoughts of the day," that would be fine; he from Mississippi would join him from Rhode Island, and both would be better prepared for work and happier. But should the same American Medical Association say to the physician in Rhode Island, "You must charge but one dollar a

visit for your work, because your brother in Mississippi can only get that much," the Rhode Island man would quickly turn mechanic or bricklayer, for he could not keep himself on a ten-dollar level with one-dollar fees. Likewise, if he said to the Mississippi doctor, "You must not make a visit for less than ten dollars because it takes such a fee to support your Rhode Island brother," the poor fellow's books would quickly become filled with unpaid bills, or his clients would suffer through lack of attention.

In a community where the per capita wealth is three hundred dollars, the manner-of-living level is in the same ratio as it is where the per capita is twelve hundred dollars; and to maintain a relative standing in the twelve-hundred community the doctor must have four times the income of his brother in the three-hundred surroundings.

We medicine men have not yet risen to the point of realizing and acting upon that great self-evident truth. We have centralized our power, but we have not yet distributed our benefits. We have learned to practise ethics among ourselves, but we have not yet learned to be honest toward the outsider; and by the outsider is meant anyone who is not a member of our own little association or academy. There are a few great souls, of course, in every crowd who are not measurable by the current standard, nor to be weighted down by the usual handicaps.

But do you know that this actually occurred:

A lady's five-year-old daughter had diphtheria; the conditions became alarming, so she telephoned for the attending physician, and at once also for a locally famous surgeon. The attending physician, in turn, called the lady and told her that he was then contending with an exceedingly difficult accouchement and for her to please call, in his name, another doctor for the one visit. She called her next-door neighbor, whom she had only known as a smart-looking young doctor. He arrived before the noted surgeon, who on arriving asked, "Has Doctor A arrived?" "No, he could not come, but Doctor B is upstairs now. Go right up."

"Madam, Dr. B is not a member of the Association. You will have to get Dr. A, or some other regular physician."

She tried and failed, and in desperation plead with the noted one to go to the child

and even offered to send the young doctor away, and, most amazing of all, she received the answer: "Madam, I'm called as the consulting surgeon, and even if Dr. B were not there I could not enter that child's room till invited and conducted there by the attending physician."

The noted surgeon died a year ago, almost in poverty. The smart-looking young physician is happy and prosperous. The little patient bids fair to be a noted beauty and social favorite. This case is extreme, but many extremes have been perpetrated in the name of religion, of charity, of society, of regularity, of ethics.

Let us not condemn the medical men for organizing, but let us pity them for following like sheep the bloody trail of some old bell-wether, who has left sign posts along the way reading, "Regularity," "Prejudice," "Fanaticism," etc., leading ever to one goal; namely, the altar stone inscribed "Medical Ethics," to which men, women and little children are brought in endless procession for sacrifice.

Did you ever know, gentle reader, a professionally friendly consultant to disagree with the attending physician?

Did you know that if he should disagree he would not be called again?

Of course, it is best that the two agree as nearly as possible, and still be honest, especially that they do not make hair-splitting arguments over little differences, because that would tend to unsettle and alarm the family and friends. But for a consultant to accept a fee and simply agree, or pretend to agree, blindly, with what the other says, is clearly fraud and obtaining money under false pretences.

There is no tyrant like an oligarchy. The tens make laws for the millions to obey. Should the tens in New York City, paying two hundred dollars a month for tiny swallow's nests of apartments, and other things in proportion, say that the hundreds living in the Styx, owning big rambling houses and lots that are almost farms, for twenty dollars a month, and other things in proportion, shall charge their neighbors for ordering paregoric and soda for the baby's colic? A man living in a community in which one hundred dollars a month is a big income ought to be satisfied with it, whereas, if one thousand dollars income is the average among his associates, he should not be satisfied with less.

The practice of medicine is at best one of the semi-parasitic occupations; in other words, it is not *per se* a productive work; and as every dollar of wealth represents ultimately the actual labor of someone, the actual work of someone's hands, no one has the moral right to receive it without first rendering value therefor, and that value must be gauged by the ability of the giver to reproduce that dollar. To a day laborer who makes a dollar a day, a visit costing him a dollar is a heavier charge than a ten-dollar visit would be to his employer, who owns the mill.

If my time is worth to me ten dollars a day, and I get ill and there are two available doctors, one at two dollars a visit and the other at five; now, if the two-dollar man would allow me to remain ill ten days, I lose one hundred and twenty dollars, but if the five-dollar man would get me out in five days, I'm out of pocket only seventy-five dollars.

Does it not seem absurd to have a fixed fee bill? That is why the really great men in every walk refuse to be bound by one.

Should you have a surgical affection which would mean death without a successful operation, supposing your life to be worth twenty-five thousand dollars, if Dr. A is sufficiently skilful to give you nine chances in ten of living, while Dr. B could give you only one in ten, would it be fair for both to expect the same fee? That is what the medical guilds attempt to force them to expect. And that is why the Medical Associations are so often the butts of jokes.

The guild is meant to be communistic, to be for the good of the mass of its members; and so necessarily it injures the brilliant and benefits the dull members in its leveling efforts. Manufacturers have long ago learned that it is best for both employer and employee that pay be for work accomplished rather than for time expended in doing it. Lawyers have found it better to charge on a basis of earning. Preachers are paid on a basis of church income. Traveling salesmen are paid on a basis of goods shipped, so it profits them nothing to take an invalid order.

And yet doctors who literally grow rabid at the mention of commercializing medicine, continue content to work by the visit, be paid by the hour rather than by accomplishment, because they are ruled by the mediocre majority, whose interest is always subserved by a uniform scale. Price in everything ought

to be controlled by supply and demand; this is just as true of brain force as it is of bread.

In a town where there is ten thousand dollars worth of practice at standard prices to be done, and ten doctors to do it, if a uniform scale of prices were to be enforced, one man would do about three thousand of it; three would do one thousand five hundred each; and six would do from one hundred, or so, to one thousand each. Now, if no fee bill were to be enforced, the three-thousand man would make perhaps five, four of the others fifteen hundred each, and the other five an average of eight hundred. But in making eight hundred apiece they would have given at least twice as much attention as to have made an average of six hundred. On the other hand the top-notch man would have made no more visits for five thousand than he would have for three thousand. Formation of mutual aid, and teaching, and counsel societies is an index of high civilization; without organization we would quickly arrive at anarchy, whereas with a too rigid discipline we have despotism and rebellion. In fact, unity of belief would engender the worship, or at least the blind following, of dogma, and that smothers out individual effort.

Within the last generation too many high-type men have entered the different schools of medicine and cults of healing art for its progress to ever again be seriously impeded by the despotic will of the mediocre majority. In the great medical centers already the societies are rather the thought exchanges than means of coercing and bulldozing. And a review of expert medical testimony as given in courts of justice leads one to think it high time that the societies co-ordinate more thought and take cognizance of and even censor the utterance of its members in public. If a bank should not truthfully represent its status, other banks would quickly sever relations with it.

Why should an expert medical man testify "Yes" today and "No" tomorrow on the selfsame set of facts? Because he either needs a teacher, a censor, or a jailer.

Instead of banding together to bulldoze legislatures into protecting us, why not teach one another to convince legislators that we are worthy of emulation and imitation and that we have a science, the mastering of which ought to be protectively encouraged, also an

art, the practicing of which ought to be pitched on such a high plane that our imitators would ever look upward?

It seems a singular stroke of ironic fate that just as the American Medical Association is organized as a thoroughly militant army the various legislatures should open the license flood-gates and put the states' seals upon almost any "ism," or "ology," or "path." Is that because physicians are not good politicians? No, it is that they are standing in the way of their own watchword, "Evolutionary Progress"; they are standing in their own sunlight, and can't read the handwriting on the wall.

Why do they not embrace each new therapeutic agent that does good work? If rubbing and stretching will relieve the taut nerve and the shortened muscle, why not?

Yet the various schools are trying to limit its devotees to the use of certain sets of therapeutic agents. In that connection doesn't it seem silly that the legislatures should create different examining boards for each healing sect? Isn't it just as necessary that the one as the other knows the human body—its anatomy, and physiology, its all but boundless capabilities and its limitations, its health condition and its diseased states? If I heal by faith ought I not to be able to avoid leaking hearts and broken bones, else I become ridiculous? If I be a disciple of Still and cure by rubbing, ought I not to know a cancer or a tuberculosis, else I do damage and lose the patient time, thus becoming a criminal? Should my patient's heart be weak and weary should I not know it lest I give veratrum and deserve the gallows? Then why the several examining boards; why not make all conform to the standard of mental cultivation and knowledge that would at least render them harmless? After that, each fellow could ride a hobby horse instead of a juggernaut.

We have the many examining boards because the great central regular board failed to be big enough and broad enough and deep enough to encompass its opportunity. It thrust the dignity of belligerents upon all the little side issues and thus made game cocks out of what otherwise would have been innocent chicks, glad to be scratched for. We regulars drew the corporate net of our guild too closely.

Doctors are not allowed to appear as such

in the secular press; so then we are not surprised that the quacks average twice the income of the legitimate physician. The quack calls the people in, while the people call the doctor in; the business bearing is obvious. This is an era of advertising, and at this we are but babes. The reason for that is, however, that we cannot advertise our wares as of definite quality. When the government buys a battleship, it must make so many knots an hour, a gun must penetrate so many inches of steel. We could afford to and surely would advertise, if we could guarantee to cure ninety cases of any given disease in the hundred. The priest takes your ten pieces of silver and gives you a certified passport into heaven, but he is a theological quack or he would not do it. Doctors can't advertise except as quacks, because they have no guaranteed wares; even the "No pay, no cure" charlatan requires a cash deposit. The ideal medical society attempts to control the business judgment of no man, but rather to make each member's earning capacity greater and to create among them a high-toned *esprit de corps*.

No honest man would advertise what he could not be sure of delivering.

In a field so broad as medicine it is possible for the individual to cultivate personally only tiny patches; consequently the great bulk of what one man knows must be learned second-hand. Now, to get even a bird's-eye view of this vast field, one must stand on the shoulders of the myriads who have gone before him as well as on those who are now about him.

Evils of organization are born of individual selfishness and are not a fault of organization *per se*.

The public need not fear that the doctors will by their close corporations ever again limit their usefulness. Three things will prevent this: the great popular diffusion of knowledge, mutual jealousies of the doctors, and the inherent ambition of so many master minds to excel. Then, too, the great medical thought creators are working outside of and independent of the various associations; they are largely with state and endowed institutions and not really a part of the guildom of medicine.

Authority for the masses is a necessity, but when that authority becomes too severe or bigoted there arises rebels to curb it.

Authority is a blessing, autocracy a curse; the one gives liberty, the other enslavement. And now, after a world-old struggle in the enslavement of ignorance and doubt and superstition and, worse than all, half knowledge, the roseate hues of appreciative learning are beginning to streak the dawn with tiny finger of light pointing unerringly toward the radiant future when the physician will be a mighty instrument—yes, a part of the Maker—in the uplifting and betterment, the real beatification of mankind.

And so he shall end as he began—a medicine-man priest.

But, unlike the past, that glorious future will find him working ever in the light of conscious knowledge, dimmed by no dogma, bounded by no creed.

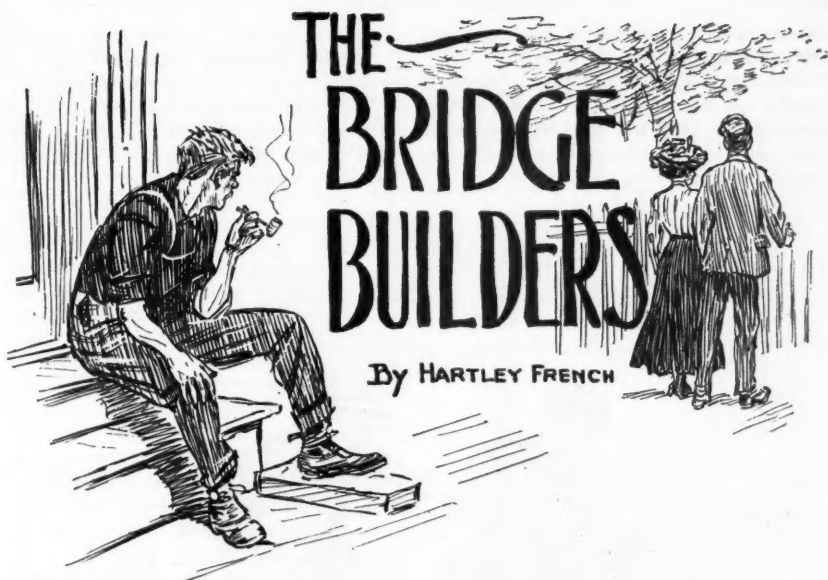
RESOLVE

I SAID in my soul, though the light go down,
And the flame of the sunset sink in death;
Though darkness gather with ominous frown,
Yet still in the stars shall I put my faith,
And still shall I trust in the morning-breath!

I said in my soul, though the roses fade,
And the robyn and linnet cease to sing;
Though pride of summer in ruin be laid,
Yet still shall I trust in awaking spring,
Still shall I trust in the winnowing wing!

I said in my soul, though pleasure abscond,
And fleeting delights of the earth all cloy;
Though rapture be broken like magic wand,
Yet aye in my bosom without annoy
I still shall believe in the things of joy!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.



MOST temperance people would not approve of the way in which Jim Daly was cured of his fondness for an occasional friendly glass. Friendliness was Daly's foremost quality. It glistened in his dark red, curly hair; it radiated out of every wrinkle of his tanned face, and shone forth from his large, frank hazel eyes, which the dizziest heights of bridge cables, swinging aloft like the skipping ropes of giants at play, never made quiver.

In fearlessness and daring, Daly was equalled, in the whole Union, only by Otto Jespersen, a burly Swede. The two were great friends, both well liked generally by the other men, although Jespersen's occasional fits of silence and moodiness made him less popular than his friend. Both were selected to go lay the cables of a large bridge in Canada, near Buffalo.

They both boarded at the house of Madame Grobin, a French Canadian, and before a week had passed, both of them were desperately in love with little black-haired Gervaise, the daughter, a lively, impish girl of twenty, coquettish to her finger tips. And what a dance she led them! It seemed as if she wanted to drive them to blows, to find out which of them was the stronger, just as the female moose watches two bulls gore

each other savagely, desperately, murderously, and then goes off with the panting victor, leaving the bloody dust of the fighting ground behind. In civilized communities the fighting grounds are in offices, stores, banks, stock exchanges, workshops.

But Gervaise did not succeed in making them fight. They remained friends in spite of their rivalry, even when Jespersen saw, at last, that the prize was for the other man. Of course Daly, on his part, felt friendly toward him; he felt friendly to everybody, now more so than ever. It was easy to be friendly toward the other man, when he had the girl.

And Jespersen used to sit on the steps in the still July evenings, and watch Daly and the girl go off for a stroll. The Swede's face was as unexpressive as the wooden post against which he was leaning. He used to rub his little scrawny yellow moustache, which was no more scanty than his hopes or ambitions for the future. He used to go up to his room early, so as not to see them come back. And when he lay, night by night, on his narrow cot in the room above, watching the stars change from hour to hour, listening in the silence of the night to the murmur of the distant falls, until the lark tinkled in faintly her harmonious call to another day,

he would have answered, if you had asked him what he was thinking about:

"Oi tink it's all a vara queer plaace. It maaks me feel soa strange—" But no one asked him. Daly had hard work to make him talk at all of late; when spoken to, he replied with *yes* or *no*, or not at all.

ye out in no time," replied Daly cordially.

At first Jespersen refused: "Naw, the whiskey too hot. The beer much betta."

"Come now, none o' that, man, I tell ye. A dhrap or two of good red whiskey never hurt a man yet. Down wid it, man, and thin have another."



"Take a nip o' this whiskey, me lad!"

One broiling hot noon, when they sat on the dock after their meal, Daly said:

"Sure, Otto, me, bye, is it sick you are, today? The eyes of ye, man, they are as glassy looking as me bottle there."

"Naw, naw, the sun, she var' hot. My head spin a lill'l bit," said the Swede in reply.

"Och, jist take a nip o' this whiskey, thin, me lad. It'll tighten ye up and straighten

Twice Jespersen drank, at first not much, the second time long and deep.

As, soon afterwards, he swarmed up the iron cables and swing-trestle-work, higher and higher, his blood felt as hot as the metal ropes and wire-woven cables, baking in the terrific July heat, which scorched his horny hands. His temples pounded as loud, so it seemed, as the thudding strokes of Daly's rivetting hammer.

The two men were alone in mid-air, the Swede on a small platform at the top of the tower, Daly on a swinging seat where he sat rivetting crossbeams twenty feet below. Jespersen's work was to heat the rivets red-hot in a small charcoal furnace, and when ready drop them to Daly below him. The Irishman would catch them adroitly in a small pail, grasp them one by one with a pair of clippers, put them in the holes, and then hold the automatic hammer against them until the quick pulsing blows had welded them solid. The hammer was driven by compressed air delivered by tube, a rubber tube wound with wire; it hung from where he sat to the engines, forty yards below. The wind blowing from the north swung the pipe dizzily. Daly's suspended seat jounced backward and forward, too, uncomfortably, so he put his arm around a slanting girder to steady himself. At that particular moment the Swede happened to be looking down at him. It suddenly seemed to the former that, instead of circling the metal beam, his fellow-workman's arm was clasped around Gervaise's waist. Jespersen believed all at once that he saw them there below him in mid-air, as he had seen them the night before, the girl's head on Daly's shoulder, languorously, exultingly, and that the man's arm was about her, pressing her to him.

And just then the Swede went mad.

To Daly, holding out his pail as he looked up for the next red-hot rivet, his fellow-workman's eyes appeared as red as the little bit of glowing metal he was getting ready to drop. When Jespersen had it all in readiness, he aimed it carefully at Jim's left eye, and let it drop. It fell, but fortunately a gust of wind caused it to deviate a little, so it missed him narrowly, fell down, down, toward a passing ferry boat beneath, and plumped sizzling into a dray-horse. The animal's scream was so piercing that it reached even as high as Otto's platform. The sound, such as the Swede's mad frenzy, was as oil upon the flames.

"Hey there, Otto, be aisy wid thim bolts," sang out Daly anxiously, as the next one missed his ear by a fraction.

The Swede had now but two left red-hot in his small stove. He threw them both at once. The first one missed, the second gouged one of Daly's fingers. By this time

Jim knew what had happened. His companion's lips were flecked with foam, which dribbled upon the iron, as the madman wildly edged his way over the girder to



Jespersen was after him, crouching on the brink, glaring . . . gloating.

descend. Both his hands were free; in his belt he had stuck his narrow iron hatchet.

Daly saw him coming down, ladder-fashion, putting his feet on the slanting crosspieces of a hollow column. Jim cast his automatic hammer into its clasp, and quickly untying

the rope which suspended his seat, lowered himself as rapidly as he dared toward the next platform beneath. But the wind was roaring strongly; he was swayed dangerously backward and forward in his slow descent.

In their race, the two men were now only separated by a short interval. Nimbly as an ape, the frenzied Swede fearlessly lowered himself rapidly. They arrived at the platform beneath at the same time, Daly entirely unarmed, the Swede with a hatchet. The odds were much against the fugitive. Against the other's gigantic strength, even without his weapon, Daly's struggles would be of little avail, as he knew only too well.

He dashed his cap into Jespersen's twitching face, and then rushing to the edge, he turned around and swung himself over. He intended to descend down the crosspieces of the girders, as his pursuer had done above, but to his horror his feet swung clear, touching nothing. Twisting his head around, he discovered that he was at the center of an arched span, dangling jerkily, with nothing near by to grasp hold of, while beneath space yawned wide, like the jaws of a huge monster waiting to mangle him.

Momentarily blinded by Jim's cap cast into his face, the madman impulsively raised both hands quickly to throw it aside; the sudden movement caused his hatchet to slip from his belt upon the loose planking of the platform. Unfortunately the implement fell squarely in the middle of one of the boards, and so did not fall down below into the current. No sooner had the man he was chasing swung himself over the edge, than Jespersen was after him, crouching on the brink, glaring at him, exulting, gloating.

He foamed out wild curses at him in Swedish, mad, passionate, hellish words of jealousy. Daly looked up at him imploringly; the fact that the Swede did not immediately jerk his fingers loose from their grip upon the edge made a wild hope pass through the Irishman's brain that perhaps the lunatic had got back his wits, that perhaps he would show him mercy. He redoubled his prayers, earnestly, with whispered gasps, for his strength was leaving him and he felt that he would not be able to hold on very much longer. The heavy wire-bound compressed air tube which he had been using in his seat

above a few minutes before swung, moved by the wind, and rubbed against his bleeding finger, just at the spot where the red-hot bolt had so cruelly scored him. The pain was so great that he almost let go his hold. But he held on grimly. The madman drew back from the edge a moment—to get a rope to let down, as Daly fondly thought; but in reality, as appeared in a moment, the Swede had simply turned around to get his hatchet. The exultant grin of joy on the man's face was devilish in malignity.

He swung his hatchet up and down in the air once or twice to get the heft of it; then he bent down by the platform edge to split in the hanging man's countenance. Daly closed his eyes. He heard a muffled thud, a loud hiss, followed by a piercing yell. Opening his eyes again, he got a glimpse of Jespersen's sprawling body in mid-air, passing over his head. The madman's hand had slipped slightly as he raised his weapon for the final stroke, and the keen-edged hatchet happened to cut the rubber compressed air pipe. The edge of the blade was so thin and sharp that it had passed between the wires wound about the pipe. The heavy pressure of the air within, striking him squarely in the body, had blown him off the platform.

Pluckily the scared Celt worked his way to the corner of the iron beam to which he was clinging, and got his feet upon a cross-tie. He was so weak that he could not climb up; some other workmen soon got up to him from below and hauled him in safely.

He asked if Jespersen was saved, but they told him that he had fallen into the river flat upon his stomach, having the life crushed out of him instantly.

When the physician bandaged up Jim's finger a half hour later, and heard the story from beginning to end, he told the iron worker that it was the whiskey, probably, that proved the immediate cause of the Swede's lunacy. Such was Daly's fright at his adventure that he himself never drank the tempting fluid again. But as time went on in his married life, and he got better acquainted with the French girl he had brought down with him from Canada as his wife, he feared sometimes that whiskey would be his best refuge from her.

AT THE SIGN OF THE TOBACCO JAR

By George
Ethelbert
Walsh



THE Bentleys lived in a small apartment on the upper West Side of New York, without any apparent ambition to rise above the routine of their daily work. Bentley spent his days in one of the mammoth dry-goods stores, and seemed satisfied with his three meals a day, a roof for night protection, and an income that would pay for the ordinary necessities and a few of the luxuries of the day. His wife was similarly contented so far as outward appearances indicated, and among their friends and relatives they moved as a model happy couple enjoying life from day to day.

But the apparent is not always the real in life. These two, outwardly satisfied, cherished a notion that some day they would like to travel, and travel to them meant a trip to Europe. Sometimes, if we wish a thing earnestly enough (and incidentally work and save for it), it is bound to come our way in time. So these two, simple and inexpensive in their habits and tastes, found themselves one day aboard an ocean steamer booked for a journey to the great world beyond the Atlantic. Like two young lovers eloping they snuggled close to each other and began to see life through rose-colored glasses again.

"It seems too good to be true, Tom, dear," murmured Evangeline, as she sought his hand under the steamer rug.

"I think we've earned it," was the masculine point of view. "The Lord knows we have saved and economized enough to pay for it."

Evangeline assented, and turned her attention to a study of their ten-day neighbors. They were all kinds and sorts, such as you might expect to see any day on Broadway—men and women of wealth, tired business men off for a vacation, couples from the inland towns with clothes cut to fit, smartly dressed people, the young bride and groom stoutly facing the world through one pair of eyes, ministers, professors, teachers, trades people, buyers for the great houses, fashionable dress and millinery artists taking a flying trip to study European fashions, gamblers, men of leisure and men of culture, students, scholars and idlers.

"My, Tom, where are all the people going?" murmured the little wife in surprise. "Where do they all get the money?"

Tom withered her with a superior glance. "You ask that, Evangeline—and you a New Yorker?" he queried with a tolerant smile. "You'd think you were a stranger to Broadway and Fifth Avenue."

But there was no silencing the emotions released for the first time in years. Evangeline commented on everything and everybody with all the freshness and originality of a schoolgirl just out of the class-room. This innocent amusement finally brought its reward. Leaning over the ship's railing near them was a stout, sedate, red-faced man of uncertain age and of more uncertain occupation. He smiled once, cleared his throat twice to speak, and then essayed perfunctorily, addressing either one or both as you choose: "First trip abroad?"

Thomas stiffened his relaxed frame, and then, remembering that on ship everybody was a neighbor to everybody else and that ordinary conventionalities were dropped when you once got out of sight of land, he smiled back and answered:

"Yes, our very first."

"Then you'll enjoy it," responded the stranger. "It's my twenty-first, and I'm sick of it. I hate the stuffy staterooms, the smell of the bilge water and the whole d——" (no, he didn't say that, but stopped short of the emphatic word on account of Evangeline) "business."

Thomas forthwith entered into conversation with him and got so many points about what to do and what to see and what not to do and what not to see, that, as he expressed himself later to Evangeline in their stateroom, "I feel as if I were a veteran traveler."

He had learned for one thing that Henry Sutherland was an expert buyer for an American house, a judge of merchantable goods that made his services worth ten thousand a year to his employers; "but," in his own words, "I'd swap the ten thousand a year for your little flat in New York and a nice little wife to look after me when I have a cold or a stiff neck." He sighed to emphasize his words.

"Poor fellow, it must be hard to roam constantly over the world without a home," murmured Evangeline sympathetically in the seclusion of their narrow sleeping quarters.

"Well," spoke up the practical Tom, "I'd like to have his ten thousand and a chance to travel."

"And no wife to look after you," replied Evangeline with a saucy shake of her head.

Tom made amends by a process which lovers generally adopt to show their eternal

constancy of affection. Evangeline was in a mood to accept it without question and to return it with interest.

When they reached land Henry Sutherland knew their whole contemplated itinerary and the name and time of sailing of their steamer for home.

"I may go back on the same boat," was his parting farewell, "or I may run across you on the continent. I expect to make flying trips everywhere. It's my business, you know."

It was considerate of him not to force his company upon them and thus spoil their first real vacation, and during the four weeks of their wanderings to and fro on the continent no Henry Sutherland appeared to break into their pleasure festival of new scenes and experiences. Once or twice, in the loneliness and isolation from everything American, they expressed a real wish that they might stumble across their friend of the steamer, but that was only when, tired out by the crowds and the chatter of alien languages, they felt the need of a friend or companion who could talk "home talk."

They returned to London a few days before the scheduled departure of their steamer, intending to rest and prepare for the complete enjoyment of the homeward ocean trip. Then Henry Sutherland appeared, smiling and companionable as when they left him. It was like meeting an old friend who knew all about your ancestors and your natal place; a friend to whom you could talk unreservedly and frankly. It was in a restaurant they met, and they celebrated the event by dining together—"at Henry Sutherland's expense," he insisted vigorously.

"I want you to remember me when you get home," he said by way of explanation, "for I'm going to take my first dinner in America with you when I get back, and then you can pay the piper. You see," with a frown, "I can't go back with you. I must stay over here another day or two, but I may catch a fast steamer later and still beat you to New York."

They discussed the relative speed of the different boats and very many other topics which occurred to them, but which would be absolutely of no interest to the reader. They dined well and late, and parted com-

pany at an hour when footpads rake in the most of their booty. The next day they met again, this time at the hour and place appointed by Sutherland. It was in an obscure shop which dealt in second-hand articles (antiques for tourists), patronized by many Americans anxious to secure spurious tokens to remind them of their unquestioning gullibility.

"Here, Tom," Sutherland said (he was calling him Tom readily by this time), "I've bought you a little remembrance. This tobacco jar is rather unusual and unique, I think. Take it home and keep it stuffed full of good cigars until I return to America. Then we'll smoke them and talk over old times."

Tom took the tobacco jar and expressed his obligations. Evangeline tried to be enthusiastic, but somehow she couldn't account for the tastes of men. Now, if she were choosing a tobacco jar for a friend, she would purchase one of those beautiful inlaid ones or that hammered metal beauty on the top shelf or the one with a carved head for the cover. But then she wasn't choosing, and she held her peace.

This incident in the second-hand curio shop begins the real story of the tobacco jar, but neither surmised the web of circumstances which was beginning to be woven for them.

Sutherland saw them off—almost wept when they parted on the pier—and waved them a farewell as long as they could see him. "A mighty fine chap," said Tom. "Yes," assented tired Evangeline, "but a little eccentric in his tastes."

They reached New York in ten days, seascick and thin, but rugged and blushing in color. The voyage had been a rough one, and they had less love for the boisterous old Atlantic than ever before in their lives. Evangeline staggered up two flights to her tiny little flat and threw herself on her best Bagdad-covered couch.

"Oh, Tom, there's no place like home," she cried.

Tom didn't wince at this revamping of an old chestnut, but sat down heavily on a chair and stuck his feet on the top of the nearest center table.

"I say, Evangeline, this *is* comfort."

And for two whole hours they drank in the exquisite scenery of their "four-and-a-

bath," with window views of New York's ragged skyline. It was better than seeing London from the top of a 'bus or Venice from the cushioned seat of a gondolier; it even surpassed Paris by electric light or Rome under the white Italian moon. You see, they had been away from home just long enough to make them appreciate all the comforts of flat life.

They were snugly ensconced in their home, slowly shaking out the salt from their systems, and getting back their land legs and normal appetite, when Henry Sutherland was announced and burst upon their quiet seclusion like a whirlwind from the turbulent Atlantic.

"Got back on the 'Lusitania' half an hour ago," he rattled on tumultuously, "and hurried straight up here. Haven't even reported to the firm or taken a drink. Gad! It's like living to see you two here. Tom, you're among the few really fortunate men of the city."

He slapped Tom so heartily on the back that he almost convinced him that he was the most lucky of mortal dogs.

"But I won't make that dinner engagement with you tonight," he continued. "I know just how you feel—tired and anxious to rest. I'll just take a quiet smoke with you, and then go. Got your tobacco jar filled with good ones?"

"Why—er—no," stammered Tom in confusion. "You see we haven't really had time yet to unpack. But here's a good Havana I picked up on the steamer."

Sutherland ignored the proffered cigar.

"Where's the tobacco jar? I want to get a look at it again. I—you won't think me mean, Tom, if I ask you to return that gift to me. You see, there's something about the workmanship of the jar that appeals to me. Now a present is a present, and a friend has no right to recall it. But I want you to give that back to me, and I'll buy you another worth ten times as much. You understand, don't you, old man?"

Tom didn't understand, but he said he did. Moreover, he dug down into the bottom of his steamer trunk and hauled the unoffending little turned-wood jar to the top. Sutherland's eyes looked at it greedily and his hands were outstretched to grasp it before the thin tissue paper was unwound.

Then he grunted, scowled, and cast a sharp, inquiring glance at his host. Tom didn't notice this, but he did notice the words which followed.

"Why, what have you been doing to it? This isn't the one I gave you."

Tom felt aggrieved at this insinuation, and replied quickly:

"Why, certainly it is. How could it be any other?"

Then, for the first time in their friendly intercourse, Sutherland laughed a hoarse, grating, unsympathetic laugh. His face was

a rending and splintering of the prized tobacco jar. Henry Sutherland stared hard at the inside of the broken jar, and then cast it angrily to the floor.

"Hell! It's not the one!" Flinging the bits of wood to the floor he turned fiercely and threateningly upon poor, innocent Tom.

"You infernal thief, if you don't disgorge, I'll break every bone in your body; and you, too" (turning upon Evangeline) "you she hypocrite! You're a nice pair of innocent babes! Well, you took me in once, but I'm not so soft as to let you off free."



"I'll give you ten seconds to get out of this flat."

flushed, and as Tom looked at it, he thought it was malicious and brutal.

"Oh, we'll see whether it is the same one," the man said thickly.

Evangeline, looking on at this little incident, had a better chance to study the character than Tom, and she confessed afterward it made her think of one of the stage lightning change artists. With the brutal expression there came a growl that was a fit accompaniment to the look.

"We'll see," he muttered.

Then they all saw, first, a few quick, deft passes with a stout pocket-knife, and, second, a sharp twist of the muscular hands, and

Tom was naturally slow to anger and slower to action, but when the brute included Evangeline in his denunciation the color flew into his face and his big hands clenched. He was no small, puny counter-jumper, this man of destiny, and his month's vacation had put new sinews and muscular power into his long arms. Sutherland measured him with a swift survey, and concluded that it were wiser not to come to a physical encounter.

"I don't know what you mean," Tom began in a low, vibrating voice, "and I don't care. I don't even know what you're looking for or what such actions indicate: but I do

know that you've insulted my wife in our home, and if it wasn't for the past kindness you've shown us, I'd pitch you head-first down those two flights of stairs without a word of explanation. But I'll give you ten seconds to get out of this flat, and if you ever enter it again, I'll pummel your red face into a jelly."

There was no mistaking the meaning of the words or attitude. Sutherland edged toward the door, from which point of escape he spoke back:

"Then you don't mean to disgorge? You refuse to make any—"

"Time's up!" growled Tom, and he closed his watch with a snap and advanced toward the door; but Henry Sutherland vanished through it and disappeared.

Tom waited until the outside door had closed, and then white and breathless returned to the apartment. Evangeline was very pale and nervous.

"The most unaccountable thing I ever heard of," he said, picking up the broken remnants of the tobacco jar. "What sort of a hoodoo can this thing be that it should drive a man into such a frenzy of anger?"

He studied it carefully, and not finding any clue to the mystery he pitched it toward the open grate, but Evangeline was too quick for him. She rescued the pieces and said:

"Let us keep them until we hear from Mr. Sutherland again," she explained.

"I don't want to hear from him again!"

"But we probably shall, Tom, for there is some mystery here too deep for our feeble intellects."

But on the morrow they heard from another, who, Tom surmised, was sent in post haste to interview the couple before they could escape. The man wore the insignia of one of Uncle Sam's able sleuths attached to the Treasury Department. He forthwith charged Tom and Evangeline with high crimes and misdemeanors, employing little circumlocution in choosing his words, but maintaining a more dignified attitude than the late Mr. Sutherland.

"Smuggling?" gasped Tom, when the full significance of the charge was understood. "Smuggling diamonds—diamonds worth a hundred thousand dollars? Good Lord, I haven't seen that amount of diamonds together in a life-time—certainly not this side of a jeweler's case."

The government agent smiled, craftily and without malice (he was used to dealing with all kinds of criminals and hypocrites), and retorted:

"Yes, that is about the size of it, and you're under arrest—both of you."

Tom didn't relish this, but he knew that a threatening attitude would not go in this instance.

"How—how could we smuggle diamonds in with us?" he stammered.

"Very simple—very simple. You had a wooden tobacco jar?"

"Yes, we did, and here it is—what remains of it."

He was thankful now that Evangeline had rescued the pieces from the fire. He handed them over to the agent of the government, who took them and looked critically at them.

"Yes, I know," he replied after a pause, "but you had two, and it is the other one that had the diamonds concealed beneath a false bottom."

Sudden comprehension dawned on two minds, but the mystery of it was unsolved. Tom smiled grimly.

"That is the only tobacco jar I brought home," he said honestly. "If there's any other in my luggage you're welcome to find it. I know nothing about it."

"Naturally I didn't expect you to confess it," the detective continued in his suave, smiling way. "But it will go easier with you to own up and make such amends as possible."

Tom took time to think. He sat down and twiddled his thumbs. Then he got up and said:

"I'm as much at sea, officer, as you are, but I'll put the case to you direct. I guess Henry Sutherland is at the bottom of it; he informed you, and I suppose there must be some foundation for the charge. I believe now that scoundrel tried to use me as his agent to smuggle those diamonds in the country. That's why he was so anxious to get back that jar. But the mystery is, where are the diamonds?"

Tom told his story in a straightforward, convincing fashion, omitting nothing of essential importance, and Evangeline corroborated and amplified the recital from the woman's point of view. Henry Sutherland was painted in his true colors, and the detective seemed almost convinced by their

tale. Still, there was the disappearance of the smuggled diamonds to explain.

"How do you know there were any diamonds smuggled in?" demanded Tom in desperation. "Have you any further evidence than that furnished by our erstwhile friend and enemy?"

"No, but it's my duty to sift the whole matter to the bottom. Until I can do this, you two must submit to arrest, and Henry Sutherland will be held as a witness, too. He must either prove or disprove his assertions."

Tom bit his lips in perplexity. The indignity of arrest would seriously injure his social and business reputation. He looked pleadingly at the government agent, but saw no sympathy in the hard-set jaws. Then he turned to Evangeline. Something in her pale, nervous face startled him. Poor Evangeline! she would take the arrest more to heart than he!

"Is there no other way out of the difficulty?" he asked savagely. "It is an outrage to place us under arrest on the unsupported testimony of a stranger. How do you know that this is not a trick to cast suspicion upon us while Sutherland escapes with the diamonds? How do you know that he didn't bring in a tobacco jar with diamonds concealed in the false bottom? Ah, that is it; that's the solution of the difficulty!"

Light of hope and expectation dawned in Tom's face, but the astute officer did not respond in kind; he shook his head and rose with menacing finality. Tom rose with him and grimly resigned himself to the inevitable.

"All right," he snapped out. "I'll clear myself, but this scoundrel—"

He didn't finish his sentence. A glance at Evangeline suddenly checked all articulate speech. She was tragic in her misery and apprehension, and Tom experienced a new fear of the ordeal facing them. Then, with a quick, dramatic movement, she flung her arms around his neck and sobbed:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" he murmured in surprise. "Forgive you, Evangeline? Why, there's nothing to forgive; it's not your fault. It's Sutherland's—the brute!"

"Yes, yes, I know," she said hysterically. "But—but it was my fault—all mine."

"Yours?" stammered Tom in amazement. "What do you mean, Evangeline? You

know about the diamonds? You know where they are?"

"No, no, not that," she sobbed. "I didn't say that. I'm not so bad as to smuggle or steal, Tom, but—"

"Go on; go on!" Tom urged impatiently when she hesitated. "I—you know, Tom," she confessed after a paroxysm of tears, "I didn't like the tobacco jar which Mr. Sutherland gave to you. It wasn't a pretty one, and I couldn't understand why he didn't select one of the others. You remember my telling you that I admired that metal jar or the one with the carved cover? I simply couldn't understand why he should ignore them and give you the old thing."

Again she hesitated and stammered, and Tom, unmindful of her tears and blushes, motioned for her to proceed.

"Well," she continued, drawing a deep breath, "when you and Mr. Sutherland were talking at the other end of the shop, I—I thought I could make a quick exchange. Another jar just like it, but much prettier, stood on the—"

"You exchanged the jars?" gasped Tom in amazed surprise.

Evangeline nodded and hid her face in her hands.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed her husband.

"It was all done in a second, Tom, dear," she murmured faintly. "I had the jar under my coat, and I—I didn't know, of course, that—"

"And a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in the bottom of it!" groaned Tom, as if the very thought hypnotized his mind.

"Oh, Tom, Tom—don't! You'll break my heart!"

This heart-rending appeal aroused him, and he steadied his voice with an effort to reply. "Never mind, dear, they were not our diamonds. But think of it! A hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in that tobacco jar for some lucky devil to pick up for half a dollar! It's too much—too much!"

He groaned so audibly that Evangeline shivered and once more concealed her agitated face against his shoulder.

Then, turning to the officer, Tom said: "You heard her confession?"

The man nodded, and picked up his hat to depart.



The Governor's Last Pardon

By—Fannie C. Griffing

OUTSIDE the Governor's office the bright sunshine sparkled on the green lawns and the busy streets beyond.

Within, the cool shaded rooms and long, echoing halls were full of busy, hurrying men, many with anxious faces. The Governor himself was busy as any, but on his face there rested an expression of perfect peace and contentment. With this day his tenure of office would expire, and already he was looking forward to the pleasure of rest and freedom from the routine of business; of liberty from the thousand demands that for the last four years had been made upon every moment of his waking time. And as he worked, he smiled, as a vision flashed before him of the long, happy days to come, when, free from official cares, he could devote himself to humbler duties, confident that naught could affect his place in the hearts of the people, or the history of the State he loved and had served so well. As he labored this last day, it seemed as if all had waited until this final crowded twenty-four hours for their business, so incessant was the stream of documents awaiting his signature, so urgent the demands to see him personally; so many the requirements he must fulfill in order to leave the office in

good shape for his successor. Could he accomplish it? The task seemed herculean, but he would do his best, as he had ever done, labor until the last moment, and the long rest would be all the sweeter.

The busy morning passed, and the busy afternoon began, and still the chief executive labored at his desk.

Sergeant Mike O'Brian of the local police went about his duties with a gloomy face. He regarded the retiring Governor, as his ancestors did their king, as something more than mortal. His big Irish heart was filled with resentment that the Governor must resign his office to another. What fools the people were, not to insist on his serving another four years, instead of tamely accepting any old crank in his place! Well, they'd soon find out the difference, huh!

In gloomy dejection, the big Sergeant paced his beat, and proceeded to meet the north-bound train, just now due, the scrutiny of whose passengers was one of his daily duties.

Following in the wake of the hurrying arrivals, the Sergeant strolled into the ladies' waiting room, and glanced about him, keenly on the alert for any "suspicious characters."

Near the door sat a small, thin and shabbily dressed woman with two young frightened

children. One she held clasped in her arms, while the other clung closely to her skirt.

Evidently just from the country, and bewildered and frightened by the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the city, her helpless ignorance and indecision were pathetically appealing.

Noting her anxious and troubled expression, the kind heart of the good-natured Irishman prompted him to pause, and patting the head of the child by her side, he asked kindly:

"Waiting for somebody, madam?"

"No, sir." was the timid reply, and, trem-

"He killed a man, Mister, but he never meant to do it, for he was drinkin' at the time. He's been in for three years, now, an' I've had a terrible time since they took him away—" again she choked. "I had to come by myself," she resumed, struggling to control herself, and encouraged by the evident sympathy of the big policeman: "An' I had to bring the children, for I hadn't any folks to leave 'em with, I was never here before, an' don't know where to find the Governor. I made up my mind to try an' see him, for me an' the children was about to starve—"



With the child in his arms he led the way.

bling, she rose. "No, sir," she repeated, "I ain't waiting for anybody, but I'd like to know where to find the Governor."

"The Gov'ner?" O'Brian exclaimed, much surprised. "Why, what do you want of him?" The sad and sunken blue eyes of the country woman slowly filled with tears, and placing the child she carried on a seat, she clasped her thin, trembling hands tightly together, and faltered:

"It's about my husband, Mister. He's in the penitentiary here, an' I come to try an' see the Governor, an' ask him to pardon poor Tom. I've heard that he's a good man, an' I thought if I could tell him"—a sob choked her, and with trembling hands she wiped the tears from her face.

"What's he in for, an' for how long?" O'Brian asked huskily.

she checked herself, a faint color staining the thin white face that had once been pretty.

"Well, you will have to hustle pretty lively to see him today!" exclaimed O'Brian, struck by a sudden recollection. "For this is his last day in office; his term will be out tomorrow!"

"O Lord!" gasped the woman in dismay. "An' to think I might a been too late! I must see him, for 'twas over his election poor Tom got into trouble! Please tell me how, Mister!" and she gazed at the big Irishman in agonized appeal.

"I'll help you all I can," O'Brian responded quickly. "An' we must hurry! I'll take you up to his office right now, an' try to get him to see you! Here, give me that kid, I'll carry her!" With the child in his arms, he led the way into the street, the grateful mother following with the little boy.

The ante-chamber leading to the Governor's private office was filled with a throng of anxious, preoccupied people, too absorbed in their own affairs to give more than a passing glance at the pathetic little group that the burly policeman guided to a seat.

With a whispered "You jest wait here!" he left them, and boldly entered the door marked "private" without knocking. The tired little mother with beating heart awaited his return, the baby clasped tightly in her arms, while the little boy pressed closely to her side, and gazed with wondering childish eyes at the strange faces about him. In a few minutes Sergeant O'Brian reappeared with a smiling face. "He'll see you!" he announced briskly. "An' I think he'll help you! Now brace up, an' keep a good heart, an' it's a pardon I'm thinkin' you'll get! Tell the Gov'nor everything, an' be quick about it! Don't waste time!"

Again he took the baby girl, and, white and trembling, the country-bred woman rose and followed her guide into the presence of the Chief Executive.

The emotions of the peasant entering the presence of a sovereign were hers, so great had been her limitations. A tall and handsome man rose from the desk at which he was seated, and bowing to the shabby little woman as if she had been a duchess, motioned her to a chair and reseated himself. "Be seated, madam! How can I serve you?" Her frightened eyes saw a tall and stately figure, clad in cool white linen; bright, dark eyes; a strong, kind face, and long, waving black hair tossed back from a dome-like brow. A winning smile parted his finely cut lips, but terror at the almost kingly power which to her he embodied seemed to paralyze her faculties. She strove to speak, to answer the kindly smile, but her throat was dry, her tongue refused to move, and in a trance of embarrassment, she gazed at the waiting Governor—speechless!

The eyes which could flash such lightnings of wrath for the wrong-doer now filled with pitying tenderness as they rested on the frail little figure, with its shabby garments and toilworn hands. Then his rich, deep voice broke the silence: "Sergeant O'Brian tells me that your husband is confined in the penitentiary here, and that you are anxious to obtain a pardon.

"What was his crime? Relate the cir-

cumstances as briefly as possible, as my time is limited. If possible, I will help you!" The kindly words broke the seal of silence on the woman's lips, and she poured out her story in a torrent of broken sentences:

"My husband killed a man, sir, an' was sent here to the penitentiary for ten years. 'Twas the time of the last election, sir, an' poor Tom was drinkin'—'twas his only fault—an' so was the other man. They got to fussing over the election, an' both shot. Tom happened to hit, an' the man died, so they sent him here. I was left by myself with two babies, an' I sure have had a terrible time! I hadn't any folks to help me, or stay with me, an' I was near to starving sometimes. I'm scared to death of the niggers, too, an' soon as I could leave the baby, I set out to earn the money to come here an' beg you to pardon poor Tom.

"He's served three years an' more, now, an' his health's gettin' bad, they say. He's suffered enough for what he didn't know he'd done till he got sober!

"It took me over a year to earn the money to get here. I sold eggs an' vegetables an' blackberries that I picked.

"I just did have enough to get here, an' I hope you can pardon Tom, sir, for I don't know what I'll do, by myself! He wrote me to try an' see you, that you was a good man, an' perhaps you'd let him out, as 'twas about you he got into trouble—"

"About me!" exclaimed the Governor, in much surprise. "How was that?"

"They was fussin' over the election, sir," she explained timidly. "Tom was on your side, an' always voted for you. The other man was agen you, an' poor Tom, he was a braggin' over you bein' elected, an' the best man."

The Governor raised his hand. "What's his name? How long has he served? From what county?"

"His name is Thomas Atkins, sir, from C— county. He's served over three years. Oh, sir, if you will only let him out! I haven't seen him since—" she choked; and wheeling quickly to his desk, the Governor drew a sheet of paper before him, and dipped his pen in the inkstand. With a coarse but clean cotton handkerchief the poor wife wiped away her tears, and clasping her trembling hands, waited in an agony of suspense.

Rapidly the Governor wrote, signed and

folded the pardon, slipped a ten dollar bill into it, and, inclosing the whole in an envelope, rose and approached the convict's wife. "Madam," and bending from his stately height, he placed the envelope in her hand, "your husband is free; here is his pardon! I can truly say that I have never signed a pardon that gave me greater pleasure! I will assist your husband after he reaches his home, and, as you are a stranger here, I will

The strong, kind hand pressed her thin, toilworn one, patted the heads of the wondering children, and, accompanying the little group to the door, the Governor bowed them out with a smile like sunshine.

A happy little woman, looking ten years younger, followed the big policeman into the street, hugging the precious paper to her breast and hardly able to believe in her good fortune.



"'Twas about you he got into trouble!"

place you in the care of Sergeant O'Brian, who will attend to your every want, and see that your husband is released.

"O'Brian!" and he turned to the burly policeman, who was using his handkerchief vigorously, and muttering something about a "confounded cold." "I place Mrs. Atkins in your care! You will take her at once to the E— hotel and see that she has every attention. Accompany her to the penitentiary, and see that her husband is released. Remain with them as long as they are in the city, and see them to their train." Again he turned to the waiting woman: "And now, madam, I must say good-by. I am truly glad to have been able to grant your request, and hope you will reach your home in safety!"

Some hours later, Sergeant O'Brian assisted a reunited and happy little family on board a southbound train. The father, pale and emaciated, wore a new suit, hat and shoes, and, weak as he was, carried the baby girl, clasped closely to his breast.

The face of the little mother was absolutely transfigured with the greatest happiness her starved life had known. "An' just to think," the burly Sergeant muttered indignantly, as, after shaking hands all around, he swung himself from the already moving train: "To think there's some fools as says the Gov'n'r abuses his power, an' pardons too many folks!

"Dash it, much do they know! I'd like to crack their heads."



MUSIC is indissolubly associated with Christmas, and "Sing the glad tidings" finds a response in millions of human hearts in clubs, churches, crowded city streets and scattered homes all over the country, and in humble miners' camps as in far-off missionary settlements. Every year, true to the festive spirit, the old carols, songs and familiar works of famous composers are eagerly sought out and sung over again.

There are extensive libraries of Christmas music on talking machine records, manufactured in response to the steadily growing demand. By the use of these records many homes are enlivened with glad Christmas strains, that otherwise would have been debarred from that pleasure. Musical records bring to every fireside circle in the country a wide selection of the masterpieces of both composers and singers, a privilege which is especially appreciated at Christmas time. In thousands of homes, in many public entertainments and in many churches all over the land these Christmas records will play an important part this year.

Speaking of churches, Sunday-School Christmas trees come to mind, with gift-giving in private and public. In this connection there is a hint that the festive season for 1909 will see a greater number of talking machines given as Christmas presents than ever before. One family, that has long owned a machine, reports that the children are clubbing together to buy a set of Christmas records for use on Christmas Day.

IT occurs to me that the home of the owner of a talking machine can be made much more bright and attractive at Christmas time

by arranging a special musical programme, suited to the season, and inviting in a few friends.

Whether classical music announcing the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem is desired, or humorous sketches of Kris Kringle in his happy rôle of Santa Claus, the records are right there on the lists, ready for selection.

Perhaps the owner of the Victor Talking Machine will turn to the great oratorios, "The Messiah" and "Elijah" by Handel. From the former he may choose the solo "Why do the Nations?"—sung by Witherspoon—and "Comfort ye My People," and "Every Valley shall be Exalted," sung by Harry McDonough. He may wish for the contralto solo, "He shall Feed His Flock," sung by Madame Homer, of grand opera fame. Attractive selections from "Elijah" are "If with all your hearts," sung by the well-known tenor, Evan Williams, and "It is Enough," and "Lord God of Abraham," two excellent basso solos by Herbert Witherspoon. By way of variety "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," may be added; this is from Handel's "Theodora," sung by Mina Hickman.

* * *

IN the household where the Columbia Graphophone reigns over the musical department there will be no difficulty in making a very delightful Christmas programme, beginning with "The Silent Night," arranged as an instrumental trio and followed by "Ring the Bells for Christmas Morn," by Mendelssohn mixed quartette. One of the new December records, "O Holy Night," sung by Thomas Chalmers, with the chorus of the Church of the Ascension of New York City, is the best of its kind ever issued.

This selection can also be had as a baritone solo, sung by George Alexander. Another piece that can be obtained in two different arrangements is "Silent Night," which is supplied as sung by the Metropolitan Trio of mixed voices in one record, and in another is arranged as an instrumental trio.

Besides the standard Christmas music, there are many records of popular songs and Christmas carols, that call up old-time Christmas singers, with mufflers and lanterns carolling through the village streets, to sing in the raw midnight air of Christmas Eve. The clear ringing of the chimes and the harmony of the instruments, as the tunes of the favorite Christmas hymns peal out, make these records especially popular.

* * *

IN the Edison home, the listeners may hearken to the stirring strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the "Messiah," which can be had either as a mixed chorus or as a band selection. "The Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation," can also be obtained as a band selection. "Hear Ye, Israel," sung by Edith Chapman; "In the Garden of my Heart," sung by Reed Miller, and "It is Enough," sung by James F. Harrison, fill out a musical programme likely to suit even the most aspiring family circle. If other numbers are desired, in the band selections may be found, "Christ is Come," a record which introduces bells and chimes and is rendered by Anthony and Harrison and a mixed quartette. "O Silent Night" can be obtained as sung by the Edison quartette. In the December list of records just published are two famous old hymns, "Angels from the Realms of Glory" which has been especially arranged as a band number and includes a quartette of mixed voices and a well-trained chorus, with an appropriate introduction of Christmas chimes; the other hymn is the well-known "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," the beautiful Christmas Carol that proclaims to every Christian nation the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem.

While these suggestions give the groundwork of a Christmas programme, many variations will occur to those arranging for the holiday music in the home, especially where there are children who will appreciate the many Santa Claus and humorous records not mentioned in the programmes outlined above.

DECEMBER RECORDS

The Edison Amberol records for December are:

- 305 ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.....
Edison Concert Band
- 306 WHEN THE EVENING BELLS ARE CHIMING
SONGS OF AULD LANG SYNE...Manuel Romain
- 307 BACH'S AIR....Victor Herbert and His Orchestra
- 308 DOWN WHERE THE BIG BANANAS GROW.....
Collins and Harlan
- 309 LIFE'S HIGHWAY.....Ada Jones and Chorus
- 310 THE BRIDE OF THE WAVES.....Herbert L. Clarke
- 311 IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART....Reed Miller
- 312 THE GOLDEN WEDDING.....
Ada Jones and Len Spencer
- 313 SELECTION FROM "THE GAY HUZARS".....
American Symphony Orchestra
- 314 GOOD LUCK, MARY....Billy Murray and Chorus
- 315 THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.....
Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Anthony
- 316 WALTZ, CAPRICE.Samuel Siegel and Roy H. Butin
- 317 PADDY DUFFY'S CART.....
Edward M. Favor and Chorus
- 318 ANNIE LAURIE.....Knickerbocker Quartette
- 319 MANHATTAN BEACH AND EL CAPITAN
MARCHES.....Souza's Band
- 320 IN THE GLOAMING..Will Oakland and Chorus
- 321 HE WAS A WONDERFUL MAN.....
Ada Jones and Billy Murray
- 322 MEDLEY OF COUNTRY DANCES..Eugene A. Jaudas
- 323 STRAWBERRIES.....Arthur Collins
- 324 TO THREE WALTZ....New York Military Band
- 12065 SHE'S MY DAISY.....Harry Lauder
- 12070 I'VE LOVED HER EVER SINCE SHE WAS A
BABY.....Harry Lauder
- 12080 BONNIE LEEZIE LINDSAY.....Harry Lauder

STANDARD RECORDS

- 10257 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.....
Edison Concert Band
- 10258 YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM LOVING YOU.....
Manuel Romain
- 10259 I'M GOING TO DO WHAT I PLEASE..Ada Jones
- 10260 MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG.....
Victor Herbert and His Orchestra
- 10261 IN THE SHADOW OF THE CAROLINA HILLS.....
Arthur C. Clough
- 10262 SWANEE BABE.....Premier Quartette
- 10263 RING ME UP HEAVEN, PLEASE, CENTRAL.....
Will Oakland
- 10264 LINCOLN CENTENNIAL MARCH.....
United States Marine Band
- 10265 WHOSE BABY GIRL ARE YOU? ..Grace Cameron
- 10266 DREAMLAND FACES.....
Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Anthony
- 10267 BL-ND AND P-G.....Josie Sadler
- 10268 LILY OF THE PRAIRIE MEDLEY.....
American Symphony Orchestra
- 10269 LET'S GO INTO A PICTURE SHOW..Byron G. Harlan
- 10270 SHADOWS.....Anthony and Harrison
- 10271 BROKE.....Edward Meeker
- 10272 THE YANKEE SHUFFLE.....Souza's Band
- 10273 FOOLISH QUESTIONS.....Billy Murray
- 10274 HOW DO YOU DO, MISS JOSEPHINE?.....
Collins and Harlan
- 10275 UNCLE JOSH INVITES THE CITY FOLKS TO VISIT
HIM DOWN ON THE FARM.....Cal Stewart
- 10276 CAROLINA BROWN TWO-STEP.....
National (London) Military Band

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The Columbia double disc records for December are:

- A752 LINDAS MEXICANAS—Marcha (V. M. Presá)
Banda de Policía
- THE MOTOR CAR GALOP (J. Gilchrist)....
Royal Regimental Band
- A753 MEDLEY OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS (Arranged by
C. A. Prince).....Prince's Orchestra
- DER ZEIGUNERBARON (Schatz-Walzer).....
Columbia Orchestra
- A754 DIAVOLETTA—Mazurka (Camillo Rensetti).....
Charles Adams
- Orchestra Bells, Orchestra Accompaniment
- AL FIN SOLOS—Scottish (Lerdo) Orquesta
- Tipica.....Lerdo

- A755 HIGH AND LOW MAZURKA....Martin J. Schlig
Xylophone Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
QUARTETTE NUMBER ONE—Andante (*Rossini*).....Lufsky Instrumental Quartette
- A756 DREAMING OF MOTHER AND OF HOME, SWEET HOME (*Holmes*).....Columbia Quartette
Vocal quartette—male voices—Orchestra accompaniment
- A BROKEN IDOL—What Makes the World go Round (*Williams and Van Alstyne*).....
Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley
Soprano and Baritone Duet, Orchestra Accompaniment
- A757 GOD BE WITH YOU—Sacred (*Tomer*).....
Columbia Quartette
Vocal Quartette, Male Voices, Orchestra Accompaniment
- HEAVEN IS MY HOME—Sacred (*Tonzo Savage*).....Henry Burr
Tenor Solo, Organ Accompaniment
- A758 BLITZ AND BLATZ IN AN AEROPLANE (*Duprez and Roberts*).....Duprez and Roberts
Descriptive talking, with incidental music by orchestra
- THEN WE'LL ALL GO HOME (*Williams and Van Alstyne*).....Ed Morton
Baritone Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
- A759 I'VE LOST MY GAL (*Van Alstyne*).....
Miss Stevenson and Mr. Stanley
Soprano and Baritone Duet, Orchestra accompaniment
- THAT'S THE TIME A FELLOW WANTS HIS MA (*Maurice Scott*).....Jack Charman
Baritone Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
- A760 A BROKEN IDOL—A Little China Doll (*Williams and Van Alstyne*).....Elsie Stevenson
Soprano Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
- ANGELS GUARD THREE (*Benjamin Godard*).....Bernard Turner
Tenor Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
- A761 COME AND SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH ME (*Hill*).....Byron G. Harlan
Tenor Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
- CAPTAIN BABY BUNTING (*Hill*).....Byron G. Harlan
Tenor Solo, Orchestra Accompaniment
- A762 BUSBY POLKA—Accordion Solo.....Peter Wyper
FATHER O'FLYNN, ETC.—Irish Jig—Accordion Solo.....Peter Wyper
- A5135 O HOLY NIGHT—Cantique De Noel (*Adam*)
Thomas Chalmers with Chorus from the Church of the Ascension, New York City
- SILENT NIGHT—Christmas Carol—Tyrolese Hymn.....Metropolitan Trio
Vocal Trio, Mixed Voices (*Rossini*).....
- A763 STABAT MATER—Pro peccatis (*Rossini*).....Giuseppe Pimazzoni
- A764 AVE MARIA (*Luiga Luzzi*).....Giuseppe Pimazzoni
- IL TROVATORE—Il balen den suo sorriso (*Verdi*).....Giuseppe Pimazzoni
- FAUST—Dio Possente dio d'Amor (*Gounod*).....Giuseppe Pimazzoni
- A765 CARMEN—Toreador Song (*Bizet*).....Giuseppe Pimazzoni
- DINORAH—Romanza sei vendicata (*Meyerbeer*).....Giuseppe Pimazzoni
- A5136 DON JUAN'S SERENADE (*Tschaikowsky*).....Kirk Towns
- GIPSY JOHN (*Clay*).....Kirk Towns
- A5137 IVANHOE—Woo Thou Thy Snowflake (*Sullivan*).....David Bispham
- IL TROVATORE—Il balen (*Verdi*).....David Bispham
- 31753 SCHUBERT'S SERENADE (*Franz Schubert*).....
Duet by Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler
- 5751 CAN'T YOU SEE (*Bryan and Gumble*).....
Duet by Elizabeth Wheeler and Harry Macdonough
- 5749 HILDA LOSES HER JOB.....
German Dialect Specialty by Josie Sadler
- 31756 DANSE CAPRICE (*Grieg*).....Vienna String Quartette
- 5750 CHANT SANS PAROLE—Song without words (*Tschaikowsky*).....Vienna String Quartette
- 31754 AIDA—Duet, Act IV—The Fatal Stone (*Verdi*)
By Arthur Pryor and Emil Keneke accompanied by Pryor's Band
- 16368 IRISH DANCES—No. 1, Allegro non troppo (*Ansell-Godfrey*).....Pryor's Band
- IRISH DANCES—No. 2, Allegretto.....Pryor's Band
- 16376 POPULAR MEDLEY, No. 1—"My Pony Boy"—"Hammock Love Song"—"Creole Days"—"I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid".....Pryor's Band
- WHEN THE AUTUMN MOON IS CREEPING THRO' THE WOODLANDS (*Rosenfeld-Solman*).....Oakland
- 16372 HOME OF THE SOUL.....Whitney Brothers Quartette
- I AM PRAYING FOR YOU.....Stanley Burr
- 16370 BLUE FEATHER (*Mahoney-Morse*).....Jones-Murray
- RUN, BRUDDER 'POSSUM, RUN.....Collins-Harlan
- 16378 THE YANKIANA RAG—Oh! That Yankee Rag.....Murray
- A COUPLE OF GOOD ONES.....Whitney
- 35085 RED, RED ROSE.....Clough and Haydn Quartette
- MY WILD IRISH ROSE.....Maddonough and Haydn Quartette
- 16374 POLKA SCHERZO.....Page-Butin
- SEMPRONA WALTZ.....Clarke-Keneke
- 16377 PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET.....Haydn Quartette
- IT'S HARD TO KISS YOUR SWEETHEART WHEN THE LAST KISS MEANS GOOD-BYE.....Van Brunt
- 16379 CORN HUSKIN' BARN DANCE.....Victor Dance Orchestra
- "A STUBBORN CINDERELLA"—Selection.....Pryor's Band
- 16375 Floating Along—Intermezzo—Two-Step.....Pryor's Band
- YANKEE PATROL (*Meacham*).....Victor Orchestra
- 16373 MAMMY CHLOE AND HER JOE—A Southern Sketch.....Jones-Spencer
- KITTY MAGEE.....Whitney Brothers Quartette
- 16369 I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS (*Claribel*)
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler
- FORSAKEN (*Koschat*).....Whitney Brothers Quartette

NEW RED SEAL RECORDS

- 87030 MADAMA BUTTERFLY—Finale ultimo—Butterfly's Death Scene (*Puccini*).....Geraldine Farrar
- 87031 MADAMA BUTTERFLY—Ieri son salita—Hear What I Say (*Puccini*).....Geraldine Farrar
- 88192 TWELVE-INCH, with orchestra, \$3.00 each
- TOSCA—Vissi d'arte e d'amor—Love and Music—In Italian (*Puccini*).....Geraldine Farrar
- 88193 BONNIE SWEET BESSIE—In English (*Gilbert*).....Geraldine Farrar
- 87032 THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER—In English (*Reger*).....Ernestine Schumann-Heink
- LIEBESFRIER—Love's Fire—In German (*Wein-gartner*).....Ernestine Schumann-Heink
- 88196 TITUS—Sextus Aria—In Italian (*Mozart*).....Ernestine Schumann-Heink
- 88197 MONDNACHT—Moonlight—In German (*Schumann*).....Ernestine Schumann-Heink
- 88198 ORFEO—J'ai perdu mon Euridice—I Have Lost My Eurydice (*Gluck*).....Jeanne Gerville-Reache
- 88194 DON GIOVANNI—Serenata, "Deh vieni alla finestra"—Open Thy Window, Love (*Mozart*).....Antonio Scotti
- FALSTAFF—Quand' ero paggio—When I Was Page (*Verdi*).....Antonio Scotti
- 88195 FALSTAFF—Monologue, "L'Onore! Ladri!"—Honor, Ye Ruffians! (*Verdi*).....Antonio Scotti
- 87502 CONTESSA D'HOFFMAN—Barcarole—Oh, Night of Love (*Offenbach*).....Geraldine Farrar
- 89027 NOZZE DI FIGARO—Cruel perche finora—Too Long You Have Deceived Me (*Mozart*).....Geraldine Farrar
- 89026 MADAMA BUTTERFLY—Tutti i fiori—Duet of the Flowers (*Puccini*).....Geraldine Farrar—Josephine Jacoby
- The Victor records for December are:
- 5748 THE ENTERPRISES MILITARY MARCH (*Lampe*).....Pryor's Band
- 31752 HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY No. 9—Finale—Le Carnaval de Pesti (*Liszt*).....Pryor's Band
- 58018 FAUST—Ballet Music—No. 2 adagio—Cleopatra and the Golden Cup (*Gounod*).....L'Orchestre Symphonique
- 52022 SONGE D'AUTOMNE—A Dream of Autumn (*Joyce*).....The Bohemian Orchestra
- 31757 GEMS FROM "THE BROKEN IDOL" (*Williams and Van Alstyne*)—"A Little China Doll"—"Love Makes the World Go Round"—"Marie"—"Signs of a Honeymoon"—"Alabama".....Victor Light Opera Company

A CUBAN PLANTATION

By FLYNN WAYNE

SINCE the close of the Spanish-American War, many alert and enterprising Americans have availed themselves of the radically changed conditions of life and business in Cuba. Immense tracts of rich, virgin territory have already, in some cases, proved to be the sure foundation of profitable development.

In the midst of a group of gentlemen interested in the agricultural development of Cuba, I met Mr. Emile Utard, long and widely known in connection with the New York house of the world-famous Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud of Paris; he gave me much interesting information as to what had already been accomplished by American capital and enterprise in Cuba. Although a foreign and independent country, the island is so near to our shores and so intimately connected with our markets by heavy investments, increasing trade and rapidly improving transportation, that it offers astonishing opportunities to men of action and foresight.

Mr. Utard's explanation threw a bright light on the possibilities of such properties as the Baracoa Plantation, in which he is interested. The plantation includes about 73,000 acres, known formerly as Cayo-Guin and Baez Plantation, and offers splendid conditions and resources for lumbering operations, and growing cocoanut and cacao trees, citrus fruits, cotton and coffee, and produces honey, wax and cocoanuts.

Situated on the eastern extremity of the long, northern coastline of the "Queen of the Antilles," the property lies about ten miles from Baracoa, long famous as the principal source whence the highly colored and delicious "Baracoa bananas" were originally shipped. For about six miles the plantation extends along the coast to Maguana Bay, buttressed by strata of limestone and coral, which form a natural sea wall rising from six to twenty-five feet above mean high-water mark, broken naturally only at the river outlets. Back from this natural rampart is a level shelf of land, that looks almost like a boulevard. About four hundred yards

in width, this natural roadway is in turn broken by a more ancient sea wall, largely corroded by time and weather, above which rises abruptly a parallel range of hills, from one hundred to three hundred feet in height. These gradually merge into loftier elevations inland, capped by the broken and irregular mountains of the northern coast range, of which the Silla de Baez and Mount Magirre, about three thousand feet high, are the greatest elevations.

The land is well watered and equally well drained by six rivers, including the Maravi River, which forms the southern boundary. All the others have their source within the Baracoa Plantation, and the broad valleys of the Baez and Cueva afford good locations for roadways to a large part of the property. The wonderfully productive soil is often very deep and abounding in vegetable humus, giving it great and enduring fertility.

While the rainfall is heavy those slopes which have been cleared and planted with cocoanut palms, coffee, corn and cacao never as yet have suffered from the wash of the tropical storms.

Of six bays on the property, two afford safe anchorage for ships of any size. Maravi, the largest, has a long, narrow channel and from three to eight fathoms of water at the inner anchorage. At Baez Bay a small amount of dredging on the bar to widen the river channel would admit shoal water craft through the Baez River, also navigable for some hundreds of yards inland.

A stalwart forest growth covers nearly the whole territory, averaging a stumpage in the sections explored of over twelve thousand feet to the acre. There are large tracts of pine and other woods which already have a standard value both for the production of tar, resin and turpentine, and also for lumber, to be utilized for cabinet work and railroad ties. Over eighty varieties of trees have been discovered and classified, most of which are evergreen, rarely losing all their leaves at once in any one season. Some twelve or

fifteen of these woods have a recognized value in the markets of the world; a number of other timbers have a market limited to Cuban cities and other West Indian points, where the toughness, hardness, lightness or beauty of the wood has established a reputation of value. These and others are being introduced to the notice of the world's workmen who only occasionally have been privileged to avail themselves of their varied uses and beauties.

Sample plats carefully measured and examined on the La Cueva and Baez River bottoms have shown from 124 to 136 trees to the acre, and on rolling land in the same localities as high as 170 trees, giving a stumpage of from 8,306 to 17,906 feet per acre. Much of this is lumber which brings as high as \$200 and even more per thousand feet; it furnishes railroad ties so hard and durable that they will last two or three times as long as those of wood ordinarily used.

"This magnificent property," said Mr. Utard, "is at present practically standing idle, because my business cares make it impossible for me to avail myself of the fine opportunities it offers for the establishment in one of the healthiest, most beautiful and fertile sections of the 'Queen of the Antilles,' a profitable lumbering business and a princely plantation on the cleared land. I have thought that possibly the quickest mode of development would be the founding of colonies surrounded by many beautiful and profitable small plantations.

"The Baracoa property," he continued, "has been cruised over and most carefully examined by the well-known timber expert, Mr. A. B. Patterson, now of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. His report suggests strongly that by building saw-mills on the Baez and La Cueva Rivers, and using shallow draught steam-lighters for loading large timber-ships in the outer roadstead, this vast tract could be at once immensely productive.

"Logging operations should be preliminary to clearing the ground wherever suitable for the production of cocoanuts, bananas, pineapples, cacao, cassava, peanuts, rubber, coffee, and other crops. Long before the logging operations of the Baracoa Plantation could be completed, the value of the agricultural productions of its fertile lands would even exceed the lumber output.

"In addition to other lumbering, there would be a constantly growing business in cutting and shipping to the United States and European markets the hickory-like Cuban woods, which are urgently needed to supply the enormous demand for the American walnut, shagbark, hornbeam and other tested woods, that have made United States carriages, sleighs, tool-handles and other manufactured articles justly famous for combined lightness, elasticity and strength.

"Among Cuban woods already marketed and found in quantity on the Baracoa Plantation, are the *agua*, whose trunk is covered with cone-like thorns and attains a diameter of two feet. Its wood ranges from nearly white to yellow, and in grain and suitability for fine work rivals satinwood. *Cuaridiao* has a light grayish scaly bark, with white sapwood and reddish heart-wood, and is used for buildings, wagon work and tanning. *Drague* has a fluted hole, of large size, with a white, soft wood like basswood. *Jucaro*, the wild olive of Jamaica, one of the most common trees on the estate, attains a diameter of forty-eight inches, and, perhaps, sixty feet of clear length and very slight taper. It is in great demand especially for wharf and floating structures, as it is almost immune from the attacks of insects.

"*Majagua de Cuba* has leaves like our basswood and the flowers and general appearance of yellow poplar; its bluish green heartwood brings from \$100 to \$150 per thousand feet in the Havana market.

"*Najuci* resembles cedar, and in color, durability and large size is very desirable; also the trees exude a gum of medicinal value. Another tree, the *yamagua*, is reddish in hue and may be called a medium hard wood.

"The wild fruit trees found here include the *aguacate*, *guapau* or breadfruit, *guayaba* or guava, *jobo* or West Indian plum; limes, lemons, mangoes and oranges are all grown, and also fruit unfamiliar to the palate of citizens of temperate climes, the *mamey*, *zapate* and *zapatillo*."

Native woodsmen earn from sixty-five to ninety cents a day, and the value of their output is estimated at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per diem. Mr. Utard lamented that they use the axe and waste a great deal of material where it could be saved if they knew how to handle the American saw-and-wedge system in felling.

These more modern methods could be introduced and would add thirty per cent to the returns on all woods.

While a general market exists for only twelve varieties, at least thirty-four have color, grain, strength and durability which are being eagerly sought for by manufacturers in the United States. The railroads, hard-pressed for cross-ties, the wagon manufacturers for hickory, the cotton manufacturers for dogwood and persimmon for bobbins, will all find in these Cuban woods an adequate, if not superior substitute, for the woods which they already know. The Cubans have found twelve different species of wood suitable for cross-ties, which have been proved to last for twelve or more years. Some of the woods have been too hard to drive railroad spikes into, making it necessary either to punch or bore holes, or use screw pikes, such as are sometimes employed in European railroads.

Within a very few years at most such lumber as abounds on the Baracoa Plantation will all be needed to supply the United States, whose own timber resources are rapidly being depleted.

Some years ago the raising of hogs was introduced on the Baracoa Plantation with great success, but Mr. Utard explained that while remunerative, the animals damaged the cocoanut trees, thus detracting from their value as a stock proposition. In Cuba the hog is permitted to run wild at his own sweet will among the underbrush. Hog dogs, kept for that purpose, are loosed and they charge and catch the hog by the ear, as a collie dog herds sheep.

Where an opening in the underbrush gives access to the sunlight, grass of a fine quality grows rapidly, showing a fair, green promise for the dairy interests of Baracoa Plantation. After the timber is removed from such land it is turned over annually for a few seasons to kill the underbrush, and then these cleared spaces grow abundant

grass and prove very profitable for grazing cattle and goats.

To secure quick returns Baracoa lacks only capital and labor; the returns from the timber sold alone would be sufficient to plant cocoanut groves in the slashings as fast as the ground was cleared. It has been suggested that it would be well to encourage European immigration to this part of the island, and bring in sturdy Swedes and Norwegians as tenants of the plantation. This has been done in other places along the north coast, thus securing workers to develop the rich resources of, and establish farms and modern industries in the "Pearl of the Antilles."

The well-wooded and fertile Baracoa Plantation offers to immigrants a healthful and beautiful country whose future possibilities can hardly be overrated. Whoever may purchase the land from Mr. Emile Utard of New York, who owns the controlling stock, and develop this fertile tract, will doubtless hereafter figure in history as the founder of an important part of Cuba Libre.

The wonderful fertility and natural resources of the property have been clearly demonstrated by the returns from a small portion of the property that has been cleared and developed. Preliminary operations show a net profit of \$10 per acre, and there is no question that eventually the Baracoa land will pay immense profits, as has been the case with similar plantations in Cuba. The exceedingly bright prospects, which are practically assured in this property, need only to be understood to secure the interest of men who delight in handling large industrial affairs.

The company will gladly furnish fullest details and give capitalists who may be interested ample opportunity for a most thorough investigation. A copy of Mr. Patterson's report may be obtained by addressing Mr. Emile Utard, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York.



THE STORY OF "HEART SONGS"

By THE EDITOR

ON the old, square piano lay faded, yellow sheets of music, and tattered, worn song books, with familiar well-thumbed covers. In the glow of the lamp, evening after evening, for years, a mother sat at that piano surrounded by her boys. What cared they that the music was patched and sewn with vari-colored scraps of soft yarn! Had not each piece its own tender or gay associations? One by one those boys were taught to read the notes, and the programme around "Mother's piano" was very varied—there were songs, classical music, simple lays, jolly, rollicking rounds; and hymns for Saturday nights. How difficult those black dots looked at first and how absurdly familiar and simple they became after a few evenings around the piano! What a task it seemed to master the score of the Hallelujah Chorus, and yet with mother at the instrument every phrase became as simple as a lullaby. No matter how long and hard her day had been, or how difficult her music pupils had proved, she never was too tired to teach her boys the art she loved, as long as the young brains below those tousled heads of hair remained wakeful enough to master her instructions.

Each sheet of music had its own story; it was not merely a piece of paper with printed notes upon it. There was always a reason behind those black marks—mother knew what the melody meant; or she remembered some curious circumstance connected with the pieces. The boys were told the story of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, P. P. Bliss, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mozart; she even taught an appreciation of Wagner—almost a heresy in the musical world of that time. The endless variety made the practice hours a delight, and with the love of music in the hearts of the boys there grew up an appreciation of home and parents that has ever been prized

by those sons beyond any learning, any possessions that have come to them in later years. Never once was a thought entertained of taking up music as a profession—to those boys the art was a sacred expression of the love of home and mother.

Close to the pile of classical music in that home there lay many stirring national and patriotic airs, popular songs and simple ballads, always taken up at the end of the singing hour, before retiring for the night. Among these was a little German ballad, "All is quiet, all is still," with a violin obligato—for each boy played some instrument. Not one of those sons can ever forget that simple German air, and that patched sheet of music is one of the old home treasures.

There were other singing hours—rehearsals for concerts, for operas, for church services and festivals—if these more businesslike "practices" were somewhat dreaded or disliked, the boys became reconciled to them because they knew that the drudgery would be followed by a delightful evening with mother at the home piano.

When the sons went out into the world, how they looked forward to coming back home, for even the briefest visit! No matter at what hour of day or night they arrived, the first notification, the first welcome, must be at the piano. At mother's request not one of those boys entered the house, after even a



THE OLD PIANO

short absence, but he sat down to the piano and sang his favorite song. What a pleasure it was for mother sometimes to awaken in the dawn and hear one of her boys, come unexpectedly from afar, lustily singing the song that she had taught him when he was a little lad. Strange to say, the neighbors did not object; they smiled and said that they always knew when one of the boys had come home. In those reunions every spare moment, whether late at night or early in the morning, was devoted to the home shrine—the old piano. What a delight it was to pick up the familiar pages of music, old melodies "out of fashion" today, and sing them all again while mother played the accompaniment.



It was a bridal party traveling in a prairie schooner across the rolling green waves of the Iowa landscape, in the late sixties. The young people were starting out to build a home on the banks of the Cedar. In that caravan, among the simple, homely household chattels, was a square Steinway piano, and what a romance hung about that instrument! The home was established. There were happy days of pioneering, when all life seemed rose-colored and the hours of hard work were full of inspiration. Iowa in those days was like a scroll of Paradise, a fertile spot of hidden wealth, that waited in the soil to be wrought out by the sturdy hands of the cultivator, rather than by the pick and shovel of the miner.

As time passed, the boys left the old home, but the piano remained with the mother; and who shall tell of the lonely hours that were cheered by the presence of the piano. Even in that little village there were rivalries and jealousies, but through it all there never was

a time when the owner of the piano did not have her sure and certain triumph. The mentor in church music, the leader of choirs, the conductor of cantatas and operettas, she never had a day of idleness from the time she started out to teach the art she loved. But there was a mortgage on that home which it seemed impossible to lift. The boys went farther West and later on there came another pioneer trip—this time to the plains of North Dakota, and there in a little rough shanty, twelve feet by twenty-four, the music of well known operas blended with the wild winds that blew around the humble home. Those were happy days, for the boys and their parents were once more united. When the young people had been established in a life

career, the piano once more reigned supreme in the Iowa home, from which the mortgage had been lifted. Who that attended the musical festival, given to celebrate the release from debt, will ever forget it! Of course all the sons had returned. There were the old friends and neighbors of the early days—some of them tottering with age, who yet had ventured out to hear once more the strains from the well-known piano, that was regarded as a complete

orchestra for all these musical events. In the years that followed, the sons were scattered again to the four corners of the nation, but never a Christmas passed without the performance of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" at the old home, and the difficult accompaniment was played by those beautiful hands that neither time nor toil seemed to wither.

As the years passed, the boys brought home their brides, and the bride of many years ago played the wedding march for each in turn upon the old piano, whose ivory keys were now worn hollow by the continual practising of students and the many hours of playing by the owner.

What words can paint the picture of those last days, when an incurable malady had set in, and the mother and music teacher reached out to play on the keyboard the "Swan Song" of Schubert. There was no gloom in that picture; the blue eyes still sparkled with hope and happiness that no illness could dim.

What a tribute it is to her memory, when, even at this late day, we never hear her name mentioned except in terms of love and respect, and always with some allusion to the music she brought forth from her stalwart square piano. Can we ever forget the singing of those favorite hymns, as she was taken for the last time from her home? Those sacred words were sung by her four boys at her request, but sung in broken voices and with blinding tears, even when they realized what a blessing it was to have had such a mother.

But the harp was not yet unstrung. The well-loved piano was taken to an island in far-off Lake Superior, and there, in a little cottage, it still awakens the echoes and recalls the tender memories of that beautiful and helpful life. There among the cedars and birch trees, in the historic spot close to where Father Marquette and his voyageurs landed in 1664, the old piano yet peals forth its message to those who are taking days of rest in the summer home.

* * *

Long ago, the plan and purpose of "Heart Songs" grew in the evenings around the old piano. It has required years of effort to collect favorite songs from homes all over the country, but the time spent in looking up these "loves of long ago" and more modern pet pieces, has reaped a rich reward. Carefully the sheet music and numerous books have been gone over and it will no longer be necessary to search old trunks in attics, or antique music cabinets, for our best loved songs—they are all bound together in one book—old friends in a pretty new dress—a beautiful "Heart Songs" book, the fruit of years of thought and planning. Over twenty thousand persons, representing every state and territory, sent in contributions to this famous book.

Never before has a collection of so wide and varied a range been put between the covers of a single volume. Song after song was examined by the judges and laid aside, until the real favorites were reached—just as one searches through piles of music in the cabinet for one especial piece, and incidentally finds songs fragrant with memories of long ago, or rich with newer associations, that are laid by to be sung when the search is finished. Yes, "Heart Songs" is the very book that contains those selections that you are looking for—those songs that you

would like to keep close to the piano ready to take up in the leisure hour and say:

"Come, let's sing this next."

The book is opened—from "grave to gay, from lively to severe"; from plaintive lay to stirring chorus—the memories gather in great chords that echo back the past, like a message from Heaven. The gentle blue eyes of mother seem to beam again upon us as the dear old songs are sung, which disperse the dark shadows and thrill the heart with thoughts of those whom we have "loved long since and lost awhile."

* * *

The foreword of the volume furnishes a comprehensive idea of this remarkable book of undying melodies.

"Heart Songs" is more than a collection of music—it is a book compiled directly by twenty thousand people, who not only sent in their favorite songs, but in accompanying letters told how these songs had been interwoven with the story of their own lives. All have been sent in by men and women who loved them; who cared little for the prizes, but desired to add a truly worthy contribution to the collection of Heart Songs. The personal associations of these melodies add to the familiar words a new thrill of heart interest. Each song recalls to the individual reader some tender, sad, joyous or martial association. It is a book which will be to American musical literature what 'Heart Throbs' is to prose and verse.

"For four years contributions have poured in from all parts of the republic—from neighboring Canada and Mexico; from distant isles of the sea and almost every continent on the globe—yet the harvest was overwhelmingly American, and although sectional features have added much to the variety of songs and to some extent represent days of strife and dissension, the mass of heart tributes shows how nearly and closely all true American hearts beat in unison, and how the bonds of music are universal.

"The original plan was to divide the contributions into ten classes as indicated in the announcements:—Patriotic and war songs; sea songs; lullabies and child songs; dancing songs, lilts and jigs; plantation and negro melodies; sacred songs and hymns; love songs; songs from operas and operettas; popular concert hall songs and ballads;

college, school and fraternity songs. It was soon discovered that no balanced classification could be made—the tremendous preponderance of love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads, operatic and patriotic airs, any one of which might have been adjudged correctly to two or more classes, soon convinced the judges that to make the book a true reflection of the contributors' tastes and feelings—a Heart Song book in the true sense—some classes would have to be abridged and selections made with a view to securing those songs about which cluster personal and heartfelt associations.

"In the mails came the yellow, ragged, timeworn music that had been on 'mother's' piano when as a young man 'father' timidly turned the music and with a glance silently responded to love's message. Old songs and hymns came in, betwixt covers that were familiar thirty, forty and fifty years ago. The old-time singing school was represented, and many a stirring strain that had made the crisp winter air ring, as the refrain was sung on a sleigh ride.

"Contributors in the far West sent in songs that have the breezy 'go' and dash of the intrepid pioneer. Eastern readers preserved for us songs that have been factors in history-making, and the consensus of opinion on patriotic songs reveals 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Dixie' and 'America' as the standard all over the land.

"The old-time sea songs, the chanteys and stirring airs, sung at capstan and halyard, were sent in by those whose memories of old days were kindled when a request came for music having in it the tang of salt air, the rush of sharp bows against crested seas, and the vikings of forgotten voyages and old wars. 'A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew,' 'Blow, Boys, Blow,' 'A Life On The Ocean Wave' came in side by side with 'Sailing,' 'Nancy Lee' and many others which suggest the scud of the white foam and the careening deck.

"The lullabies include some rare gems—plaintive minor airs of the past century, rich with sacred memories of mothers crooning over old wooden cradles, but modern selections, Emmet's 'Lullaby' and the sweet refrain from 'Erminie' were not overlooked. 'Rock-a-bye, Baby' proved a very popular favorite.

"Many of the lilts and dancing tunes are full of suggestions of a remote past, and martial events possess a close kinship to love songs because of romantic memories of festal nights when dainty feet kept time to the strains of 'Old Dan Tucker,' as the couples mustered reluctantly for 'the last dance.'

"Southern contributors brought to light stirring and plaintive melodies that swayed the hearts of millions during the dark days of the Lost Cause, nor did the North forget songs that were sung with heartache and tearful eyes, or cheered march and bivouac. The remarkable interest centering in the old darkey songs—the melodies of the Jubilee singers, breathing of old plantation days, show that the folk songs of America and even our national music of the future must bear the impress of the race that gave us this class of music. This is already indicated in the popularity of 'rag time,' which has already found its way into well-known symphonies, reflecting the *motif* that rings through such an air as 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.'

"Strange to relate, the chief difficulty was in the selection of love songs. While a wide range of selection was offered, the contributors were more insistent on the merit of these particular songs than on any other music sent in, because these melodies had meant so much to them in the days of 'love's young dream.' The man or woman who had found a thrill in singing 'Bonny Eloise' could not understand how 'Sweet Genevieve' and more modern songs could mean so much to others. Consequently the judges reduced them all to the common denominator of heart interest and found that the old, old story is ever new, and always bewitching, no matter how the melody may vary. 'Annie Laurie' is the one great international favorite ballad of all English-speaking people.

"There was remarkable unanimity in the choice of hymns. The universal selection seemed to turn to 'mother's favorite,' which had meant so much at the turning point of life's highway. The choice of 'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'Come, Thou Fount,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' and other hymns loved by many celebrated men, proved these songs to be also the favorites of people all over the world.

"The operatic selections the familiar arias

of Verdi, echoed around the world, were most in favor. The song of Manrico in the tower appeared to touch more hearts than any other aria sung behind American operatic footlights. Popular opera airs were mingled through the other classes.

"The long list of concert songs submitted contained many beautiful and rare selections, but the greater number were songs that have been household words for many a day, and some are still largely sold after nearly a half century of publication. These contributions throw an interesting light on national character. The popularity of 'Old Folks at Home' and 'My Old Kentucky Home' was emphasized, and 'Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground' was a strong universal favorite. The melody and sentiment of the songs of Stephen C. Foster come close to the affections of the American people, and Dan Emmet, Henry C. Work, Root and other composers who flourished between 1840 and 1880 are well represented. 'Old Black Joe,' 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny' and many other sweetly human songs were sent in by large numbers.

"The choice of college songs proved to be a matter of location. There were prime old favorites that have been inherited from the halcyon days of early schools, and are full of patriotic sentiment; many of these are almost classics, being standard tunes with only a variation in the words. 'My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean' and 'The Quilting Party' appeared equally attractive to various alma maters.

"Like 'Heart Throbs,' this book represents the history, the sentiment of the American people of today, as well as of the various European races who, in this new world, have been moulded into a great and powerful nation. 'Heart Songs' is a valuable and striking gauge and indicator of the popular taste of the people now comprising the republic of the United States of America. Few 'rag time' songs were sent in; operatic selections were not largely in favor. Love ballads, patriotic, sacred and concert melodies were the most popular.

"Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands. The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

"It is not unlikely that a second volume of 'Heart Songs' will be demanded by the American public if the publishers can judge by the orders already received for the first. There is ample material not drawn upon, and still more contributions indicate that the mine has only begun to yield its treasury of heart songs."

PRIZE AWARDS IN THE HEART SONG CONTEST WERE MADE TO THE FOLLOWING:

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| Tuthill, Miss Ella, Box 102, Pringhar, Ia. | Wilson, Mrs. D. T., Deer Creek, Ill. | De Witte, Estella, 1612 Jennings St., Ft. Worth, Tex. |
| Turner, Mrs. J. L., Brewer, Me. | Waring, Mrs. Jennie S., Lynn, Ky. | David, Mrs. Edna, Greenville, S. C. |
| Thomas, Miss Carrie, Memphis, Tenn. | Van Wyck, Jennie, Hopewell Jct., N. Y. | Byrne, Miss Nell, Tilden, Tex. |
| Sweetser, Mrs. Clara E., Cumberland Center, Me. | Tyler, Mabel, Uta, Ia. | Brown, Viola Gardner, Box 33, Marengo, Ia. |
| Sturdivant, Mrs. P. D., 27 Whittemore West Roxbury, Mass. | Toler, Nettie, Lawrence, Kan. | Brooks, Jenny, Stafford Springs, Conn. |
| Sheney, Miriam, 518 Moon St., Marion, Va. | Smith, Geo. W., Hudson River State Hospital, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. | Blood, Mrs. L. M., Bucksport, Me. |
| Signbee, Mrs. A. E., 820 L.L. St., Quincy, Ill. | Sweetman, Mae E., Phoenix, Ariz. | Blaisdell, M. F. |
| Rominger, Chas. H., Nazareth, Pa. | Silver Mrs. T. H., Wellsville, O. | Wright, Miss J. Alta, Chebousee, Ill. |
| Rogers, Lulu K., Barnesville, Ga. | Sessions, Mrs. D. L., Avon Park, Fla. | Whitehouse, A. Y., 200 Carr Ave., Cleveland, O. |
| Pound, Mr. John, Dover, N. H. | Sanderson, L. W., 17 Hough St., Dover, N. H. | Underwood, Matilda, Mechanicsburg, Pa. |
| Robbins, Mrs. L. E., Quanah, Tex. | Saunborn, S. W., Waban, Mass. | Taylor, Miss Belle, 401 Fannin St., Austin, Tex. |
| Pointer, Mrs. May, Macon, Ill. | Preston, L., 1367 S. 14th St., Denver, Colo. | Ryan, Miss Cora, 844 Bridge St., Morgantown, W. Va. |
| Norrell, Mrs. M. G., 1151 S. R. Ave., Augusta, Ga. | Peak, Howard, Ft. Worth, Tex. | Robison, Mrs. James A., Greenwood, Ind. |
| Morrison, Mrs. S. C., 298 Main St., Brunswick, Me. | Johnson, Mrs. J. E., Clarksville, Tenn. | Rhoads, Miss May, Milton, N. Y. |
| Morehead, M. A., No. Webster, Ind. | Jackson, Mrs. E. A., Wadsworth, Nev. | Reid, Mrs. S. R., Morrilltown, Ark. |
| McCauleand, S. A., Lexington, Mo. | Hurd, Mrs. G. W., Dundee, Mich. | Proctor, Edna Dean, 2312 Warring St., Berkeley, Cal. |
| McCaughy, Mrs. J. B., Camden, Ark. | Harris, Clarence, 726 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. | Plekerling, J. H., Bluefield, W. Va., Mercer Co. |
| Kincaid, Mrs. Wm., 15 Howard St., Phillipsburg, N. J. | Hall, Carrie, Winthrop, Mass. | Pettie, Mrs. J. H., Avoca, N. Y. |
| Cooper, Mrs. T., 40 St. Botolph St., Melrose Highlands, Mass. | Frantz, Mrs. E. B., Cedarville, O. | Patton, Mrs. C. G., So. Attleboro, Mass. |
| Coof, Mrs. R. J., Des Moines, Ia. | Fowler, 413 Auburn Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. | Nisbit, Mrs. J. B., Washington, D. C. |
| Clark, Mrs. Margaret, Waverly, Ia. | Ellesbie, Mrs. J. E., Marion, S. C. | Nelson, Rev. F. B., Wheelock, Vt. |
| Cawthorne, Elsie M., Grass Valley, Ore. | Fasterly, C. K., Bartlesville, I. T. | Morse, Guy B., 2523 Chicago Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. |
| Burrill, Gertrude B., Brewer, Me. | Drennan, G. T., New Orleans, La. | Lisk, Nettie, Grahamsville, Fla. |
| Bernard, B. Caldwell, Senatobi, Mo. | Dickerman, Miss Amelia, Ransomville, N. Y. | |
| | Dial, T. B., Madison, Fla. | |
| | Deveraux Mrs. J. E. | |

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Adams, Sarah T., Lowell, Mass.

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Anderson, Hazel, Wellington, Kan.

Anderson, N. L. G., Jennington, W. Va.

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Bailey, Zetta, Harrisville, Pa.

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Baird, L. W., Lewiston, Me.

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Barnard, Miss Florence, Little Rock, Ark.

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Barr, Madie, Arnott, San Diego, Cal.

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Beane, M. E., Coventry, Vt.

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Bell, Mrs. N. E., Sparks, Nev.

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Bennett, F. H., Lamoure, N. Dak.

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Carson, Mrs. M. L., Chino, Cal.

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Carter, Dr. R. K., Blue Ridge, Pa.

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Chase, Mrs. Everett, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Chase, John P., Bangor, Me.

Chase, Susie J., Waterford, N. Y.

Cheesman, Jennie E., El Paso, Tex.

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Clark, Rachel, Cocuituate, Mass.

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Cohan, Miss E. S., Eagle River, Wis.

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Cosburn, A. B., Allegan, Mich.

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Cole, Mrs. Harry, Akron, O.

Collins, Miss Mary, Akron, O.

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Conway, Richard, Muskogee, Ind. T.

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Cook, Miss Sallie J., Cool Springs, N. C.

Cook, Sherman, Wellington, Me.

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Dony, Mrs. Winifred, Fancher, A. U. 111, Ill.

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Dorsey, Mrs. H. E., Moro, Ill.

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Dunklee, N. E., Ruauand, Vt.

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Daicho, Alice, Boston, Mass.

Dye, Miss Luc, Fort Bend, Tex.

Dysart, Mrs. W. E., Los Angeles, Cal.

Lasley, Mary, Anderson, Tex.

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Edwards, Junius W., Harris, Colo.

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Fortner, Mamie, Plano, Tex.

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Frank, Joseph E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Frazee, Mrs. Walter, Saginaw, Mich.

Freeman, Charles H., Blountington, Ill.

French, Mrs. L., Austin, Minn.

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 Harris, W. L., Salem, Mass.
 Harrison, Mrs. Flora, Windham, O.
 Harrison, J. T., Mt. Pleasant, O.
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 Herbert, Major John, Matfield, Fla.
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 Johnston, O. A., North Jackson, O.
 Johnson, J. E., Louisville, Ky.
 Johnson, Miss Camden, N. J.
 Johnson, Mrs. W. B., Johnson City, Tenn.
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 Jones, Rev. J. L., Cove, Ore.
 Jones, Mrs. Theo., Bellingham, Wash.
 Jones, Mrs. A. A., Corydon, N. H.
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 Kelly, Florence G., Elmira, N. Y.
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 Keudson, Maud, Waterloo, Ga.
 Kent, Mrs. J. L., Lynchburg, Va.
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 King, E. O., Highland, O.
 Kinney, O. B.
 Kins, Mrs. Arvilla, N. Dak.
 King, Martha Davis, Ellsburg, N. Y.
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 Laurin, Mrs. Sophia, Janesville, Wis.
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 Lee, Mrs. G. Quincy, Ill.
 Leonard, Miss F. E., Thomaston, Me.
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 Levinger, Miss Nora, Canton, O.
 Liggett, Mrs. Jessie, Ostrander, O.
 Lightsey, Miss Ada C., Daleville, Miss.
 Lindsey, P. S., Oberlin, O.
 Lindholm, Mrs. B. P., Lexington, Miss.
 Lindsey, Mrs. Alice, Campbell, Tex.
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 London, Helen, Kaseville, Miss.
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 Love, Margaret A., La Junta, Colo.
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 Luce, Mrs. San Marcos, Tex.
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 McGilvary, Jessie S., Knowlesworth, N. Y.
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 McKinney, Mrs. Anna E., Perry, Okla.
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 McNut, Mary Alice, Oxford, Ind.
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 Merchand, L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.
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 Merrill, Mrs. W. O., Sargeantville, N. J.
 Merrill, Mrs. Una J., Shushan, N. Y.
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 Mes, Celestis Ball, Blackwell, Okla.
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 Millard, Mrs. J. L., Reno, Pa.
 Mills, Mrs. S. B., Waukesha, Wis.
 Mills, Howard W., Souders, Mo.
 Miller, Abbie E., Lomax, Ill.
 Milner, F. A., Cheyenne, Wyo.
 Milner, Mrs. Maggie, James Bow, La.
 Miller, Mrs. J. J., Siles, Mo.
 Milton, Catherine K., New York.
 Minck, Paul, Wichita, Kan.
 Montague, Mrs. Geo. E., Sinclairville, N. H.
 Mont, omery, C. E., Jamesville, N. Y.
 Moore, Rachel B., Richmond, Ind.
 Moore, Eunice, Baltimore, Md.
 Morgan, Mrs. F. M., Charlotte, Mich.
 Morgan, Mrs. Herbert, W. Chesterfield, N. H.
 Morrill, Mrs. H., Augusta, Ga.
 Morrisett, Miss Vivian, Danville, Va.
 Morrison, Mrs. S. B., Corydon, Pa.
 Munger, Anna, Worcester, Mass.
 Munson, Mrs. Mary K., Pasadena, Cal.
 Muroca, A. E., East Dequand, Mass.
 Murig, Mrs. Kate, Lake Charles, La.
 Murray, Jessie, Morance, S. Dak.
 Murray, John B., Dallas, Tex.
 Murray, Mrs. Kate, Lake Charles, La.
 N. Mrs., The Stanton, Washington, D. C.
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 Nason, Mrs. J. J., Grand Springs, Tex.
 Nelson, Mrs. D., Deer Creek, Ill.
 Nelson, Mrs. Marian M., Pueblo, Colo.
 Ness, Mrs. T. W., Brookline, Mass.
 Newton, Mrs. Sophia, Zanesville, Wis.
 Nichols, Mrs. Geo. H., Holliston, Mass.
 Nicholas, L. Edna, Stillwater, Okla.
 Night, Mrs. H. H., Stratford, N. H.
 Nien, Nancy, Carr Springs, Tex.
 Norman, Miss Jennie, Clintonville, Wis.
 Norrell, Miss Bertie, Augusta, Ga.
 Norris, Miss A. J., Crawford, Ida.
 Nunemak, Mrs. J. O., Louisville, O.
 Oakley, Mrs. A. H., Madison, Wis.
 Oatman, E. A., West Waluth, N. Y.
 O'Connell, Mrs. B. B., New Haven, Conn.
 O'Conner, Maggie, Lowell, Mass.
 Odell, Mrs. Chas.
 Ogden, Benson, Pontiac, Mich.
 Oliver, Mrs. Jas. J., Augusta, Ga.
 Ormsby, N. Catherine, Warsaw, Ill.
 Ostrander, B. J., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Overholt, A. Columbiana, O.
 Owens, J. St. John, Tewksbury, Mass.
 Owen, Mrs. Laura, Madison, O.
 Packard, Mrs. L., Dorchester, Mass.
 Paine, Mrs. H. H., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 Palmer, H. S., Chicago, Ill.
 Palmer, H. R., New York, N. Y.
 Palmer, Mrs. P. L., Ashley, Ill.
 Park, Catherine, Nadean, Mich.
 Parker, M. E., North Tewksbury, Mass.
 Parsons, Mrs. Maggie W., Lake Mills, Wis.
 Partridge, Miss S. W., Monticello, Fla.
 Patt, Miss Rose H., Terre Haute, Ind.
 Patterson, Miss J. S., Norwood, Canada.
 Patton, Mrs. Esther, Elum, Wash.
 Payne, Mrs. A. I., Danieville, Ga.
 Pearson, Mrs. Isaac H., Coolidge, Mr.
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 Phillips, D. G., Maen, Ga.
 Phillips, E., St. Louis, Mo.
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 Pickett, Catherine H., Superior, Wis.
 Pierce, A. B., Augusta, Mich.
 Peirce, Mrs. M. N., Auburn, N. Y.
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 Pinet, F. L., Erie, Kan.
 Pitney, J. H., Eagle Bridge, N. Y.
 Pochine, Agnes, Spencer, Ind.
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 Pratt, Sarah S., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Prescott, Miss Nellie, Raymond, N. H.
 Prince, Mrs. W. P., Wadsworth, O.
 Puffer, Master Kenneth, Shellrock, Ia.
 Putnam, Ketch, Grafton, Mass.
 Quaintance, Bucyrus, O.
 Quehear, Mrs. May, Phoenix, Ariz.
 Quinn, Mrs. Katie, Crisfield, Md.
 Rainsford, R., Cambridge, Mass.
 Ramabhadran, S., Tirunavundi, India.
 Randall, Nettie L., Berwick, Me.
 Reader, Ethel, Springfield, O.
 Rich, James V., Oakland, N. Y.
 Rentrop, Mrs. A. L., Jeannette, La.
 Reynolds, E. A., Pike, N. Y.
 Rhoads, Catherine, Wilton, N. Y.
 Rice, Mr. J. J., Duke Center, Pa.
 Richards, J. J. and S. P., Macon, Ga.
 Richards, Mrs. M. N., Cortland, O.
 Richardson, Mrs. Albert, Seattle, Wash.
 Richardson, Mrs. Alice, Shirook, Ia.
 Richardson, Ella A., Westwood, Mass.

- Riddle, L. W., Dingess, W. Va.
 Rigby, D. W., Elgin, Ill.
 Riggs, Mrs. Ida J., Strasburg, Pa.
 Richards, Mrs. Harvey, Macon, Ill.
 Richardson, Mrs. Albert, Seattle, Wash.
 Richardson, Mrs. A. E., So. Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Riley, Miss Orrie, Pomona, Cal.
 Risley, Mrs. Clara E., Weidon, Ia.
 Ritchie, Mrs. J. L., Northfield, O.
 Robertson, Mrs. A., Dowagiac, Mich.
 Robinson, Alta A., Iowa City, Ia.
 Robinson, E. M., Iowa City, Ia.
 Robinson, E. M., Middletown, Ky.
 Robinson, Florence, Lapeer, Mich.
 Robinson, Mrs. J. H., Greenwood, Ind.
 Robinson, Mrs. Eva J., Greenwood, Ind.
 Robinson, Mrs. Jennie G., Plankinton, S. Dak.
 Robinson, L. J., Potsdam, N. Y.
 Rockwell, E. T., Viola, Wis.
 Rockwood, Mrs. B. S., Terre Haute, Ind.
 Roderick, Amer H., Smithfield, Pa.
 Rogers, Bertha Kate, Hico, Tex.
 Rogers, Ella, Lynn, Mass.
 Rogers, Mrs. A. V., Forksville, Pa.
 Rogers, Mrs. Lyman, Alden, Ia.
 Rodger, Mrs. Wm., St. Paul, Minn.
 Rohnburn, Mrs. Mary M., Vincennes, Ind.
 Roibrock, J. M., Morenci, Mich.
 Rowe, Ruth E., Barnardo, N. Y.
 Rowwell, Mrs. L. M., San Diego, Cal.
 Rosenberger, Mrs. B. M., Ladoca, Ia.
 Rudinger, Mrs. Joseph, Gobleville, Mich.
 Rude, Ellen Sargent, Lyons, N. Y.
 Rumnell, Mrs. L. M., San Diego, Cal.
 Rush, Bertha, Chanute, Kan.
 Russell, Mrs. W. A., Fotosi, Mo.
 Russell, Ella V., Everton, Mo.
 Russell, W. H., Cedar Springs, Mich.
 Rutherford, Harry E., Mobile, Ala.
 Rutledge, H. E., Beakley, Colo.
 Ryman, Gallard Eva, Guard, Pa.
 Samuel, Mr. C. G., Cathoon, Tenn.
 Sanborn, Robert C., Waban, Mass.
 Sanborn, G. P., Waban, Mass.
 Sanley, Mrs. J. L., Huron, S. Dak.
 Sarden, Mrs. D. F., Cool Springs, N. C.
 Sargina, Mr. L. W., Aova, N. Y.
 Sayles, Mrs. A. E., Quincy, Vt.
 Saxton, Olive T. S., Champaign, Ill.
 Schichter, Mrs. J. E., Inez, Wyo.
 Scholey, Mr. Thos., Peoria, Ill.
 Schoonover, A. M., Findlay, O.
 Schuck, Mrs. D. D., Lockport, N. Y.
 Scott, Mrs. N. M., Binghampton, N. Y.
 Scott, Mr. Bert, Wellington, Mo.
 Scott, Miss Jessie M., Emmetsburg, Ia.
 Scott, Mrs. S. F., Bristol, Ind. T.
 Scovill, Mrs. H. C., Chester, Conn.
 Scribner, Mrs. John R., So. Portland, Me.
 Searie, H., Little Rock, Ark.
 Secor, Miss Nina.
 Sedwick, Mrs. Kate L., Atlanta, Ga.
 Sewall, Mrs. W. A., Marion, Ind.
 Sewell, T. M., Athens, O.
 Sheehan, H. J., St. John, N. B.
 Shield, Mrs. S. M., True, Tex.
 Sheldon, Miss Eliz. Coffee, Waycross, Ga.
 Sheldon, Miss Minnie J., Berlin, Wis.
 Shinn, Mr. Wm., Ossining, N. Y.
 Shipman, Mrs. J. F., Emerson, Ia.
 Showalter, A. J., Dalton, Ga.
 Shultes, Miss Carrie Isabel, West Beme, N. Y.
 Smysor, Mrs. W., Cozadale, O.
 Sindle, Miss Sue E., Terre Haute, Ill.
 Sielgh, Mrs. Helen, Maquoketa, Ia.
 Smith, Mrs. A. F., Waterloo, Ia.
 Smith, Mrs. Ella, Franklin, Pa.
 Smith, Mrs. Luella K., Farmer, S. Dak.
 Smith, Miss Hattie J., N. Amherst, Mass.
 Smith, Jacob, Pierce, O.
 Smith, Mrs. J. Frank, Scotia, S. C.
 Smith, J. M., Fort Gibson, Ind. T.
 Smith, Mrs. M. C., Marion, Ind.
 Smith, Mrs. Mary S., Charlottesville, Va.
 Snisabaugh, G. F., Washington, D. C.
 Snommons, Miss Rebecca B., Keene, N. H.
 Soule, Mrs. M. J., Erie, Ill.
 Spalabury, Mr. Lois A., Sawyer, Wis.
 Spearman, Miss Mabel E., Whitney, Neb.
 Spencer, Miss Julia E., Oneida, N. Y.
 Spencer, Miss Alla, Weston, Tex.
 Spicer, A. N., Colorado Springs, Colo.
 Spices, Miss A., Mobile, Ala.
 Sprague, Mrs. Chas., Glenwood, Wis.
 Squire, Miss May J., Lockport, N. Y.
 Stackpole, Mrs. C. S., Lawrence, Mass.
 States, C. E., Washington, D. C.
 Steiner, J. C. M. D., Knoxdale, Pa.
 Stevens, Miss Ella W., St. Joseph, Mich.
 Stevens, Mrs. R. P., Weeker, Okla.
 Stewart, Mrs. Henry, Canandaigua, N. Y.
 Stinson, Mrs. E., Camden, Ark.
 Stone, Mrs. Hattie, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Stone, Mrs. Mary B., Egypt, Mass.
 Strong, Mrs. A. H., Thomaston, Me.
 Stratton, Miss Ella M., Excelsior, Minn.
 Stratton, Mrs. John, Creston, Ia.
 Stray, Ermina, Euclid, O.
 Strong, Mrs. A. H., Thomaston, Me.
 Strong, Mr. Robert A., Thomaston, Me.
 Stuntz, Miss Laura E. R., Pasadena, Cal.
 Sturdevant, Mrs. A. F., Cumberland Center, Me.
 Sturtevant, Gene., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Sturdivant, J. M., Natchez, Tenn.
 Sturdivant, Mrs. M., Monroe, N. C.
 Sturdevant, Miss Nellie, Danville, Vt.
 Swell, Miss Hattie, Amherst, Mass.
 Sueth, Mrs. D. C., Bangor, Me.
 Sumstine, Mrs. Mae E., St. Louis, Mo.
 Summers, W. E., Chicago, Ill.
 Surlie, Mr. D. P., Cool Springs, N. C.
 Sutton, B. A., Norwich, Ont., Canada.
 Sweet, Rev. C. E., Duryea, Pa.
 Swingle, Mrs. M. L., Dillon, O.
 Sykes, M. W., Duck Hill, Miss.
 Sylvester, Mrs. E. J., Harrison, Me.
 Symonds, Mrs. Harvey, Lincoln, Del.
 Syrbee, A. L., Quincy, Ill.
 Talcott, Mrs. Sabra C., Mountain Grove, Mo.
 Tallant, Mrs. Hugh, Concord, N. H.
 Tatum, Mrs. C. G., South Attleboro, Mass.
 Tatum, Mrs. W. C., Nashville, Tenn.
 Taylor, Mrs. N. E., Perry, Okla.
 Taylor, Miss Francis Field, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Taylor, Mrs. J. W., Ft. Jesup, La.
 Terrill, Mrs. H. F., Muir, Mich.
 Terry, Mrs. A. Theresa, Limeridge, Wis.
 Therias, Miss Carrie, Memphis, Tenn.
 Therries, Miss Margaret, Menominee, Mich.
 Thomas, Mrs. J. W., Memphis, Tenn.
 Thomas, Miss Mary Pettus, Belton, Tex.
 Thomas, Miss Harriet, Petersburg, Va.
 Thomas, Mr. James, Onawa, Ia.
 Thompson, H. B., Hillsboro, O.
 Thomas, Mr. Jos., Petersburg, Va.
 Thornhill, Mrs. George, Chicago, Ill.
 Thompson, Miss Florence, East Orange, N. J.
 Thilston, Corinne, F., Randolph, Mass.
 Tillotson, B. R., Stillwater, Okla.
 Tilden, C. W., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Tilson, Mr. Henry L., Savannah, Mo.
 Titus, Mrs. M. J., Head Tide, Me.
 Tolman, M. D., Fitchburg, Mass.
 Tomlinson, Mrs. D. E., Savannah, Ill.
 Trafton, Miss Ella Bean, Wellington, Me.
 Trautman, Mrs. Albert, Lyons, N. Y.
 Trickey, C. P., Boston, Mass.
 Tucker, Miss Emma, West Peru, Me.
 Turner, Mrs. J., Brewer, Me.
 Turner, Mrs. Lenora, New York, N. Y.
 Tuttle, Mrs. Harriet J., Southbury, Conn.
 Unness, O. E., Newark, Ill.
 Underwood, Matilda, Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 Underhoffer, Mrs. A. E., Fairfield, Neb.
 Van Horn, Mrs. H. N., New York, N. Y.
 Verharen, Mrs. F. F., Spencer, Ia.
 Vitus, Mrs. M. S., Kingston, Ore.
 Vought, Mrs., Preston, Minn.
 Wade, Mrs. J. B., Plymouth, Ill.
 Wadlington, Mrs. E. M., Memphis, Tenn.
 Wadsworth, M. W., Cleveland, O.
 Walker, Mrs. N. S., West Peru, Me.
 Walker, Mrs. C. E., Seville, O.
 Walker, H. M., Belmont, Mass.
 Walker, Herbert, Stratford, Ia.
 Walker, Mattie S., Hoin Lake, Miss.
 Ward, Grace F., So. Hartford, N. Y.
 Warner, Julia C., Geneva, Neb.
 Watts, R. N., Austin, Tex.
 Weeks, E., Tacoma, Wash.
 Webster, H. E., Ft. Worth, Tex.
 Wells, Alice, Princeton, Kan.
 Wells, Mrs. Kate, Lewiston, Vt.
 Wetmore, Miss E. R., Columbus, O.
 Wheeler Business College, Birmingham, Ala.
 White, Mrs. H. H., Stratford Hallow, N. H.
 White, Eliz. P., Solon, Mich.
 Whitman, Mrs. A. J., Tacoma, Wash.
 Want, Mrs. N. R., Rittenhouse, Pa.
 Weneand, Amelia E., Ransomville, N. Y.
 Widdows, J. Morris C., Connersville, Ind.
 Wilcox, Miss Ethel, Lumberton, Miss.
 Williams, Laura S., Albany, N. Y.
 Williamson, Mrs. E. D., Clarkson, N. Y.
 Williams, Mrs. Belle M., Gazette, Cal.
 Williams, Helen W., Redlands, Cal.
 Williams, Miss Alice, Willard, New Mex.
 Wilson, Beth Hates, Goodrich, Tenn.
 Wilson, Mrs. J. N., Lower Lake, Cal.
 Wilson, Mrs. A. J., Wall's P. O., La.
 Wilson, Mrs. F. O., Lewisburg, W. Va.
 Wilson, Mrs. F. O., Gossville, N. H.
 Wilson, Mrs. John R., Monterey, N. Y.
 Wilson, Mrs. Kate, Knoxville, Ia.
 Winant, Mrs. W. R., Rittenhouse, Pa.
 Wood, A. B., W. Minfield, N. Y.
 Wood, Mrs. Clarence, Ellendale, N. Dak.
 Wood, Lillian R., Spartanburg, S. C.
 Woodhead, Frances, Ashland, Wis.
 Woods, I. Newell, Woodburn, Ia.
 Woodman, A. S., Groveland, Mass.
 Woodworth, John, Elgin, Ill.
 Wooley, Susie E., Northville, Mich.
 Wosson, Mary, Rhinelander, Wis.
 Wright, C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.
 Wright, Mrs. H. C., Austin, Tex.
 Wright, Sarah Mary, Chicago, Ill.
 Wyckoff, H. C., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
 Yancey, Rozzell, Armstrong, Miss.
 Yerkes, Mrs. Chas. A., Binghamton, N. Y.
 York, Rev. B. W., Renfrow, Okla.
 Young, Mrs. E. B., Camersville, O.
 Young, Helen M., Newport, Me.
 Young, Mrs. M. S., Tranquility, N. J.
 Younger, Albert, Kensington, Minn.
 Young, Mrs. T. F., Huntsville, N. J.
 Zearing, L. H., Chicago, Ill.
 Zirkle, Louie H., Jr., New Market, Va.

These awards were made by Mr. Victor Herbert, the eminent composer and conductor, and Mr. G. W. Chadwick, the distinguished composer and director of the New England Conservatory of Music.



THE MID-CONTINENT OIL FIELDS

By W. C. JENKINS

FOR two successive years, in 1907 and 1908, the petroleum (crude oil) and natural gas produced in the Mid-Continent fields had a value of twenty million dollars. The significance of these figures is better understood when the reader has an understanding of the limited area within which these values were produced. Although Kansas is included in the Mid-Continent fields, yet of the annual production of forty-seven million barrels, Kansas' share was but two million barrels; the balance was produced in Oklahoma. It is not always easy to make statistics entertaining, much less sensational, but the interest of the most casual and cursory reader must be caught by the statement of one circumstance connected with the development of the Mid-Continent oil and gas fields; at no time in the world's history and at no point on the surface of the globe was there expended in so short a time so large a sum of money in mineral exploitation as was expended in an eight-year period in Oklahoma and Kansas in connection with the oil and gas industry. It is conservatively estimated, and these figures have been accepted by the Federal government, that in this period the expenditures on this account were upward of one hundred and fifty millions. The only thing comparable with these figures is the expenditure in connection with the construction of the Panama Canal, which, next to the oil and gas development in the Southwest, is the greatest industrial undertaking in the world's history, and yet how few people know or have information of these facts.

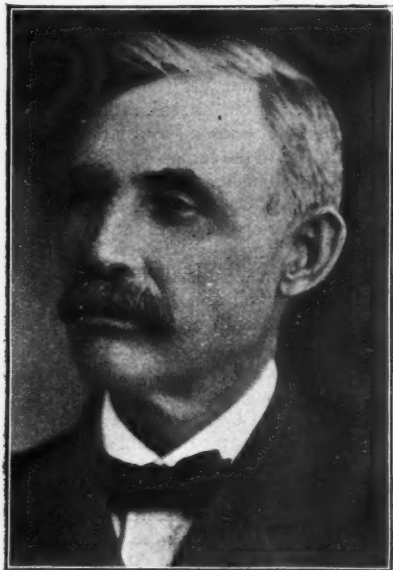
Freighters in the Kansas prairies following the Santa Fe trail from Kansas City to Rocky Mountain points observed in early surface indications evidence of oil and gas. These indications were shown in oil on the surface of springs and streams and at points where oil oozed from rocks; so-called "burning-springs" were later ascertained to be gas springs, the ascending gas giving the water the appearance of boiling. It was not until 1892 that drilling operations actually began

near Neodesha, Kansas. The first strong company to enter oil and gas operations in Kansas was Guffy & Galey, experienced operators in the eastern fields. This company sold its holdings to the Forrest Oil & Gas Company, which was succeeded by the Prairie Oil & Gas Company. Guffy & Galey ceased operations in Kansas to go to Texas, where development was just beginning. Prior to their departure from Kansas, they had undertaken efforts to secure a lease on the entire Cherokee Nation of the Indian Territory from the Cherokee Council. Their sale to the Forrest Oil & Gas Company caused them to abandon plans for operations in the Cherokee Nation.

This circumstance indicates the existence of the belief that oil and gas in profitable quantities existed south of the Kansas line. The Cudahy Oil Company, of which Michael Cudahy, the Chicago packer, was the head, had sold its oil and gas holdings in Indiana to the Standard Oil Company; the Cudahys had planned to put a pipe line into Chicago, but the Standard Oil Company's purchase of the Cudahy properties defeated the pipe-line project. Although Cudahy had entered into an agreement not to re-enter the oil and gas business in Indiana or Chicago or vicinity, he had not abandoned the business. Securing a blanket lease on the lands embraced in the Cherokee Nation of Indian Territory from the Cherokee Council, his company, in 1894, drilled two wells at Muskogee, one to a depth of six hundred feet and the other twelve hundred feet. One well had a production of twenty barrels and the other forty barrels. Continuing their tests, a well was drilled at Red Fork in the Creek Nation. This well did not give promise of large production, and the drilling outfit was moved to Bartlesville. In November, 1896, the Cudahy Oil Company completed on the present site of the city of Bartlesville an oil well, the completion of which marks the real beginning of the oil and gas industry in Oklahoma.

Earlier treaties between the Cherokee

Nation and the Federal government obligated the government to prevent the intrusion into the lands of the Cherokees of non-citizens. Despite these laws, white men came and stayed; and despite the opposition of the Indian and the rigorous conditions imposed upon them, white men came in such numbers and displayed such pertinacity that the Federal government was seriously embarrassed in its efforts to comply with its treaty obligation. As a way out of its difficulties, there was proposed the adoption of new treaties.



J. H. EVANS

President of the Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Producers' Association

The purpose was that the Indians abandon the system of land-holding in common, and receive title to their pro rata share of the Cherokee public domain and assume the rights of American citizens, being no longer wards of the government. When this treaty was ratified in 1900, it had the effect of cancelling the oil and gas lease on the Cherokee Nation held by the Cudahy Oil Company.

When the Cudahy Company's well was completed at Bartlesville in the fall of 1896, there was no market for oil, there being at that time neither railroads nor pipe lines. Awaiting the time when there would be

marketing facilities, the Cudahy Company shut in the well, and from 1896 to the date of the ratification of the new treaty between the Cherokee Nation and the Federal government, no oil or gas operations were carried on in the then Indian Territory.

Meanwhile, two adjoining areas of oil-producing lands were being developed; one, Kansas, on the north, and the other the Osage Reservation, on the west. An early trader among the Osage Indians was John F. Florer, whose prior home had been Lawrence, Kansas, near where the Osage had their reservation prior to their removal to Indian Territory in 1896. Mr. Florer observed evidence of oil and gas in the Osage Nation reservation and brought these evidences to the attention of A. C. Stich, of Independence, Kansas, and Edwin B. Foster, a New Englander, then engaged in real estate operations with Mr. Stich at Independence. The taking of a lease on the 1,480,000 acres of the Osage Reservation from the Osage Council was the result in 1896. The Osage lease requiring that development work be done within a stated period, the holders of the lease, organized under the name of the Phoenix Oil Company, drilled three wells in the northern part of the reservation near the Kansas line, those locations for tests being selected because they were close to the points in Kansas at which oil was then being produced. The first tests were unsatisfactory, and in the fall of 1896 the drilling outfit was moved to a point on Butler Creek about three miles northwest of the site of the present city of Bartlesville, where a few weeks after the completion of the Cudahy well, James Scott Glenn, for the Phoenix Oil Company, of which he was a member, completed the first real oil well ever drilled in the Osage Reservation.

In the Mid-Continent fields today, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company, a Standard subsidiary, has in storage in steel tanks over fifty-six million barrels of oil, twelve million of which are in Washington County, Oklahoma. The Standard has tank farms at Neodesha, Humboldt and Caney, Kansas; Copan, Ramona, Jenks, Muskogee and Okmulgee, Oklahoma. In Washington County, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company pays taxes on \$6,700,000 worth of property; this property consists of oil in tanks, pipe lines and pumping stations.

With the exception of a few weeks in 1903,

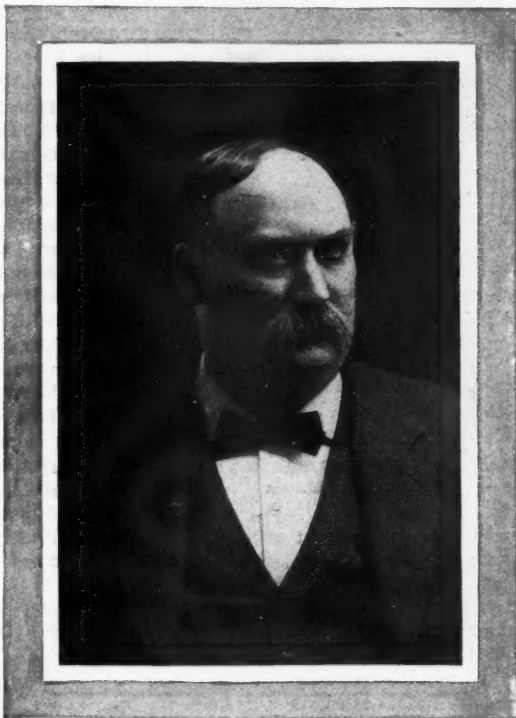
the capacity of the pipe-line companies to take care of the oil production in the field has been less than the production. The period of exception was directly after the completion of the pipe line of the Standard Oil Company into Bartlesville. For a few weeks there was not oil enough to fill the line, but the bringing in of the Matson well on the Bible lease so increased the production as to make it in excess of the pipe-line capacity, and this condition of congestion has continued ever since.

It is contended by the pipe line companies that the low price of oil in the Mid-Continent field is caused by over-production. It was first claimed, however, that the primary cause was that it was a Mid-Continent field, situated far from the seaboard in all directions and very far from consumption. It was claimed that its location was unique in this regard and different from any other oil field. The conditions of the southwest country as to the population and development were such as to preclude the building of refineries to any great extent, as the products of such refineries must seek a market at very distant points, which would be very costly in transportation.

In the fall of 1903 there were no pipe lines in Oklahoma, and the production was very small. It was shipped in tank cars. An application was made to the Standard Oil Company to build a pipe line from Neodesha into the Osage country, covered by the Osage lease. This was refused until an Act of Congress was passed in March, 1904, permitting independent pipe-line companies to build lines in the Indian country. At that time the Prairie Oil & Gas Company started its first pipe line from its refinery at Neodesha into the Osage, but the production increased rapidly to such an extent that the refineries at Kansas City could not take care of the product, and the company built its first line to Whiting, Indiana, a distance of about seven hundred miles. Before the line was half built, the production increased so rapidly

that the company started to build another at the same point. Again the production doubled and trebled, and two independent companies came into the field and built separate pipe lines from the Glenn Pool to the Gulf of Mexico.

All this time the production was increasing to an alarming extent, and tank farms were built and millions of barrels of oil were stored



T. N. BARNSDALL

Said to be the largest oil and gas producer in the mid-continent oil fields

above ground beyond the capacity of the pipe lines; the production was about one hundred and seventy thousand barrels a day, while the pipe lines could not take care of more than eighty or ninety thousand barrels.

Notwithstanding this situation, the production of oil in the fields kept increasing and several measures were suggested to stop drilling operations. A combination of oil men or producers met at Tulsa and sought to obtain a discontinuance of drilling operations, but nothing could be done. Running

along with these conditions was a constant controversy on the part of several states, and especially Oklahoma, that tended to hinder, embarrass and delay further pipe line build-



H. V. FOSTER
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

ing, the state contending that no pipe line could be built without exercising the right of eminent domain and that such right of eminent domain could only be exercised by a domestic corporation. In accordance with this contention, a demand was made of the Standard that it incorporate in Oklahoma or discontinue further extension of its lines.

Coincident with these conditions was the extension of the rules and regulations of the Department of the Interior over the Indian country which fixed and provided for forfeitures of pipe-line rights and pipe-line property in the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. A great body of producers attempted to assist in relieving the pipe-line companies from the burden of these obnoxious and unnecessary measures and especially the rules and regulations of the Secretary of the Interior, but all to no purpose. There is probably not another known instance on record wherein legislative acts and departmental rulings hindered or prevented the

products of a locality being brought to the markets of the world by the most advantageous methods and at the lowest cost. The present administration, however, has removed many of the obnoxious features, and the rules in existence today are more favorable, so that the chief difficulties with which the producers have to contend are the dangerous enactments of the Oklahoma legislature. Thus in Oklahoma has been a condition entirely different from anything existing in any other oil-producing state in the Union, where pipe line operations are absolutely untrammelled and foreign capital invited to invest without limit.

The pipe-line companies concluded that the building of more lines was not practicable or even possible under such conditions, and sought to prevent the rapid growth of the oil production by reducing the price from forty-one cents to thirty-five cents a barrel. This reduction took place last August and was a great shock to the oil-producing community. Nevertheless, it is the startling fact that ever since the reduction in price, the drilling operations in the field have exceeded in number of wells the same period for last year when the price of oil was higher.

The independent producers in the field have organized and for the last two or three years have met in convention, elected officers, raised large sums of money and kept their committees before Congress and before the Department and at the State Capitol of



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Oklahoma, praying, pleading, representing and begging for relief, simply asking that this vast field be placed on the same general in-

dustrial footing with other states and localities in this country that produce crude petroleum, so that the general business of the community may be conducted untrammelled. The contentions, arguments and appeals of the oil producers appeared to have been unanswerable, but it was very apparent that the politicians always had the specter of the Standard Oil Company looming up before them, and it was the means of preventing just action for fear that it might be construed as doing something in behalf of that great octopus.

Pipe-line building in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois is essentially a private enterprise, and the parties interested in it find that the hazards of the business are a sufficient burden, but they have no interference from state or national authorities; if anything, they are assisted by wise, beneficent, indulgent laws. In the Mid-Continent field the promoter of such an enterprise has found that his greatest burdens have been the rules, laws, regulations, interferences, supervision, control and public inquisition of state and national officers, operation under the rules and regulations of the Secretary of the Interior or futile state legislation.

In the beginning of 1908 it was announced that the Prairie Oil & Gas Company would build a new pipe line from the Glenn Pool to New Orleans. It was expected that this would be completed in six months, but the company was not permitted to build the

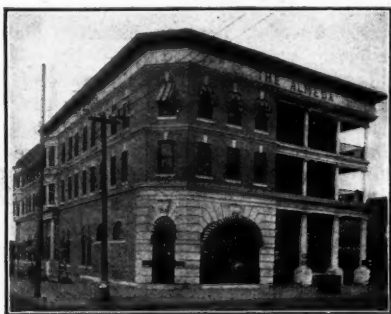
poorer by forty million dollars than it would have been had those in authority united with the oil men in securing better pipe-line facilities and provided also that the Gulf ports



R. D. ROOD
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

had been open to this trade. The distance from the Illinois field to tide water is greater than from the Mid-Continent field to the Gulf. The same quality of oil brings sixty-two cents a barrel in the Illinois field, while in the Mid-Continent it is purchased for thirty-five cents.

In the interest of the Indians, the government's policy, in good judgment, should have been one of untiring effort to get the oil from the Indian lands into the markets of the world by the most advantageous methods and with the greatest economy. A reversal of this policy has been costly alike to the Indians and the producers. Had the facilities been equal to the Illinois field and the same price been paid for the product, the Indians and the producers would have been richer to the extent of \$10,520,000 for the amount of oil sold in 1908. The pipe-line facilities in the Mid-Continent field will not take care of more than sixty per cent. of the production. In appealing to the Legislature of Oklahoma



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

line; the restrictive rulings of the Interior department at Washington defeated the project. The State of Oklahoma is today

for the passage of laws that would be friendly to any capital that might seek investment in pipe lines, the oil men pointed out the great injustice which was being inflicted upon an important industry. They also showed the dangerous consequences of any restrictive measures that would permit but sixty per cent. of the cotton, corn and wheat crop being transported from the state; but relief of any kind might be advantageous for the Standard, and nothing was done.

The government is spending vast millions



J. H. BRENNAN, ATTORNEY
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

in the construction of the Panama Canal, chiefly in the interest of trade and commerce. Large land holdings were given railroads and moneys advanced as an inducement to open up the great West, and yet there has been an apparent effort to intimidate capital which sought investment in the Mid-Continent oil fields.

The Mid-Continent field is located fifteen hundred miles from the ocean ports and only five hundred miles from the Gulf ports, and it is a strange condition of circumstances that most of the export oil from the Mid-Continent is being pumped fifteen hundred miles by reason of injudicious governmental attempts

to regulate pipe-line service. The pumping charge for this extra thousand miles is taken from the price of the product, and, manifestly, every producer sustains an unwarranted and very great loss. The Prairie Oil & Gas Company has stood ready, for nearly three years, to build lines to the Gulf. It has its right of way practically secured and is building a refinery to take care of the product. A hopeful feeling exists that in some way the Oklahoma laws will be modified.

The Prairie Oil & Gas Company shipped from the Mid Continent fields during 1908 an average of 90,891 barrels daily, which was about the capacity of the company's pipe lines. Under the present conditions the building of storage tanks has ceased; therefore the present owners of the oil wells must depend upon the capacity of the pipe lines.

Of the production of 1908, the Prairie Oil & Gas Company handled 33,266,293 barrels through its pipe lines. All of this oil went into the storage tanks, to the refineries at Neodesha, Kansas, Sugar Creek, Missouri, and to the eastern lines of the Standard. The Texas Company handled 5,488,000 barrels and the Gulf Pipe Line Company 5,631,000 barrels. By independent refineries and through rail shipments there were handled 1,270,000 barrels.

There are more than 14,000 oil and gas producing wells in the Mid-Continent fields, and most of them are in Oklahoma. Over 20,000 men are employed and upwards of \$6,000,000 per year is spent for supplies. Taxes are paid in Oklahoma on more than \$88,000,000 of oil property, including the pipe lines.

The handling of leases, collecting royalties, advance royalties and annual rentals constitute a big part of the work of the Union Agency at Muskogee. The affairs of the five civilized tribes are handled in that city. The royalties collected for the Osage leases are handled at Pawhuska. It is shown that during the year 1908 the oil producers paid the Indian the sum of \$2,030,463.46. It is believed that the bonuses paid during the same time will equal more than \$1,000,000, which makes a total of more than \$3,500,000 paid to the Indians during the year. This is in the territory of the five civilized tribes alone, being almost entirely in the Creek and Cherokee Nations. In the Osage the royalties amounted to \$253,521.17, making a grand

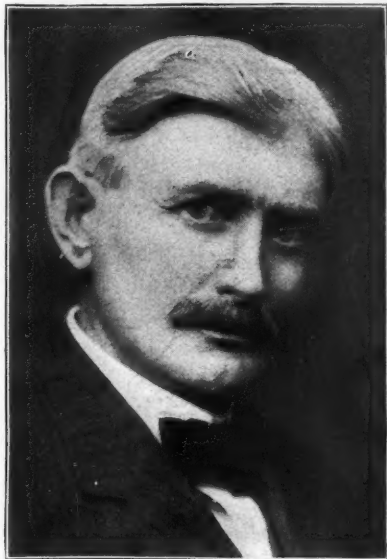
total of more than \$3,700,000 paid by the oil men to the Indian wards of the government.

Properties in the Mid-Continent field now sell on a basis of two hundred dollars a barrel, settled daily production. When conditions become normal, this selling price will increase to one thousand, fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars. Up to the present time, the refineries have been getting established and experimenting. Now they are in good running order, and they know what can be produced from the Mid-Continent crude oil. There is a market for every barrel of oil the field produces if it can only be reached.

The Mid-Continent Oil and Gas Producers' Association, whose membership represents eighty-five per cent. of all the production of oil and gas in the Mid-Continent fields, was organized at Bartlesville on March 14, 1906. The primary cause for the formation of the Association was the burdensome rules and regulations which the Interior Department at Washington had promulgated, governing the leasing of Indian lands for oil and gas mining purposes. At that time practically all of the productive fields in the State of Oklahoma were owned by the citizens of the Creek and Cherokee Nations of Indian, and every lease required the approval of the Secretary of the Interior for its validity. Many of the rules put in force by the Secretary were unnecessarily exacting and severe, and some of them were exceedingly detrimental to the oil industry. Out of these facts grew the necessity for an organization of the producers, and as a result of the activities of the Association the wrongs were gradually righted, until now the producers and land-owners alike are better satisfied with the Department's regime. The Association through its committees has also done much good for the industry with the Oklahoma legislature, particularly in the matter of taxation, and its future plans contemplate many reforms and changes which will mean great benefit to the oil community of the state.

Among the producers of the Mid-Continent field the association has a small coterie of critics, whose complaints are uniformly based on the mistaken impression that the association, through its governing officers, is in some way allied with the pipe-line interests. It goes without saying that the interests of the independent producers are no more in common with those of the pipe line com-

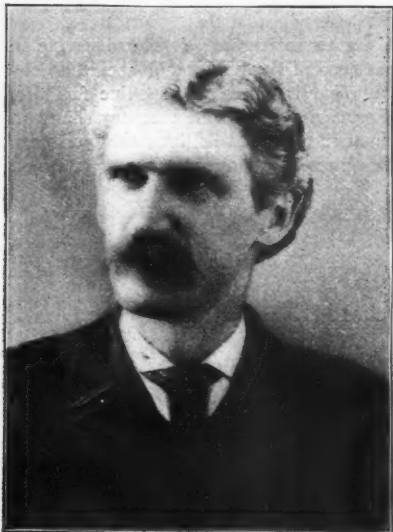
panies than are the interests of the cattle-raisers of the country akin to those of the beef trust. There is one point, however, at which these ordinarily conflicting interests find themselves aligned on the same side of the question, and that is in the matter of the further extension of pipe lines. The great need of the producer in the Mid-Continent field is increased pipe-line facilities, and whenever a pipe-line company shows an inclination to extend its lines, the producers, who are sorely in need of such extension



GEORGE C. PRIESTLY
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

so as to enable them to market their product, will naturally be found striving to accelerate such extensions. In precisely the same way the cattle-raiser would desire and strive for the extension of railroad facilities even if the beef trust owned the railroads. On some occasions the Association has striven with the Interior Department at Washington and with the Legislature at Guthrie to bring about a condition of affairs that would promise pipe-line extension in the future. But in doing so they were in no wise considering the welfare of the pipe-line companies, but solely that of the producers, who are so badly in need of increased facilities for handling the output.

Yet some few of the hypercritical among the producers have chosen to believe that these efforts of the Association were solely for the benefit of the pipe-line companies. It needs



W. H. JOHNSON
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

but slight thought to realize the injustice of this position. Moreover, it is exceedingly unfortunate that these few men should be so short-sighted as to attempt to cripple the effectiveness of the Association's efforts for the bona fide independent producer by attempting to cast disparagement upon it in this wholly unwarranted manner; for by their conduct they strengthen the hands of the monopoly by hampering the only effective source of opposition that it can have, namely, the organized producers.

The Standard Oil Company and its allied interests control only eleven per cent. of the entire crude oil production of the United States. They are essentially refiners and distributors and not producers. In the refining and distribution of the oil they easily dominate the situation, but not so in its production. The report of the investigation carried on about two years ago by the Bureau of Corporations confirms the figures given above.

The hazardous part of the oil industry is found in the producing end, and millions of

dollars have been lost in drilling dry holes and otherwise prospecting and exploring for new pools and fields. This branch of the business the trust leaves to independent capital, contenting itself with the sure returns that come from buying, refining and distributing the product. They rarely do any "wild catting" or drilling of prospect wells, and what production they have, they have almost invariably purchased after the wells have been drilled and the property positively demonstrated.

The immense proportions of the trust have given rise to the belief that the money invested by it exceeds that invested in any other undertaking. This again is an erroneous impression, and the fact is that the independent producers and refiners of petroleum have invested in that industry in this country three times as much as has the trust. This in the judgment of well-informed oil men, who have followed the business from its infancy, is a conservative estimate.

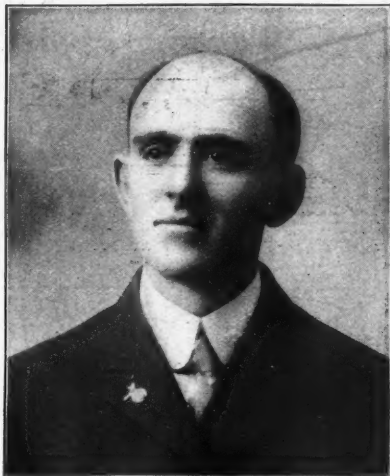
THE GAS SITUATION

With reference to the production of gas in Oklahoma, it was discovered or produced simultaneously with the production of oil and lies in substantially the same locality or district. It was first used to assist in the drilling of wells and in general drilling operations and was conducted by means of small two and three inch pipe lines over the surface of the ground. Considerable quantities were discovered near the city of Bartlesville at an early date, and that city was supplied with natural gas by a local company, but the cities of southeastern Kansas had already begun to utilize it for domestic purposes to a very great extent. In 1904 great trunk natural gas pipe lines were projected and thereafter built; one was known as the Kansas Natural Gas Company's line from Oklahoma to Kansas City and St. Joseph. Another was known as the Joplin line to Joplin, Missouri; another as the Oklahoma Gas Company, furnishing gas to Oklahoma City, Guthrie and other towns; and another line known as the Wichita Gas Company, which runs from Independence through several large towns in Kansas and furnishes gas to Topeka and Wichita. Of the four independent companies, three are foreign to the state of Oklahoma. They existed at the time of statehood and intended to use Oklahoma gas; in

fact, one of them actually owned large tracts of gas land in Indian Territory prior to statehood. At the time of statehood, gas had been developed in Oklahoma to an unprecedented extent, so that a movement was immediately inaugurated by the citizens of the state to secure such legislation as would protect the great body of gas in Oklahoma and keep it for consumption in Oklahoma and not permit its transportation outside of the borders of the state. Quick action of a summary character was adopted by the state officers to prevent the piping of gas out of the state until the Legislature would be in session, and on convening the Legislature passed a very unique and drastic gas law.

Notwithstanding the fact that gas had been held a commodity of interstate commerce by several states, this law was so drawn as to seek to prevent by indirection that which could not be accomplished directly. Suits were commenced by the Kansas Natural Gas Company and owners of gas wells, in the Federal Courts, to restrain the state officers from executing this law, and after considerable controversy the contention of the gas men was sustained and the state officers have recently been enjoined by Judge Campbell of the Federal Court from interfering with the piping of gas out of the state. The controversy still goes on, however, and the litigation is far from being settled. It is strenuously contended on the part of the people

that the gas supply of Oklahoma is wholly insufficient for local needs and local consumption, and considerable expert testimony will point in that direction. On the other hand,

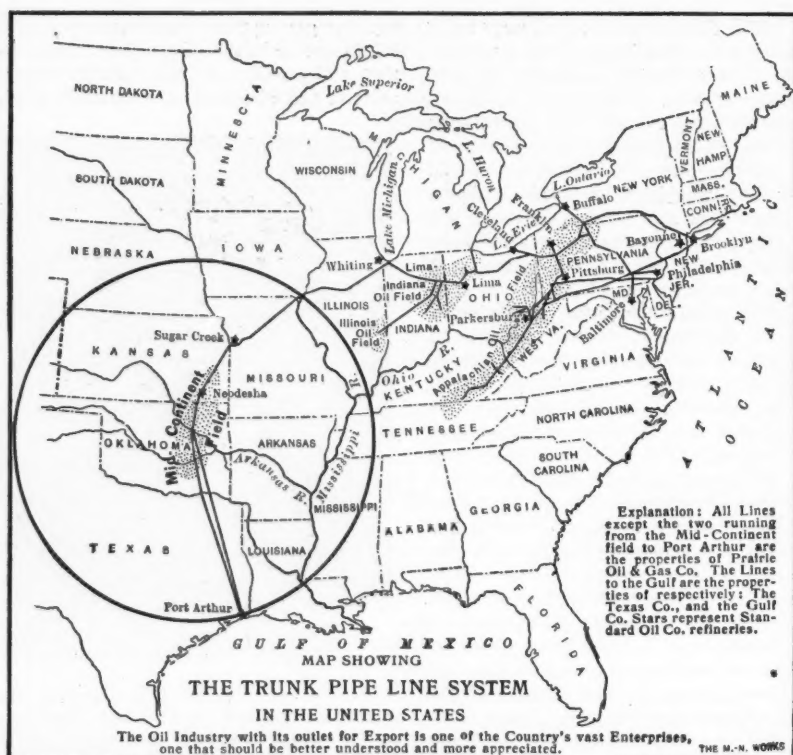


M. F. STILWELL
Bartlesville, Oklahoma

it is contended by the gas men that the quantity of gas already discovered and shut in far exceeds local wants and at the present time exceeds the probable wants of the people of Oklahoma for the next five years; and that the surplus goes into the billions of cubic feet. It is also contended that this gas reservoir is gradually wearing out, exhausting itself and deteriorating while not in use, caused by the oil-drilling operations in the immediate vicinity, and that the men who invested in gas lands prior to statehood have lost great fortunes during the last two years. One large company in the vicinity of Bartlesville has about one hundred and fifty million cubic feet of gas cased in with no demand in the local market. It is said that the Kansas Natural Gas Company owns an immense body of natural gas in the Hogshooter District and that it has refused to take any more Oklahoma gas at any price. It is contended by the gas men that the Federal decision, even though it permits them to pipe the gas out of the state, gives them no additional relief for the reason that there is so much gas that the foreign corporations do not want any more at present at any price.



CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Tulsa, Oklahoma



This map illustrates plainly why the Illinois field oil is selling for 68 cents and Oklahoma oil for 35 cents, also that there is utmost need of competitive lines to the Gulf.

It is a fairly well-known fact in the city of Bartlesville that the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company, which owns and operates the Osage lease and reserves to itself the vast body of gas therein, has been endeavoring for the last two years continuously to secure a local market for the gas that it has bottled up in the Reservation. It would require a consumption of at least six or seven million cubic feet a day to warrant building a pipe line to Bartlesville, one of the best manufacturing towns in the state; it is no reflection on its industrial growth to say that it could not provide for this additional output, as it has already great quantities of unused gas. One pipe line known as 'The Henry Gas Company's line, runs twelve miles to Bartlesville from the Hogshooter District, one of the greatest gas fields in the Southwest. The

Indian Territory company, in its attempts and endeavors to get this local market, have secured the local gas plant in Bartlesville and will now build a pipe line, but can only hope for the consumption through this source of about three million cubic feet a day and the pipe-line facilities, as a good investment, would require a consumption of at least ten million cubic feet per day. The officers of the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company strenuously contend that the history of their gas wells in the Osage will clearly show a great loss occasioned by casing in or shutting in gas, waiting for further consumption. They also contend that they have no profit out of the gas business up to this date, notwithstanding their ownership of these vast fields, and they openly invite public examination of their books on this proposition.



ALTHOUGH the weather has been warm, and we have not had to stir up a big blaze on the hearth, there has been a hearty response to the suggestion of stories for the "Cosy Corner." We are starting the fire gently this month with a few shavings, and very soon the great log will be ablaze and will throw its glow over the company of NATIONAL MAGAZINE readers, who gather about it each month to hear an experience which someone thinks the other readers should know. There promises to be a wide variety. Don't be timid about sending in something. The door is open, and a two-cent stamp will bring you right in front of the fire. Address the "Cosy Corner" editor. He is a modest man, sparse of hair, but wears a "chrysanthemum smile" that would do your heart good to look upon. Hurry on your January contributions.

* * *

A CURIOUS CHARACTER STUDY

BY JANE POTTER

Before the days of Brownies and Kodaks, with the other members of my family I was returning from Australia; the third day out, the waves ran mountains high, a great, green wall, now on one side of the ship, now on the other—that was the time we wished for some means more substantial than memory to preserve those wonderful color studies.

After luncheon excitement rose high when a stowaway was discovered and brought forth trembling with cold, damp and fear, to

meet the fearful eye of the frowning captain. Many of the lady passengers felt sorry for the poor man, and on his promising good conduct he secured appointment as one of the stewards to clean 'tween decks, and was given a little cabin that was easily reached from the staterooms of the passengers.

About midnight we were awakened by strange noises and much confusion on the deck over our heads, while water swished abundantly underneath our berths, carrying our boots, which we had thrown off on the floor, on incessant journeys from wall to wall of the stateroom. Under my mother's instructions we dressed at once, and standing in the water with our bare feet began to bail with anything available. In the saloon outside our door, women were fainting and children crying. Telling us to continue work my mother went in search of Charlie, the stowaway, who did not appear to offer assistance. I had not the courage to stay without her in that dreadful scene; clinging to her hand we kept our footing with difficulty and at last reached Charlie's cabin. He was lying in bed reading; secured to a nail just over his head was a wire lantern in which a candle burned. Surprise at Charlie swallowed up my fear of drowning.

"Do you know," said my mother, "that the ship is going down, and that the engines are water-logged and have almost ceased to move? The saloon and staterooms are full of water, yet here you lie reading."

"Is that you, ma'am—I remember you spoke for me to be made steward. Maybe

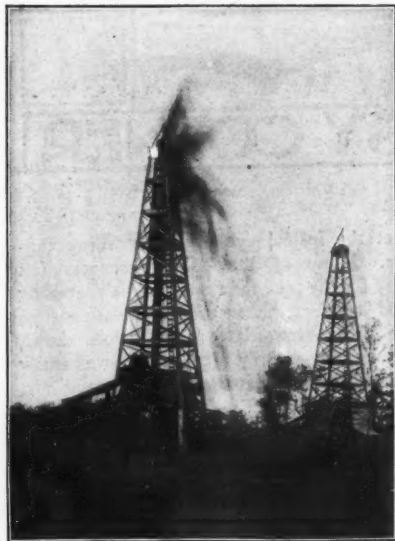
IN THE COSY CORNER

we'll be wrecked, but I'm right in the middle of this novel, and if I am going to the bottom I want to know first how the tale ended."

"Get up and help to bail the saloon," urged my mother.

"What's the use?" said Charlie. "If we go down we'll be all wet anyhow."

"Are you not afraid to die, Charlie?" said my mother, taking the book from him.



Shooting an oil well—a very common sight just north of Hartford City, Indiana. Hardly a day passes but an oil well is shot and every house in the town is shaken when the shot is discharged; it resembles an earthquake in a mild form. The derrick, or rig, shown is 72 feet high.
— Mabel Morehead.

"What's the use? It can't be any worse in the other world than I've found it here. Give me back the book, let me finish the story, and I'll be helping you in two minutes."

* * *

THE MUSICAL TOAD

BY J. A. W.

I learned to play and sing "Come Back to Erin" as a child, in the old home in Illinois. I can see the piano now, standing by the parlor window, opening out onto the honey-suckled porch. There was a big old toad that used to hop up under the window, just as twilight came on, and listened to us

play and sing. He was a queer old fellow, and we grew to look for him nightly. Strange to say, popular music didn't please him. Plaintive airs appealed rather to his toad nature and would bring him hopping up to listen as the "curtain of night" dropped and the stars came twinkling out above the tall pine trees, which havened our house from the street.

It is peculiar how impressions are made in childhood, and, incongruous as it may seem, I never hear the strains of the song of "Erin," but the little old warty toad, rather the big old warty toad, is flashlighted onto my vision, and the thoughts of those summer evenings when he came to listen to our homely music are sweet.

* * *

AN UNACCREDITED HERO

BY JOHN LORING

Entering an elevator on the eighteenth floor of a great building in the heart of Chicago, I glanced at my companions. There were four business men, talking "shop" and stocks; then I turned my attention to the elevator boy, who seemed a bright little chap, slight and not especially strong looking, possibly seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Just as we reached the seventeenth floor, one of the men signalled to stop, but instead of pausing the elevator suddenly accelerated its speed, and I realized that a cable had broken; at the moment the accident occurred I had been looking at the boy, and with my heart in my mouth, it seemed that my eyes were glued to him, our only hope if we were to escape almost instant death. He turned so white that for a moment I thought he would faint, but no—quickly recovering himself he quietly kept working with the gear of the elevator. As we reached the fifth floor, the speed slackened and the boy succeeded in stopping the machine between that and the fourth floor. He trembled from head to foot with the exertion; the instant the passengers noticed that the elevator had stopped between floors the air was blue with oaths and curses, because it was not at a door where they might get out. I kept quiet in my corner, unnoticed. The boy did not speak, but resuming work in a few minutes he succeeded in getting back

IN THE COSY CORNER

to an entrance, and still swearing the men hastily passed out.

Feeling that we owed our lives to the lad, I shook hands and said:

"If there ever was a hero, you are one, and I wish to thank you for your courage and presence of mind."

He seemed surprised at the praise; I was glad to see the color return to his pale cheeks as he smiled and quietly disclaimed any credit for having "done only his duty." On inquiry, it proved that one cable had broken.

Though this all happened years ago, that scene has remained firmly impressed on my mind, owing to the courage of the boy, the thankless conduct of the men and the fact that it was the only time that I actually stood face to face with death.

* * *

THE MAN ON THE WAGON

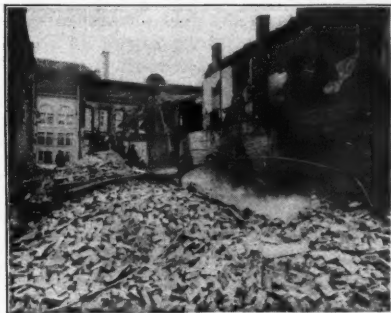
BY MRS. M. J. MILLSPAUGH

(As told by the driver)

A number of years ago I was employed in the city of Newark, New Jersey, as driver for the Turk Bread Company. My duties called me at the bakery by 1 A. M., where, after loading my wagon with some nine hundred loaves of bread besides rolls, etc., I started upon my long route, which took me through East Orange, Orange and nearly to Montclair. After delivering I had to return over the long route again and collect. On my collecting tour I had become slightly acquainted with a man who lived in a pretty little cottage at the intersection of the avenue and street in West Orange, where on my delivery I always stopped, as a short half block away was a store where I delivered, so as to save time and trouble. I carried the bread from the wagon to the store and deposited it in the box placed there for the purpose. The man—I will call him "Smith"—had told me that he always heard me in the morning about four o'clock. Perhaps he regulated his "getting-up" time by my wagon.

There was a large arc light directly in the center of the square where I stopped, but on this particular occasion of which I write I had no need of it, or the lantern which I carried. The night was clear and cold with a bright moon. The ground was frozen hard, with a slight covering of snow, just enough to cause a creaking as the wheels passed over.

I came to the intersection and pulled up, as was my custom, under the light, and with my basket of bread on my arm swung myself to the ground, made my way to the store, dumped the bread in the box, locked it and started to return to the wagon. What was my surprise when within a few yards of the wagon to see a man seated in my accustomed place. I knew that sometimes tramps would steal a loaf of bread, and I quickened my steps, when to my astonishment I saw the man was Smith.



Ruins of a business block, Hartford City, Indiana, wrecked by a gas explosion. Four persons were buried in the debris, and the ruins presented a very peculiar appearance, each brick standing out separate, the mortar having apparently disappeared in the explosion.—*Mabel Morehead.*

"Hello!" I said. "Hello! neighbor! you are out early."

He made no reply, but stared straight ahead.

"That's queer," I said, and rushed for the driver's seat. I was within two yards of him and he was gone. I looked back of the wagon, under it, along the fences, everywhere, but not a sign of him. I looked at my watch—it was just 4 A. M.

Old Dobbin stood trembling, whether from cold or fright I don't know, but I relieved my feelings with a vigorous application of the whip. On my return trip, I called at the store, and after collecting my bill, I spoke of my strange experience, saying:

"Smith must be a pretty early bird."

The storekeeper looked at me strangely and remarked:

"Smith died sometime during the night."

I insisted on his going with me to Smith's house. The man in the coffin was the man on the wagon. He had died at 4 A. M.

DIAMONDS—THE ENSIGNS OF PROSPERITY

WHAT other insignum in life has so many sweet and tender associations as the wedding ring? With it are veritably linked the destinies of homes and families. Held in sacred memory is mother's wedding ring—that band of gold worn thin through the years of work and care—but with value enhanced even as the gold diminished and the years passed. In the Louvre in Paris hangs Whistler's masterpiece—it is the portrait of his mother, and the touch of genius in that painting is the portrayal of a mother's hand which tells a story that defies brush, word or pen.

In these days the pristine sparkle of the solitaire announces the blushing young maiden's betrothal in a manner beyond the power of words. The diamond, in its sparkling and enduring brilliancy, is the singularly appropriate gem to signify deep-seated affection and life relationships. In fact, the rare fascination of diamonds has entered into the warp and woof of human history, and they are the subtle ensigns of a nation's prosperity. Where is there a maiden who does not dream of some time possessing a diamond solitaire placed on her finger by the Prince Charming, whose tender words of love are the sweetest music ever poured into woman's ears? The little gem catches and retains, as it were, the fascinating gleam of the moonlight when the words are whispered that tell the old, old and ever-cherished story.

The American maid has ever been noted for practical common sense. The sturdy thrift and unerring intuitions of colonial dames are as potent forces today as ever. What Miss America wants, she wants, and she has a way of knowing how to get it. The young lover scratches his head and wonders how he can provide that one luxury which every woman craves. He sets about saving and establishes a habit that is well nurtured when the circlet is placed upon the fair finger at the altar. A moment—a few brief words and a blessing—and the bond is sealed, and the strains of Lohengrin peal

forth as the plain gold band joins that betrothal gem that twinkled as a star in the dim cloister at the shrine.

* * *

Years ago, a young diamond merchant, who came of a long line of Philadelphia diamond traders, conceived the idea of selling diamonds on credit. The project was at first ridiculed as quite impracticable; diamonds were for the rich alone, to be flashed as an emblem of affluence. But, inspired by the democratic spirit and faith in an "idea" which the men who framed the Declaration of Independence possessed, Samuel T. A. Loftis, of Chicago, believed in the "equal rights" of all citizens to make investments in the premier gem.

The firm of Loftis Brothers soon became known far and wide as the leading jewelers of the country selling diamonds on credit. A tremendous cost was involved in putting forth and maintaining an educative campaign that would adequately exploit the idea; books on diamond lore which have since become veritable text references on the subject were published by the firm. In a few years the rush for Christmas diamonds showed how closely was the purchase of an engagement ring associated with the desire of the American young man to sacrifice, to save and to succeed.

At the St. Louis World's Fair, one of the most elaborate exhibitions of polishing and preparing diamonds was conducted by Loftis Bros. & Co. The exploitation was "live" in the literal sense of the word, and afforded every diamond lover an opportunity to know of the history and trade of the gem; of every process from the rough diamond in blue earth to the polished sparkler in full gold setting. The educative feature was so strongly impressive that the firm was accorded a grand prize for the display and the exhibit. On the books of the firm are the names of over half a million individual purchasers, which of itself is an almost unequalled expression of confidence.

The headquarters of Loftis Bros. & Co. in

DIAMONDS—THE ENSIGNS OF PROSPERITY

Chicago reveal the fact that business transacted by mail is a lodestone drawing toward it permanent success. The thousands of orders received daily are as promptly filled as if the customers stood before the handsome show cases, blazing with diamonds, in State Street, Chicago, or at the large branch stores in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, or St. Louis, Missouri. Since its foundation in 1858, the firm has always been recognized as a standard of authority and reliability on the subject of diamonds. Its experience in dealing with people on credit in the sale of diamonds affords



SAMUEL T. A. LOFTIS
Of Loftis Bros. & Co., Chicago, Illinois

interesting data for the student of sociology and psychology. In the millions of dollars in value handled, the losses have been very slight. The keynote of the whole proposition is—confidence. Everyone about the Loftis establishment believes in diamonds—has faith in them as an investment increasing in value ten to twenty per cent. per year, and at better security than real estate.

The Loftis credit system is today considered one of the most successful new phases of business. Without reserve the goods are sent on approval, with the knowledge that quality and high-grade goods count. The customer may be thousands of miles away,

but an honest motive and intention are all that is necessary to establish an account with a firm where diamonds are the current standard of exchange. The plan is simple. The big catalog is sent free on application, selections made by the customer, values verified if desired, the goods shipped and payments arranged, one-fifth cash and the balance in eight equal monthly payments, or adjusted to meet the purchaser's requirements. No interest charges are imposed, and the wealthy man buys on the same terms as the lowest salaried employee.

The catalog is a veritable encyclopedia of the jeweler's art. The fifteen hundred illustrations include rare diamonds, rings, pins, brooches, etc., ranging in price from a few dollars to five hundred and a thousand dollars. Watches of standard make and all kinds of jewelry, silverware and productions of the goldsmith's craft are sold on the same plan.

There is something of peculiar attraction in the gift selected by counsel and deliberation. Those little whispered conferences for the purpose of selecting what is most desired involve an interchange of subtle study of each other's preferences, and stimulate self-sacrifice and unselfishness. Under the "Loftis System" a pen and paper and postage stamp bring to the home an array of all the latest and most attractive gifts in the jewelry line.

The season of 1909-1910, with its bumper crops of over eight billions coming directly from the farms, will be one of the most prosperous of recent years. The natural tendency of prosperity and good fellowship finds its best expression in giving! This impulse of giving is natural to the American people, and with the machinery of such a system as that offered by Loftis Bros. & Co., there is no reason why gift-giving cannot be made judicious as well as gratifying, in the broadest sense. A single postal brings an introduction, and this card is honored at Loftis Bros. & Co., not only as a preliminary of acquaintance, but it carries with it a credit that at the banks would necessitate gilt-edged collateral. It takes cognizance of the character and honest intentions of the individual in extending credit where credit is due. What broader basis could be conceived for business relations than the system that is developing more and more into a phase of American commerce by meeting the conditions of American growth and progress.



By BENNETT CHAPPLE

AT the last session of Congress the business situation became so acute, under the many exasperating delays, that the country cried out for any kind of old tariff to start the wheels of industry again. Now that the nation is fairly on its way, there is abundant opportunity to observe, going along with us, as it were, holding our trusting hands, those cute little "tariff jokers" that keep us merry company along the dusty byways of trade.

The first warning came a few weeks after the new tariff bill was passed, when the newspaper headlines informed us that there had been a sudden and precipitous advance in the price of watches. The argument voluminously set forth, declaring that this advance was not due to the tariff so much as to the increased cost of labor and materials, seemed reasonable, until it was learned that fifteen days later our Canadian brethren across the way were notified that instead of an increase they would enjoy a material reduction in the price of most American-made watches. What was intended as a protection to workingmen has apparently been turned into a munificent subsidy, which will reach well into the millions.

At the time this matter was before the committee in Congress, a petition setting forth the increased cost of labor and materials was presented which was signed by nearly every watch-making concern in America. One firm, R. H. Ingersoll & Bro., New York, would not sign this petition, taking the broad ground that they could not see where they were entitled, legitimately, to any such benefits, and they have since shown their consistency by utterly refusing to take advantage of the generous tariff so given. There prob-

ably are other instances in this great government where a manufacturer has taken as firm a stand on the principle he believes to be right, but they are not quite so conspicuous.

In the new tariff bill the largest increase has been made on the seven-jewel movements—the watch of the masses—for the very good reason that the figures run into high totals. Over seven-tenths of the total importations for 1907 were of this grade, and their value exceeded many times the total of all other grades combined. Not alone in this increase of duty on the cheaper grade of watches, but in an increased duty on dials and again, indirectly, by provisions regarding the marking of movements, cases and dials as well, do the watch-making concerns benefit.

It is the old story of hindsight and foresight, but the American public is patient and long-suffering. Those who don't like it, in the vernacular of the street, can "lump it"; or buy an Ingersoll, the only watch that is sold at a higher price in foreign countries than right at home, notwithstanding the tariff.

* * *

AS the first of the year approaches, the subscription desks are laden with thousands of renewals, coming with kind letters. It is as though we were having an annual personal chat with the readers of the NATIONAL.

Next January we want to have a great readers' reunion, and I hope every subscriber sending in a renewal order will name friends who ought to join our family circle. Tell us what you would like to have in the pages of the NATIONAL for the coming years; plans for the future are based solely on what our readers have told us they would like, and if

LET'S TALK IT OVER

there is any public man or woman, any special line of development or thought, any city or country concerning which you desire information, write and ask about it. Better still, if you have information concerning prominent persons or events that you think would be of interest, write it out and send it to the NATIONAL for inspection.

The most gratifying reward for editorial work is to read letters from subscribers, which more than compensates for all the worry incidental to the "trouble corner." Yes, I confess it is one of my chief pleasures to pick out a letter here and there from our files and read it, for I am always interested

automobile racing as a profession for a good many years, both in Europe and America. He has ridden and driven in some of the biggest contests of Europe in the earlier years of the industry, and has also been in the Vanderbilt, which has always been considered the real Blue Ribbon event of the automobile world in this country.

Perhaps Knipper's most interesting automobile experience was his trip from Denver to the City of Mexico. He drove a Chalmers-Detroit "30" pathfinder for the Flag to Flag Endurance Contest from the capital of the silver state to the capital of old Mexico. On the first of May, Knipper and his com-



BILLY KNIPPER AND HIS CHALMERS-DETROIT "30"

Winner of the Merrimack Valley Trophy on the Lowell Road Race, Labor Day, September 6

in knowing what the subscribers are thinking and saying. Let us start 1910 with a jolly reunion of old and new subscribers, introducing ourselves and others and talking about what we are doing, or what we think ought to be done, to make the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the most interesting periodical published next year. Don't fail to bring at least one new reader into the circle for next year, to take a seat in our Cosy Corner.

* * *

In the National Light Stock Chassis Race at Lowell on Labor Day, William Knipper scored a brilliant victory, when he brought his Chalmers-Detroit Bluebird to the finish nearly fifteen minutes ahead of his nearest competitor. Knipper has been following

panions set out with a letter from Governor Shaffroth of Colorado to deliver to President Diaz of Mexico. Denver is a mile high; Mexico City is still higher, and the journey was literally among mountain tops. On the entire trip the pathfinders never got lower than one thousand feet above sea level.

After terrible struggles over the worst possible roads and often across deserts and through wildernesses where there were no roads at all, the staunch little car and its plucky driver reached Mexico City, June 3, having run twenty-five days and covered twenty-four hundred miles. The greater part of the journey was through country never before traversed by an automobile. The Chalmers-Detroit "30" driven by Knipper was the first automobile to go, on its own

LET'S TALK IT OVER

power, from the Mexican border line to the City of Mexico.

Very often as the car entered a Mexican village, the natives ran away and hid, or dropped on their knees, crossing themselves and frantically saying their prayers. They took the motor car for the devil wagon. Knipper said that he had been taken for a great many things that he is not, but never before had he been mistaken for the devil.

One experience Knipper and his companions had on this journey they will never forget to their dying day. They were stranded in a quicksand near the end of the



HUGH CHALMERS
President, Chalmers-Detroit Car Company

first day after they got into old Mexico. They were in the Tierra Blanca desert, which is said by many travelers to be the most dismal section of the North American continent. After they had tried in vain to get the car loose from the quicksand, the crew devised other plans for their relief. Knipper and F. Ed. Spooner, the New York photographer, who was making the trip, stayed with the car while the other two passengers started away in search of the Mexican Central Railroad, which they knew to lie somewhere to the west of them. These two men walked all night across the desert without finding the railroad. Early in the morning one of them gave out, but the other kept on and finally found the railroad and a small section house where he

procured water and went back for his fallen companion and got him to the railroad. In the middle of the afternoon they flagged a passenger train, and got into El Paso that night. They organized a relief expedition and started out to find Knipper and Spooner. The plight of the two men left with the car became desperate before relief reached them. They had nothing to eat except some dried pea soup, and no water to drink except what they took from the radiator of the car. They were alone in the desert without seeing a human soul and without food or water, other than that just mentioned, for nearly sixty hours. They were just getting ready to start out to spend the last of their waning strength in a desperate effort to find some sort of a settlement when the relief party arrived.

Upon their arrival in Mexico City they were received like conquering heroes. President Diaz accorded them a reception, and listened with much interest to a complete story of their adventures, assuring them of the protection of the Mexican Government for the Flag to Flag contest for which they were blazing the way.

During their stay in the Mexican capital they were generously entertained. On Sunday, Knipper drove his car to the bull fight and entered the great Mexican bull ring and drove all about it. His was the only automobile ever inside that ring, and he received a tremendous ovation. Everyone in Mexico, apparently, had been watching the progress of the pathfinders as it had been related from time to time in the newspapers, and everyone seemed to be acquainted with the adventures of the crew, and to hold them in high regard for their pluck. This second invasion of Mexico was a very friendly one, but it is having far-reaching effects on business conditions, so far as the sale of American-made automobiles in Mexico is concerned.

* * * *

WE regret very much that in the hurry of making up our November forms, the proper credit was omitted on the football pictures that appear in this issue.

The frontispiece "The Kick Off" was obtained from the *Boston Traveler*, while the three pictures on pages 132 and 133 were secured from the *Boston Herald*.

We desire now to thank these well-known Boston papers for their courtesy in this matter.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

TO the women of this land, New York City is a gigantic and permanent exposition, equalled in size and importance by none of the great world's fairs which have heralded American progress to the world. For at this exhibition she not only sees, but can purchase those luxuries of life so dear to her heart.

Some idea of the popularity of this great shopping center can be gained from the fact that its turnstiles—in this case railroad and steamship terminals—record a yearly attendance of nearly fifty millions of visiting shoppers. In this great concourse of tourists are to be found the pretty and blushing prospective bride from New Orleans, Seattle or San Francisco, who, desiring the best appointed home and the most exquisite trousseau, hastens to the American metropolis; the Western millionaire in search of American and European art treasures; the country gentleman who desires the benefit of a few weeks' change of scene and environment, and lastly the "here-there-and-everywhere" excursionist, who derives unqualified enjoyment from his three or four days' sojourn.

And there is a reason for this enthusiasm. During the past six or seven years the merchants of New York City have built up an American shopping district which is entirely independent of either of those famous old world marts, London and Paris. The pre-eminence of American architecture in the construction of mercantile buildings has resulted in erecting stores which not only permit of the best possible display of all classes of merchandise, but contribute marvelously to the convenience and comfort of the shopper.

So large has the New York general store become that its dimensions are now reckoned in acres rather than in feet, but the blossoms of these acres are not the passing poppy or dandelion of the fields; instead, they are the perennials of the show gardens of merchandise, which never lose their charm.

* * *

"Step lively, please," and we're aboard a subway train on our way to Astor Place. With the stereotyped admonition, "watch yer step," we alight at our destination, the new Wanamaker store, which, connected by a two-story bridge and two subterranean passages with the older building across the way, forms the largest general store in the metropolis. Here, even underground, the shop windows are beautifully lighted and

decorated, and furnished with tasteful displays of merchandise.

Within the store we find the tide of busy shoppers ebbing and flowing from floor to floor by means of the swift and convenient elevators. The successful classification of merchandise is apparent even to the uninitiated; the succeeding stories of this wonderful mercantile palace provide unlimited selection for every buyer. No store in America has done more to consider the welfare of patrons, even providing a large Auditorium, where twice every business day a free musical concert is rendered by the highest talent procurable. This Auditorium has a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred, and is unequalled, perhaps, by any theater or concert hall in the city.

One of the real surprises of this great store is the quarter-million dollar mansion which has been erected within its doors. This "House Palatial" has twenty-four large rooms and is finely furnished throughout. It is composed of brick, stone, tile, marble and the finer hardwoods, the furnishings and interior decorations being the very best that money can command. It represents the American mansion at its best, and to the woman who has no opportunity of inspecting the homes of the ultra-rich, it affords an interesting study.

Whatever the size and impressiveness of the Wanamaker store to the shopper, it has a broader application to the women who are privileged to make use of its most excellent and up-to-date mail-order service, through a corps of individual shoppers, who, while in the employ of Wanamaker's, are really carrying out the wishes of the mail-order buyers. The shopper has the advantage of a mass of city experience in selecting goods, and can often do better for the customer who orders by mail than that lady could do for herself, if she personally came to the city to shop, while saving her the fag of a shopping expedition. In this way, women who appreciate the best for their family and themselves can have it without the labor and expense of a trip to New York City. The item ordered may be anything, from a pair of slippers to a piano. Every woman owes it to herself to become informed on this modern method of saving time and labor, and getting the very best that can be obtained in a great business centre like New York, no matter how far distant her home may be.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

IN this busy age, when one is literally bombarded with circulars, prospectuses and missives—I was about to say “missiles”—of all sorts, “How to Write a Business Letter,” by Charles R. Wiers, of the Larkin Company, Buffalo, is a most valuable acquisition to the man who desires to be a successful correspondent. Every line is of value to students as well as business men.

Little more than a hundred pages are covered by Mr. Wiers, but into that limited space he has condensed a veritable encyclopedia of information on modern letter-writing. His originality is refreshing; he avoids “Chesterfieldian English” and openly avows his intention to discard all the hackneyed, commonly accepted phrases that have outlived their usefulness; on the other hand he does not run aground on the colloquial jargon of the commercial guild. Business letters written according to the instructions of Mr. Wiers will be models of terseness, courtesy and brevity. Calling attention to “cleverness” in business literature, he quotes an article written by Mr. W. N. Aubuchon of St. Louis, entitled “Salesmanship,” which will surprise many, and the suggestions may well be applied to letter-writing:

“The clever advertisement may be and generally is the poor advertisement.

“Whenever I can remember the unusual illustrations, or catch phrases of the ‘clever’ advertisement, it is almost certain that I cannot remember the goods advertised.”

Speaking of courtesy, Mr. Wiers quotes the president of one of the large New York banks:

“A grain of politeness saves a ton of correction. No institution is too important to ignore the laws of courtesy. I speak in praise of politeness out of the experience of fifty-nine years in the banking business.”

Evidently personality, courtesy, sincerity and sentiment all have their place in business usage and correspondence, as Mr. Wiers demonstrates. He gives examples of the proper construction of various letters, which are models in their way. Forms for answering inquiries, for getting orders, and for meeting

complaints, even an agreeable method of collecting accounts are given. Letters of endorsement, recommendation, sales, paraphrasing correspondence correctly, suitable conclusions—the author forgets nothing. He advises the delaying of the composition of important correspondence until the mental attitude of the dictator is just right.

Mr. Wiers has been in charge of the correspondence of the Larkin Company for several years, and has come into direct communication with millions of

businesslike and unbusinesslike people. The first time I heard him talk on the art of letter-writing, he emphasized the necessity of using words common in everyday life, because half the value of a letter lies in its being suited to the mental attitude of the recipient. In replying to a letter, Mr. Wiers always seeks to adjust himself to the temperament of the writer, and if it is an elderly person, he writes as he would speak if face to face with someone ad-

vanced in years; if the correspondent be young, the tone of the reply must be quite different. In short, in correspondence, Mr. Wiers adopts the old idea of going part of the way with his correspondent, adapting his pace to that of his companion—only by such thoughtful care can that confidence be established which is the basis of all lasting business relations.

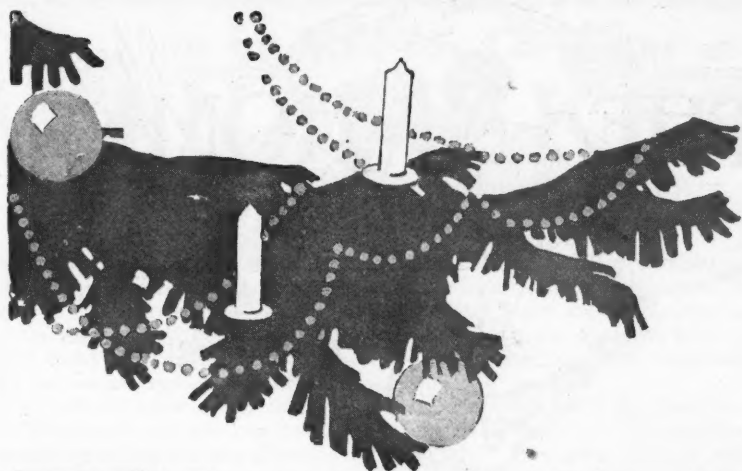
After explaining what makes a successful letter, Mr. Wiers gives instructions as to addressing, stamping and even—in case of loss or delay—tracing; in three or four pages he gives his readers all that they can ever possibly need to know regarding the post-office regulations.

Following his own advice, “when you have finished the study of your man and his local situation, talk to him sensibly as man to man. Don’t write to him.”

The entire book is not “written” in the conventional sense of the term—it is a face to face talk about subjects of vital importance in all modern commercial walks of life, and it will prove valuable in home and public libraries.



CHARLES R. WIERS



THE one thing that brings joy to all the household, big and little, old and young, is an Edison Phonograph with a selection of Edison Amberol Records.

The best Christmas present is something all can enjoy. All can and do enjoy the Edison Phonograph.

If every member of the family would take the money he or she expects to use to buy presents for the other members of the family, and put it together, there will be enough not only to buy an Edison Phonograph, but also a large supply of Records.

Edison Phonographs sold everywhere in the United States at the same prices \$12.50 to \$125
Edison Standard Records - - 35c
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 50c
Edison Grand Opera Records - 75c and \$1.00

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 27 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



A MUSICAL ROMANCE AND WEDDING FROM "HEART SONGS"

A GOOD suggestion for an interesting evening's entertainment, whether in the home or at a church function, has been sent to us by an admirer of the "Heart Songs" book, who says that this plan has been tried with most excellent results.

The idea is to announce a "Musical Romance and Wedding from 'Heart Songs'," and the story is unfolded by asking twenty-five questions, and as they are asked a familiar air is played from "Heart Songs," the title of which is the answer to the question. Slips of paper are distributed, numbered from one to twenty-five, and the participants are requested to write the title of the piece as they hear it, after the question has been read by the "announcer." Additional interest is awakened when the announcer fills in the time with jocular remarks and byplay regarding the events that are transpiring, but care must be taken that the title of no piece is given away in these remarks. The participants are privileged to hum the air if they know it, but in no case must they speak any of the words of the song.

When the list of questions is finished a quick way to decide who is the prize-winner is to read out the questions again, following

each by the song-title which is the answer; then the participants check off all the answers which they have correctly set down on their papers; the person having all the replies correct is the prize-winner, or failing an entire set of correct replies, the player who has the greatest number wins the prize. It adds to the pleasure of the game if all join in singing the answer to the final question, "America."

The list of questions is as follows:

1. What was her name? "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt."
2. What was his name? "Captain Jinks."
3. Where were they both born? "Dixie."
4. Where did they first meet? "Comin' through the Rye."
5. What was she singing? "Love's Old Sweet Song."
6. What was he singing? "Alice, where art thou?"
7. What did he finally bid her? "A Soldiers' Farewell."
8. Where did he go? "Marching through Georgia."
9. Where did he spend his nights? "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."
10. What did the band play when he

Shop by Mail for Christmas at WANAMAKER'S

**You Get What You Want Promptly
No Matter Where You Live**

Wanamaker's Mail Order Service annihilates the distance between your home and the Great Store. It loosens the fetters that bind you to local styles. If you come to New York you will visit the Store, of course, but a personal visit *does* take time and money, both of which we can now save you. We pay even closer attention to the mail order, because *the responsibility is all on us—we are acting as your personal agent.*

Don't think your order is thrown into a hopper with thousands of others, to be ground out mechanically. Nothing of that sort at Wanamaker's. Only expert employees are allowed to touch it. We give it to an experienced "shopper," who is required to take all the time necessary, who selects the goods *personally*, and who spares no pains to get everything correct. The customer herself could be no more careful, and really her knowledge of the merchandise is not always so good as that of the experienced shopper, who is in constant touch with fashions, domestic and foreign.



Ladies' Bedroom Slippers

85 cts., postage paid

Order No. AA-152

COLORS—Red, Brown, Light Blue, Nile Green and Lavender. Name first and second color choice. State size of shoe you wear.

Made in England, of quilted satin, flexible rough leather sole, silk pompon trimming; fleece-lined inner sole; soft, warm and light. High cut front and back holds slippers to the feet. Perhaps you might think you cannot get a good slipper for 85 cents, but these are just as good as if we should charge you \$1.50, which many dealers would charge for the same goods. This lot of 1200 pairs is the first importation to this country.

Send for yours today. Fine for Christmas presents.

It makes no difference what you want—it may be a crochet needle, a piano or a suite of furniture. You may want a good iron bed for \$6.50, or a big cast-brass one for \$500. *We have all of them.* Our "know-how" specialists will redecorate and refurnish your home. Just tell us. Their advice is free.

Do you want dependable wearing apparel? Ask for catalog. Our new Holiday Books of Gifts and Toys are now ready. Let us send them. In Furniture our display is unequalled in Mission, Colonial, Modern and Palatial styles. Tell us the pieces you want, and give us a hint as to the style, and we will send you beautiful reproductions, on loose-leaf art sheets. With such illustrations it is not necessary that you actually see the furniture in order to make an intelligent purchase. And besides, you know, the Wanamaker Name is back of anything we sell. Satisfaction guaranteed, or goods may be returned at our expense.

You will find on this page a picture and description of just one offering which will give you a relative idea of Wanamaker values. Send for it, at the same time you send for the catalogs you want. Write today to

JOHN WANAMAKER

Section U

New York



THE HOME

returned? "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

11. Where were they married? "Old Kentucky Home."

12. Who was her maid of honor? "Annie Laurie."

13. Who was best man? "Robin Adair."

14. Who played the wedding march? "Old Dan Tucker."

15. What did he give her? "The Last Rose of Summer."

16. What did he tie it with? "The Lost Chord."

17. After the ceremony what did they hear? "Jingle Bells."

18. What did the ushers sing to the bridesmaids? "Good-night, Ladies."

19. Where did the couple go on their honeymoon? "Maryland, my Maryland."

20. Who did they think about most while away? "The Old Folks at Home."

21. Who met them at the station when they returned? "Old Black Joe."

22. When she was thirsty, what did her husband say? "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes."

23. What did she bring him? "The Old Oaken Bucket."

24. What did they both love most? "Home, Sweet Home."

25. Where did they always stay? "America."

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

Will the person whose little help entitled "Plenty of Hot Water" appeared in the October number of the National, kindly send in her name to the "Little Helps" Department, that credit may be given for the subscription?

CHEESE TOAST

By Mrs. W. E. B.

Two slices of bread with grated cheese between (do not butter the bread inside, just have the cheese). Butter the top; lay top side down

in the skillet on back of the stove, until a golden brown; then butter the other side, turn over and brown; you will find it crisp outside, the cheese melted inside. It is better than welsh rarebit.

Mocha Filling

For layer cake take granulated sugar, one cup; half a cup of strong coffee; boil, pour over beaten whites of one egg; then a dash of nutmeg; spread on cake.

New Way to Cook Liver

Put slices of breakfast bacon on bottom of granite pan, then a layer of sliced liver, then cover with bacon; salt and pepper, put in oven and bake for twenty minutes; delicious—try it.

A SMALL DISCOVERY

By Mrs. E. B. Main

Last winter, while making mince meat, I made a small discovery. I am glad to pass it on to the "National" readers: When using candied lemon, or citron, in cakes, mince meat, puddings, etc., it will pass through the food chopper readily, if soaked for a few moments in hot water; this saves much time and labor.

FOR WARTS

By A. P. Reed, M.D.

Take two grains of magnesium sulphate (common salts) three times a day before meals, dissolved in water. Make a saturated solution (all given quantity of water will dissolve) of same and apply freely to the warts; they disappear quite promptly. Lime water taken and applied is said to do the same thing.

FOR HAMBURG STEAK

By Clara Bishop

Here is a "Little Help" I think many people will find of great benefit:

To hamburger steak, add about one-fourth potatoes and the usual amount of onions; grind all together; the potatoes, beside making more in bulk, also add to the savor of the meat.

SAVE YOUR TEARS

By Mrs. Charles A. Wimer

If you will put the onions you intend to peel in water, and let them remain there for fifteen minutes; they will not affect your eyes, no matter how strong the onions are, or how weak the eyes are, and the skin will come off much more readily.

TO REMOVE WHEEL-GREASE SPOTS

By Miss S. Marian Shattuck

Take a small piece of fresh lard and rub over the places where the grease is until it disappears. If the lard becomes too black remove and rub on another clean piece. The friction of rubbing will take it out, then wash your garment in warm soapy water and you will find the spots are gone.

6% Irrigation Bonds

Secured by a Thousand Farms

The security back of Irrigation bonds is first liens on farm lands—sometimes a thousand farms.

These liens are given by individual land owners in payment for water rights. They are paid in annual installments. The land which secures them is generally worth four times the lien.

The trustee may hold a thousand such liens—given by a thousand farmers on a thousand separate farms—as security for the bonds as a whole.

The farms under lien are among the most fertile farms in America. And the perpetual water right, which the lien secures, multiplies the land's value. The first crop is usually more than sufficient to pay the whole lien.

The land is not subject to crop failures, because the farmer controls his water supply. The earnings are large and sure.

A bond issue based on a thousand such liens is, in our estimation, the safest sort of security.

Additional Security

Irrigation bonds are additionally secured by a first mortgage on all the property owned by the Irrigation Company. The investment in this property is often twice the bond issue.

Thus, in addition to the many farm liens, we have this corporation and all of its property pledged to the fulfillment of all obligations.

Some Irrigation bonds are issued, like School bonds, by organized districts. Such bonds form a tax lien on all the taxable property of the community.

Some Irrigation bonds are issued under the "Carey Act," where the State supervises the project.

73 Issues Sold

During the past 15 years we have sold 73 separate issues of Drainage and Irrigation bonds, all secured by farm liens. Every obligation under every bond has been promptly met.

These bonds have become, with most of our customers, the most popular bonds that we handle. Now we have first pick of these projects, because of our dominant place in this field.

Our own engineers and attorneys investigate every feature. An officer of our Company constantly resides in the irrigated sections, watching the projects we finance. Thus, our customers secure only the very cream of Irrigation bonds.

Ideal Investments

Such Irrigation bonds as we handle are regarded as ideal investments. The security approaches the absolute.

They are serial bonds, running from two to twelve years, so one may obtain any desired maturity. The denominations are \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, so one may invest either little or much.

The demand for irrigated land is so great, and the project so profitable, that the bonds pay six per cent. That is a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of equal securities.

We have written a book on Irrigation bonds, based on our vast experience. Every investor, small or large, should read it. The book is free. Cut out this coupon, as a reminder to write for it.

January Investments

For January investors we have on hand 100 varieties of bonds. They include Municipal, Public Utility, Water Power, Corporation and Irrigation Bonds. Please ask for our list. Cut out this reminder so you won't forget.

First National Bank Bldg.,
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Trowbridge & Niver Co.

50 Congress St., Boston
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Trowbridge & Niver Co.

First National Bank Building, Chicago
50 Congress St., Boston 111 Broadway, New York
Please send your free book on Irrigation Bonds
and list of other securities

Name _____
City _____ State _____
Name of my bank _____ 620

THE HOME

ATTIC WINDOWS

By E. K.

A correspondent mentions whitewashing the attic windows as a cheap substitute for a curtain.

I advise also, if the whitewash for any reason be unadvisable, the use of mosquito netting in such windows; it is nearly as cheap as lime and it is prettier; the curtains may be removed at any moment, while whitewashing would be more permanent.

Try a neat netting curtain; you do not need a rod; put up two tacks in the proper place, run a bit of twine through the top hem of the netting and place in the window; I think it will be found very economical and pleasing.

An Easy Kitchen Chair

If you can get an old piano stool, it will be the most comfortable chair for kitchen use you ever used. It can be raised to any desired height and turns in any direction. I recommend such a stool highly for every-day use.

PHOTOGRAPHIC HINTS

By Mrs. J. W. Bullard

No. 1

To dry negatives quickly, take three parts wood alcohol and one part formaline, which you can procure at any drug store; rub on plates and dry by the stove and it will leave the film surface so hard that it will be hard work to scratch it.

No. 2

To dry the postcards so they will not curl, wash in equal parts of glycerine and warm water and allow the prints to dry.

KEROSENE FOR INK SPOTS

By Mrs. C. F. Meland

A tablespoonful of kerosene poured over ink spots and vigorously rubbed, then rinsed in kerosene, will remove them like magic, if used before washing fabric.

To Remove Fish Scales

Fish scales are easily removed by first dipping the fish in boiling water.

FOR THE PIANO

By L. M. Vance

I have a little hint to offer that is not generally known, and I believe a great many piano users would be glad to know of it.

A little wood alcohol rubbed on the piano keys with a piece of cheese-cloth will clean and whiten them, making them look like new.

A DAINY DESSERT

By a Subscriber

One pint cream, one pint granulated sugar; heat till sugar is dissolved; add yolk of one egg and a tablespoonful of pistachio extract; stir in fine feathery snow till very stiff and smooth and serve in sherbet glasses with wafers.

FOR THE GARBAGE CAN

By Mrs. F. Page

I enjoy reading the helps to housekeepers very much and would like to offer some that have been a help to me and that I never have seen in print. To keep a garbage can from being a nuisance, when it is perfectly clean, crowd a newspaper smoothly around the bottom; drain all moist articles in sink strainer before throwing in the can; have the garbage collector empty out the paper each time; I find it no trouble to keep the can clean, and it will last much longer, too.

To Strengthen Embroidery

To keep embroidery from tearing between the scallops, run a coarser thread on the wrong side, following the scallops; it cannot be seen and will last much longer.

Shoestring Help

When the tins pull off the shoestring, wet the end with mucilage and twist to a point; it will answer the purpose and save annoyance.

MORE HELPS FOR INSOMNIA

By L. A. Reeder

1—Eat a small amount of plain food, such as dried bread or water crackers.

2—Stand up for five minutes.

3—Turn the head from right to left and from left to right, twenty times, slowly.

4—Take deep breaths of pure air; exhale slowly; do this twenty or twenty-five times.

5—Forgive all your enemies.

WASTE PAPER

By Mrs. Stanley

A splendid way in which to dispose of waste paper is to make a wire basket out of fence wire, then empty the waste paper into this basket; when full, take it into the back yard and set fire to the paper; the open basket allows a free draught, so all the paper is burned and the yard is not covered with pieces of burnt paper.

The basket will last for years.

TO CLEAN DELICATE ARTICLES

By Mrs. George Kennedy

Prepare a mixture of gasoline and flour as you would flour and water for gravy; dip the articles in and scrub thoroughly; hang them up, without shaking, till dry, then by shaking gently, all the dirt will come out with the flour. This will positively not injure, or fade, the most delicate fabrics, laces, ribbons, or ostrich plumes in all light shades.

THREADING NEEDLES

By Sarah March

When threading a needle with woolen yarn, twist a bit of cotton thread on the end of the yarn, and you will find it can be easily threaded.

Rice Water for Starch

Use water in which rice has been boiled to starch lace or fine linen, and it will make them look like new.



Photo by Ryder.

AMERICA'S FIRST RAILROAD

The first iron railway track in the United States was built at Quincy, Mass. Instead of being laid on wooden ties, as at present, the iron rails were fastened to granite blocks partially imbedded in the earth. At the left of this picture may be seen a part of the track still remaining.

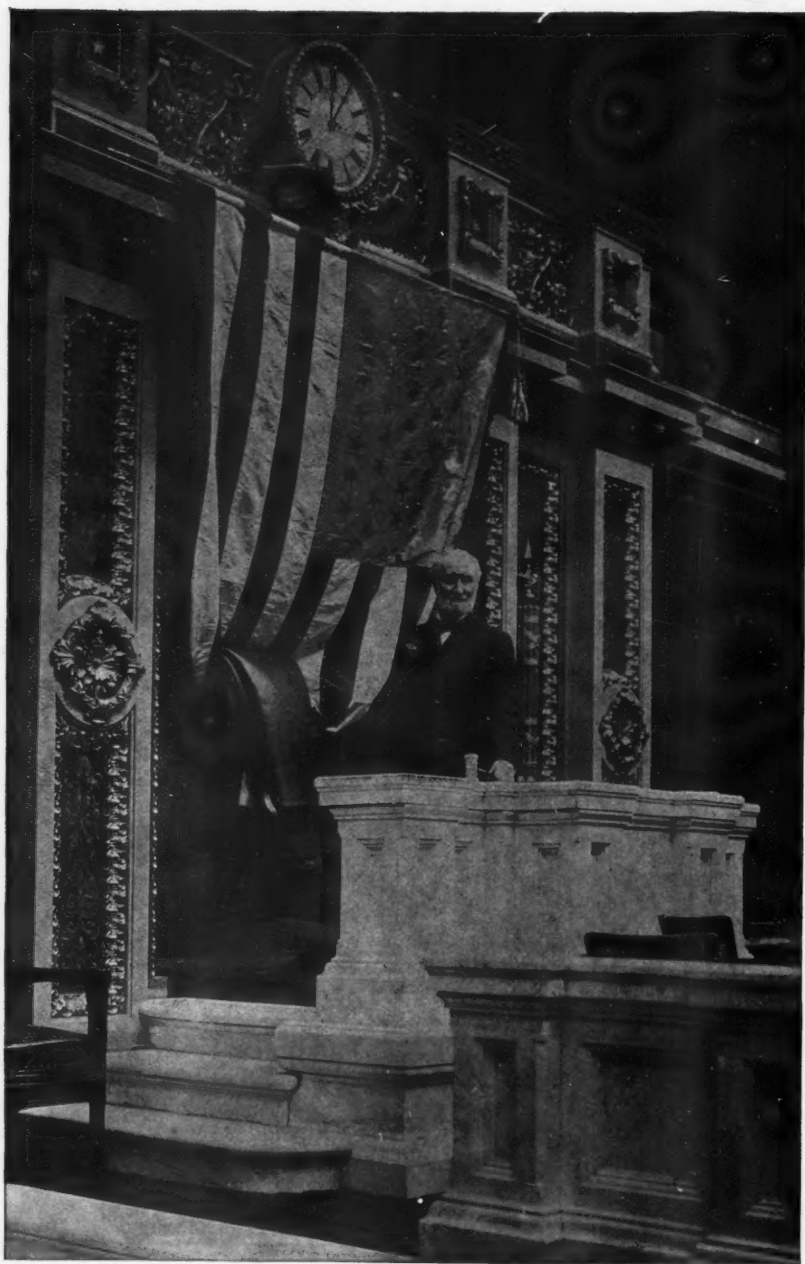


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"UNCLE JOE CANNON," SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES